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My Diary, Or A Record of Events and Experiences [in Ootacamund].

Franz Lemerle

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MY DIARY,

OR

A RECORD OF EVENTS AND EXPERIENCES,

BY

F. FRANZ LEMERLE.

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His Excellency
The Most Rev.
ANDREW AIUTI, D.D., &c., &c.,
Archbishop of Acrida,
Delegate Apostolic
in the East Indies.

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MY DIARY,

OR

A RECORD OF EVENTS

AND

EXPERIENCES,

BY

F. FRANZ LEMERLE.

Little moments make an hour;
Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
Water drops a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love
Link the earth to Heaven above.

MADRAS:—PRINTED AT THE EXAMINER PRESS, NO. 10,
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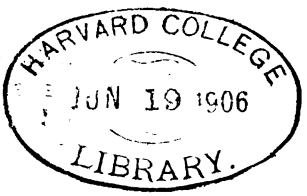

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT
REV. MGR. ANDREW AIUTI, D.D.,
Archbishop of Acrida and Delegate
Apostolic in the East Indies.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Permit me to dedicate this little work to you, as a proof of the unbounded esteem and respect entertained for your Excellency by the Catholics of India, of whom I am one of the humblest, though certainly not the least devoted to your Excellency's august person. The volume which I take the liberty of thus dedicating to you is unimportant in itself, but assuredly derives much importance from the lustre shed on it by your Excellency's acts and doings in our midst, which form, as it were, the centre of its attractiveness. Adapting the words of one of our English Poets, I may say:

"The work, though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion ——— • • "

Your Excellency, as the representative of Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, no less than in your own amiable and justly esteemed person, commands the veneration of all the Catholics of India. In your official capacity, indeed, your Excellency has endeared yourself to the noble Hierarchy of India, by your ability and prudence, none the less has your Excellency merited the esteem of the entire Catholic population of India, by your personal qualities, your affability, your kindness and benevolence, not to mention the

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other estimable virtues which adorn your mind and heart I do not, of course, claim the right or the authority thus to speak on behalf of my fellow-Catholics in India, but the course of events during the past four years of your Excellency's stay in our midst clearly indicates that my estimate of their feelings towards your Excellency is just and well formed.

Permit me then to lay at your feet this my tribute of affection and devotion to your Excellency, and to the Seat of Truth, which your Excellency represents, and deign to bless my humble work, which under your Excellency's kind auspices, will, I venture to hope, find its way into every Catholic Home in India. With profound respect and veneration,

I remain,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

F. F. LEMERLE,

OOTACAMUND,
1891.

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INTRODUCTION.

On the 24th May 1887, just a fortnight after the Archdiocese of Madras had established its special organ, the "Catholic Watchman," I wrote the following words of welcome :—

At last, then, we, Catholics of the Madras Presidency, have a representative organ of our own! The patience of Rome is proverbial: well, the patience of Madras, though not quite as proverbial, has nevertheless been quite as real, in the matter, that is, of having an organ to safeguard Catholic interests. That patience has now at last been crowned with success. For assuredly the *Watchman* is destined to be a success. We Catholics have been apathetic long enough. We have allowed ourselves to be trampled under foot, by an alien Press, steeped to the lips in contempt of Catholicity, and filled with a proud and haughty disdain of all that concerned our holy religion. We have, with an almost heroic endurance, borne the raving outbursts of ignorant bigotry, for ever so long a time; but now we shall bear it no longer. Why should Catholics support a Press that takes no pains to inform itself of facts concerning things that Catholics hold dearer than their very existence? Why should we dally with ignorance and bigotry, take them to our Homes, and pore over them as if we could not possibly do without them? Why should our little ones sully their spotless hearts with the touch of such "unholy rags," as descend to the low level of suppression of the truth and utterance of unmitigated falsehood where Catholics are concerned? No, we will have nothing to do with them, since we have now an organ of our own to place before us facts, and throw fictions overboard."

The Hierarchy had been established in India the year before, by the Apostolic Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII,—"Humanæ Salutis Auctor"—; and it was meet that such a happy rebound of Catholic life should be felt also in the fields of Catholic journalism; and that the first-fruits of the inestimable boon of a duly constituted Hierarchy, should be a Catholic paper, in one of the most important of the Metropolitan centres. It was then that I first entertained the idea of writing a record of events and experiences chiefly relating to Catholicity in these parts, and to the Apostolic Delegation in particular. It is well known that, contemporaneously with the establishment of the Hierarchy, the Holy Father was pleased to appoint the Most Reverend Antonio Agliardi, D. D., Archbishop of Casarea, as Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See in the East Indies, to carry out the provisions of the Bull above referred to. His Grace was accompanied by

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Monsignor Andrew Aiuti, as Auditor, and Monsignor Zaleski as Secretary. In April 1887, Monsignor Agliardi was called away to Europe, and Monsignor Aiuti, Doctor in Philosophy, Theology and Canon Law, appointed Delegate Apostolic in his place, after having been promoted to the Archiepiscopal dignity as Archbishop of Acrida, and consecrated in Bombay in May 1887. It is from this month, or to be more precise, from the date of His Excellency the Papal Delegate's arrival in Ootacamund, that my Diary opens. Before presenting it to my readers, therefore, I avail myself of the affability and courtesy of His Excellency, to place before them a short record of His Excellency's Ecclesiastical career. His Excellency Monsignor Andrew Aiuti was born in Rome on the 17th January 1849. His parents, Signor Peter Aiuti and Signora Teresa Ramella—Ragnina-Leoni were as distinguished for piety and virtue as for nobility and birth,—the first being descended from the illustrious family of Aiuti, patricians of Trapain and other towns of Sicily and the second, from the no less illustrious family of Ramella, patricians of Genoa, who formed alliances with the illustrious family of the Barons Ragnina-Leoni of Messina in Sicily. Mgr. Aiuti pursued his studies in literature and science in Rome, in the celebrated Lyceum attached to the Roman Pontifical University of which he was an allumnus for thirteen years. His University career, both in the lower and higher classes, was crowned with distinction, culminating in the well-merited Degree of Doctor in Philosophy and Theology and in Civil and Canon Laws. He received his priestly ordination on the 22nd September 1871. Having left the Seminary he frequented the Sacred Congregation of Councils to perfect himself in Canon Law. In July 1876, the Holy See appointed him Secretary to the Nunciature in Brazil. Here he had occasion to familiarize himself, by travel, with the social and political aspects of that grand and interesting Empire, now no longer such. Two years after his arrival in Brazil, he was placed in charge of the affairs of the Nunciature, as the then Nuncio was obliged, from illness, to go back to Europe. In this responsible position, he remained for more than six months. He was afterwards called to Rome in July 1879, and sent to Munich in Bavaria, again as Secretary of the Nunciature, but shortly after was nominated Auditor of the same Nunciature, and *Cameriere Segreto* of His Holiness the Pope.

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He remained at this important post of Auditor for seven years, during which time he travelled about a good deal both in Bavaria and Germany. So great was the satisfaction with which, his labours were viewed by the Holy Father that His Holiness, deviating from the usual custom of promoting Auditors to the higher ranks of Delegates or Nuncios according to the grade or class of the nunciature in which they may be actually employed, appointed him at once in 1886, Councellor to the Right Reverend Monsignor Agliardi, late Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies—in which capacity Monsignor Aiuti was destined to succeed Monsignor Agliardi as Papal Delegate in these parts. How ably and faithfully His Excellency continues to fulfil his onerous mission here, is well known to all India. His Excellency is Titular Archbishop of Acrida (Achrida) or, as now known, Ochrida—the Latinized form of his Titular dignity being *Episcopus Achridanus*—; and as such he is Metropolitan of Servia and Bulgaria. His Titular See is situated geographically and politically in Albania, European Turkey—Lat. 41° 12′ and Long. 18° 25′. His Excellency Monsignor Aiuti has, for Secretary Monsignor Carlo Montagnini, Member of the Pontifical Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, who has already won a reputation for ability and sterling worth. And now, let me introduce my Diary to my readers; and in doing so, I venture to hope they will be indulgent to the writer, considering that the record was expressly written, as a tribute of the writer's devotion to the Catholic Faith, and particularly to the Catholic Church in India. His Excellency Monsignor Aiuti having fixed his head-quarters in Ootacamund, the *events* narrated are for the most part confined to that favoured spot; but it will be found that a wider range of *thought* has been traversed, in so far as the *Catholicity* of those events is concerned. It remains for me only to express my warmest acknowledgments to the *Catholic Watchman* for having first published my "Notes" in the form of weekly letters from Ootacamund. I have reason to believe they attracted some notice at the time; and this, added to other important considerations which I have already indicated, has induced me to collect these "Notes," and present them in permanent book-form to my readers.

F. F. LEMERLE.

OOTACAMUND,
——*May* 1891.

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Reception of H. E. Mgr. AJUTI, The Papal Delegate at Ootacamund.

His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic arrived here on Tuesday the 10th instant, but as no official intimation of his coming was received, it was deemed advisable to postpone the formal reception, due to so exalted a dignitary of the Church, to the first Sunday after his arrival. Accordingly, on Friday the 13th instant, a meeting of the parishioners was held at the Presbytery, to concert measures for duly welcoming His Excellency. Among other proposals it was resolved to present His Excellency with an address printed on parchment in letters of gold, and enclosed in a casket. On Sunday, the 15th instant, at 9 A. M., the formal reception of His Excellency took place, as previously arranged. The road leading to the Church was decorated with festoons and garlands of flowers, and a pandal was erected in front of the Church, with the inscription in letters of gold :—" Welcome to His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic."—Conspicuous among a wealth of banners and festoons, His Excellency was led into the Church in procession, under a beautiful canopy, carried by four members of the Apostleship of Prayer, and preceded by the children of the Catholic Schools, and some of the parishioners, with the Volunteer Band at their head. The formal reception inside the Church, was, of course, in accordance with the prescribed Ritual. After Mass, which was performed by H. E., assisted by his Secretary (pro-tem,) the Rev. Fr. Biolley, and the Parish Priest, Rev. Fr. Beroulle, the *Te Deum* was sung, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The choir, assisted by a few of the ladies of our parish, acquitted themselves very well. The parishioners, immediately after, assembled at the Presbytery, whither H. E. had retired for a while, to present their addresses. The first on behalf of the Community at large, was read by Captain Curley, and presented to His Excellency in a neat little plush casket. His Excellency in reply thanked all present for the " beautiful welcome" accorded him, and the " great demonstration of loyalty," displayed by the Catholics of Ootacamund, and spoke in terms of admiration of their attachment and devotion to the Holy Father whom he

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represented. He would not fail, he said, to let His Holiness know how much he was loved by his children in the far East, especially as he was sure the information would be a source of consolation to the heart of the Holy Father. His Grace then imparted the Apostolic Blessing to the kneeling throng —a throng so great that the Presbytery could hardly contain them all. Next followed an English address in verse, then an address by the children of the Schools, with which was presented a pretty bouquet of flowers. After this a Latin address was sung to a violin accompaniment by some of the native congregation, headed by Mr. Chinnasawmy Moodelliar, M. A., who composed the address, and this was followed by a French address read by the same gentleman. Each one of the addresses was appropriately replied to by His Excellency and the Apostolic Benediction given at the close of each address and reply. The Band was in attendance all the while, and at intervals discoursed sweet music. It was midday before His Excellency was able to tear himself away from the violence of love and attachment displayed towards his person by his loyal and dutiful children. In truth, the 15th of May will be reckoned as a red-letter day in the annals of Ootacamund, and if His Excellency's reception elsewhere was attended by similar manifestations of love, then indeed, could it be truly said that the Holy See—the glorious centre of Truth—draws all hearts towards it, as towards the Fountain of Truth and love and all goodness.

The address ran as follows :—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. AJUTI,

Archbishop of Acrida and Delegate

Apostolic in the East Indies.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Your advent in our midst impels us to approach your Excellency with hearts overflowing with love and devotion to him whom your Excellency represents—the Father of Christendom, the benignant Pontiff who now happily reigns over the hearts of millions of loyal children of the Church.

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We welcome your Excellency with veneration and gratitude,—veneration for the sublime dignity to which your Excellency has just been raised, and gratitude for the favor you have shown us in condescending to grace our lowly Parish with your exalted presence, and thus afford us the opportunity of testifying our unalterable loyalty and attachment to the august Head of the Church, whose representative you are.

The troubles that have assailed the Indian Church, elsewhere, are happily unknown to us. Bound as we are, however, by the tie of a common Catholicity to our brethren in remoter parts, we have always taken a deep and abiding interest in the events that have transpired throughout our Indian peninsula, whereby the Indian Church, hitherto in an embryo state of probation, as it were, has had imparted to it, with the blessing of Our Holy Father, the full development of the Ecclesiastical life, and certain difficulties that have so long stood in the way of this development have been, thanks to the consummate tact and conciliatory disposition of the reigning Pontiff, gradually removed. And we are happy in the thought that all this has been effected with an outburst of loyalty on all sides, to the Holy See, such as has seldom been witnessed in these parts.

May we venture to hope that our feeble echo of this loyalty will warm your Excellency's heart towards us, and convince your Excellency, that we pride in being reckoned among the loyal subjects of Leo XIII, and in enlisting ourselves under the banner, raised aloft to-day in all parts of the world, by his dutiful children,—the Banner of the Cross,—round which cluster all that is noble and good and true, as against the banner of the world of infidelity, disloyalty and impiety,

Begging your Excellency's Apostolic blessing, we remain, with sentiments of profound respect,

Your Excellency's humble Children,

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21st JUNE 1887.

1. THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

2. THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Golden Jubilee of our gracious Queen has come and gone. This time our enthusiasm and loyalty simply took a religious shape—the best perhaps it could have assumed, after all. We did all the material rejoicing on the 16th February last, in common with our fellow-subjects elsewhere in India. And yesterday, we had a special spiritual rejoicing in all our churches and conventicles and perhaps mosques and temples too. A friend tells me that the service in the Established Church of England was very grand. The life of the Queen was read out from the pulpit and commented on, sympathetically, of course.

In our own little Church, we had a special Thanksgiving Mass, followed by the *Te Deum*, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by H. E. the Delegate Apostolic who was present throughout the service. Although it was Low Mass, our choir was not idle. Some choice pieces were sung, one of them—"Lauda Sion" —being most effectively rendered. I had occasion once before, to speak of the services rendered by Mr. Nicholas in enhancing the beauty of our Church music. To-day, it may not be out of place to say a word in praise of the ladies who join our choir. They may perhaps not wish prominence to be given to their names. I shall therefore not mention them, in deference to that peculiar modesty which is characteristic of the devout fair sex—a modesty which it would be well, perhaps, for all the daughters of Eve in these days of high-pressure enlightenment and progress, to cultivate. Suffice it to say that those ladies, who are not ashamed to give glory to God and edification to their neighbours, in our choir, deserve our warmest thanks. Their singing is indeed excellent, and considering that they have had little or no practice hitherto in Church music, it is simply astonishing to observe how well they carry their voices—pardon the mixed metaphor—through all the intricacies of florid music. Our Jubilee thanksgiving concluded with the national Anthem played deftly on the Har-

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monium by the skilled fingers of our choir master, to which same fingers I wish, with all my heart, more power and suppleness. Sunday last, I mean the day before yesterday was a gala day with the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. We had High Mass in the morning, sermon by the Rev. Father Biolley and Procession in the evening. The sermon was on the necessity of imitating the meekness and humility of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Reverend preacher, whose voice we have not had the pleasure of hearing from the pulpit for a long time, owing to his having been temporarily appointed Secretary to H. E. the Delegate Apostolic, drew out his illustrations very forcibly, and his sermon was very effective. The Procession was an imposing sight. It was headed by the beautiful banner of the Holy League; and the members of the Apostleship formed two long rows in front of the Statue of the Sacred Heart, which was carried by four members. The Litany of the Sacred Heart was sung by the Priests and responded to by the Choristers, who followed the Statue. I forgot to mention that the Convent girls joined our Procession, which, owing to their presence was considerably lengthened, and perhaps, I may be allowed to add, diversified. I hear that a Secretary to the Delegate has just arrived from Italy. We hope to see the Archbishop of Madras and the Bishop of Mylapore here shortly.

DR. BERNARDO'S HOMES.

I received a neat little pamphlet with a neat little letter the other day from Dr. T. J. Bernardo, F.R.C.S., the Founder of certain Homes for orphan and destitute children, The pamphlet is a "brief record of the early life-story of two children rescued from a position of imminent peril," and the letter "appeals confidently" to me, to commemorate the Jubilee of our beloved Queen and Empress, by "a free-will offering" in aid of "Dr. B.'s large home-circle of young waifs and strays." I was thankful to Dr. Bernardo that he made the offering a matter of "free-will;" for I should much rather prefer to send what help I can to the "Salford Rescue and Protection Society" started under the auspices of the Catholic Bishop of Salford. Many Catholics, like myself may have been favored with Dr. Bernardo's appeal; and therefore—without in the least wishing to pose as a bigot,

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but simply from principle—I desire that they should know how much the Bishops of England are striving to rescue the wandering sheep of the fold from the proselytizing clutches of Protestantism. The English papers of late have been teeming with accounts of the exertions of our co-religionists in England, in this direction. Innumerable souls—precious souls of young "waifs and strays"—are, it appears lost to the Church by the ever-active zeal of proselytizing agents connected with such Institutions as "Nursery Homes," "Bird's Nests," "Infirmaries," "Ragged Schools," "Working lads' Institutes," "Industrial Farms," "Rescue Homes," "Labor Houses," &c., &c. Catholics would do well, therefore, to let this charity steer clear of these quicksands, dangerous to the Faith, and guide it rather to those blessed Homes where the true Faith is preserved intact, and both body and soul are nurtured under the fostering care of men and women who seek no other reward for their angel-like ministrations than the triumphs of faith and the honor and glory of God.

16TH AUGUST 1887.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Yesterday was the titular Feast of our Church—the Glorious Feast of the Assumption—and we kept it up in right regal style; for is not this festival of our dear Mother the most glorious of all her feasts? And is not the Assumption but the prelude to Her Coronation as Queen of Heaven? It was meet therefore that we should gather round our Queen to pay Her the homage which is justly Her due, and that in the gathering, prince and plebeian should meet. So indeed it was, for we had a Prince of the Church, the courtly and courteous Delegate Apostolic in our midst and the poor of all grades and conditions thronged, together with the rich, to the Throne of Mary to lay at Her feet their offerings of love and devotion—High Mass *coram episcopo* was sung by the Rev. Dr. Salvatori, His Excellency's Secretary, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Bioley and Beroulle, our Parish Priest, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon respectively. The Assistants at the Archiepiscopal Throne were the Rev. Fathers Foubert and Baldeyrou, Chaplains of Wellington and Gudalur. The solemn rites were very

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impressive and the music, as usual, excellent. For the benefit of your musical readers, I append a programme of the singing, at which I hope lovers of plain chant will not be scandalized :—

Kyrie	Rev. Butler.
Gloria	C. Baetens.
Credo	C. Winter.
Maria Mater... ...	(Offertory Hymn.)
Sanctus...	Mozart No 12.
Agnus Dei	Rev. Butler.
O Salutaris (Duet)	Wackenthaler.
Cor Dulce Jesu ...	Solo.

The Duet was excellently rendered by our Choir Master, Mr. Nicholas and Mrs. Green, one of our lady Vocalists; and the hymn Solo, was effectively sung by a young Amateur—Mr. Todd—who, like our Organist, takes a very great interest in developing the beauty of our Church Music. The other singers did their parts equally well. In fact, it would be out of place here to make any invidious distinction, for every one was impressed with the solemnity of the Feast, and he or she did his or her very best to make it a glorious success. If comparisons are "odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop thinks they are, I might make them, but it seems to me that the old lady forgot to look up her Dictionary when she used the word. Therefore, you will allow me, I am sure, to avoid instituting unnecessary comparisons, as to the singing of individuals. To proceed with my chronicle. A goodly number approached the Holy Table, during the High Mass. I should think there were about 200 communicants at this Mass alone. Then there were four Masses besides, at each of which the number of communicants was unusually large. There was a good gathering, even at the Convent Chapel, as early as 6 A. M. In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Rev. Father Baldeyrou of Gudalur, when Lambillotte's "Ecce Panis," and Mozart's "Tantum ergo," were beautifully rendered. Later on, at about 6-30 P. M., His Excellency the Delegate gave Benediction at the Convent Chapel, assisted by the Rev. Father Foubert and Baldeyrou. The singing of the nuns was more than ordinarily beautiful, both at Mass and Benediction. The "Magnificat" at the close of

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the Benediction service was unusually impressive and solemn. As "the dewy shades of even" began to grow thicker, and night approached with her sable fall, the Natives carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin in procession, in truly Oriental style, with music and torchlights. Theirs was an act of simple child-like devotion, although due decorum, according to European tastes, was not rigidly observed. If the intention was good, I cannot find it in my heart to blame the manner in which it was carried out, David, the Royal Prophet, danced before the Ark of God, and why should not clients of Mary in the exuberance of their joy, dance before the statue of their Mother?

4TH OCTOBER 1887.

ROSARY SUNDAY.

The first Sunday in October being dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, we Catholics of Ootacamund celebrated the Feast by a Solemn High Mass, at which the Celebrant was the Rev. Dr. Salvatori, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate, and the Assistant at the Altar was the Rev. Fr. Beroulle. My thoughts, when I heard the pure Italian intonation of the Celebrant, and his refined Italian gravity of demeanour, were carried away, as if on wings, to the time when as a boy, I assisted as an humble server at the Altar on which the Holy sacrifice was offered by an Italian Carmelite priest. I felt then that Catholicity knew no limit of time or place. Everywhere and at all times the same,—*Semper Eadem.* Oh! blessed religion that knows no change! Oh! blessed foretaste of joys unchangeable! Surely this immutability must of itself serve as a sign and pledge of truth, as a beacon light to wandering feet to guide them safely Home. The number of communicants at the Mass was, as usual on festive occasions, very great. In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Fr. Beroulle; and the day was fittingly brought to a close with a beautiful hymn to "Mary, Star of the Sea," sung with artistic and devotional effect by our choir. Although one of our Lady Vocalists was absent, the remaining voices were equal to the occasion—both at Mass and Benediction. The *Magnificat* which was sung in the evening was especially arranged by our energetic choir-master and was well rendered by the choir.

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ST. ANTHONY, THE DISCOVERER OF LOST THINGS.

More than a fortnight ago, I happened to lose an article insignificant in itself, but of great value to me, inasmuch as the consequences of the loss, if permanent, would have been serious. The most careful search proved fruitless. As usual, when any calamity threatened me, I first had recourse to prayer, and then hied for sympathy and advice to one whom by virtue of his position as a Pastor of souls, I regard as a Father and Guide—the Parish Priest. He advised me to take my trouble to St. Anthony, and beg his intercession. The idea had already struck me, but the good Priest's advice strengthened my resolution, and in common with my family, I began that very day a Novena to the Holy Saint. Our prayers consisted of the Litany of St. Anthony in the morning, and the Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin in the evening. In the meantime, I sent up a petition for the prayers of the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer to the "Indian Messenger of the Sacred Heart." My *intention* was sent too late for insertion in the current issue of the organ of the Apostleship, and it will probably appear only in the next issue. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, however, lovingly besieged by the prayers of St. Anthony, anticipated my wishes and granted my humble petition. For on the last day of our Novena—the 4th of November—just after I had returned from Church after receiving the Holy Communion by way of Atonement, as is generally done by the members of the Apostleship on the first Friday of every month; I had the joy of discovering the lost article in a wholly unexpected manner. Surely the Finger of God is visible in this marvellous discovery. Witness the coincidence:—Our Novena to St. Anthony terminated on the first Friday of the month, and the missing article was found *on that day*—a day consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Have I not reason then to praise the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and publish the glories of His Saint—one too who is in a special manner dear to His Heart, in that he was privileged to bear the Divine Infant in his arms?

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THE JUBILEE ADDRESS.

The Jubilee address to the Holy Father, from the Diocese of Coimbatore, was forwarded to Rome by the last Mail. It was signed by His Lordship the Bishop, the Catholic Priests of the Diocese, and a few representative Catholics from each Parish. The address congratulates the Holy Father on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, and hopes that the "*Lumen in Cœlo*" may live many more years to witness the triumph of the Church. It thanks the Supreme Pontiff for having raised the Vicariate to a Diocesan See, and thus imparted new life and vigor to the Church in these parts. It regrets that the Holy Father is still deprived of His Temporal Power, and consoles His heart with the assurance that the prayers of the Indian Church will not be wanting for His Holiness' restoration to sovereign independence and regal liberty.

6TH DECEMBER 1887.

KING FROST AND CHRISTMAS.

We are in for it at last, and in right good earnest. Our anticipations have proved true, and frost is chasing Pluvius away. No more rains. A bright blue sky has taken the place of the leaden atmosphere which chilled our hearts. Gloom has disappeared, and sunshine casts its wonted charm over the face of nature. Nevertheless, all is not sunshine here below, and therefore commingled with the brilliancy of the sun's rays is the blistering finger of the Frost King laid on the surface of the Earth. Vegetation is no longer fresh, but is getting gradually parched. The scene that presents itself to the eyes of the early riser is lovely to behold. A sheet of white, not snowy white 'tis true, but lovely all the same, appears tenderly shrouding the beauties of nature. But when the sun rises, and the dull white sheet vanishes, nature looks scared and sad. Terrible indeed is the effect of a heavy fall of frost; and the early riser feels it eating its way through the cuticle, to the very marrow of his bones. And then, ah! then he knows and feels what December's frost is like, and wishes he were miles away, down in the plains, away

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from these Olympian heights for a while at least, till the merciless tyrant, Frost, has done his work and bidden the hills a long farewell. Still the frosty feeling is not altogether an uncomfortable one. Once used to it we like its coming, and would miss it very much if it were not given to us to enjoy it. We like it especially on the hallow'd night that is fast nearing, when muffled up in great big overcoats and dainty mufflers we hasten out of our comfortable and cosy homes to greet the Christ-child at the Midnight Mass in yonder Church. No cold or frost will keep us in-doors on that blessed night. A supernatural warmth lights up our hearts, and when such is the case, King Frost can possibly have no dominion over us. But I am anticipating.

12TH DECEMBER 1887.

CONSECRATION OF H. L.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. MEDLYCOTT,

Titular Bishop of Tricomia,

and Vicar-Apostolic of Trichoor.

Although the weather looked alarmingly threatening for a few days before the long-looked for event which took place in the local Catholic Church on Sunday the 11th instant, yet on the day of the consecration, the weather was surprisingly beautiful. The sun rose amid a thick curtain of mist which veiled the heavens; but it was not long before the glorious orb of day dispelled the unwelcome harbinger of dawn, and nought remained of it but shimmering shreds of beauty tinted by the beauteous reflection of the sun's rays. The contrast between the rather dismal weather of a few day's ago, and the welcome brightness, which lit up the eventful day was very striking and very pleasant. It would seem as if nature meant to rejoice on an occasion which, for Ootacamund, was unique and unusual. No consecration of a Bishop was ever witnessed here before. The history of Catholicity here extends perhaps over a period of 50 years, and it appears that the first Priest, who ministered to the Spiritual wants of the few Christians scattered about on these heights, was a Syrian. It was meet therefore that the first Bishop

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consecrated here should be one chosen by the Holy See to preside over Christians of the Syrian rite. However the fact may strike your readers, it seems to my unsophisticated mind a strange coincidence, or as I should prefer to call it, a providential dispensation. At the appointed hour H. E. the Delegate Apostolic (who was the consecrating Bishop) accompanied by H. L. the Bishop of Meliapur—(who took the place of the Archbishop of Madras, His Grace being unfortunately kept away by illness, thus sadly disappointing many who were anxious to see him),—and the Bishop-elect with Assistant Priests arrived at the Church amid a merry peal of bells, and merrier strains of music played by the Volunteer band, His Excellency was met at the Church door by his Lordship the bishop of Coimbatore in Mitre and Cope, who with about a dozen Priests in surplices proceeded from the Vestry to meet his Excellency the Archbishop. After the usual presentation of the Crucifix, sprinkling of Holy water, and incensation, the procession of Bishops and attendant Priests walked along the aisle to the sanctuary, the choir singing "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" in tuneful strains. Here the consecrating Bishop, His Excellency Mgr. Ajuti, who looked remarkably well, ascended the throne, prepared for him, after prayer at the altar, and aided by his Chaplains, the Rev. Father C. Biolley our Parish Priest and Rev. Father Berdhon, began to be vested as usual—the Bishop-elect and the Assistant Bishops in the meantime robing themselves in the Vestments prescribed for them. H. L. the Right Rev. Dr. Bardou was the senior Assistant Bishop, and his chaplains were the Rev. Fathers Terrat and Bachelard; the Junior Assistant Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. daSilva, had for his Chaplains the Rev. Fathers Beroulle and Peter Baptist. The Bishop-elect who was robed all in white, was assisted by the Rev. Father Foubert and Baldeyron. The Rev. Dr. Salvatori, Secretary to H. E. the Apostolic Delegate acted as Master of Ceremonies and the Notary of the Consecrating Bishop. Under his supervision, all the arrangements for the consecration were rendered faultless and perfect. Indeed the energy of the Italian nature was never more conspicuous than when Dr. Salvatori was seen flitting about the Sanctuary making the necessary preparations. The Bishops having been duly vested, the consecrating Bishop went up to the front of the Altar, and there sat down on the double jointed chair prepared for him. The Bishop-elect was then conducted to him between his

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Assistants, and having made the necessary obeisance, all sat down. And then the senior Assistant Bishop stood up and made the petition prescribed by the Ritual "to advance the Priest there present to the heavy office of a Bishop." The Notary of the consecrating Bishop was then called upon to read the Apostolic Mandate raising the elect to the dignity of a Bishop. This done, the elect rose from his seat, and kneeling before the consecrating Bishop read the prescribed oath in a clear and gently subdued voice, after which followed the "examination." To every question asked by the consecrating Bishop, the elect replied firmly and distinctly, every time respectfully rising from his seat. Then commenced the Holy Sacrifice, the elect standing at the left hand of the consecrating Bishop, and reciting the *Confiteor* While the holy rite was going on at the high Altar, the elect vested for Mass in white, went up to the smaller Altar prepared for him, conducted by the Assistant Bishops, and there read the usual prayers. After the *Tract*, the Litany of the Saints was sung, and all the while the Bishop-elect lay prostrate at the left side of the consecrating Bishop, and at the foot of the high Altar. It was awfully sublime and impressive to see the Consecrating Bishop stand up towards the end of the Litany, and turning to the Elect with pastoral staff in hand, pronounce on him a threefold blessing, still more impressive was it when the book of the Gospels was placed open on the neck and shoulders of the Elect, and the three Bishops together, with their hands on his head, invoked the Holy Spirit in words whose reality shines resplendent in the Catholic Church alone: *Accipe Spiritum Sanctum.* And the prayer that followed,—I wonder if our Protestant friends, many of whom were present on the occasion, could have read it or heard it unmoved. Really they could not have failed to notice the rich instruction contained in it, which must have dispelled the mist of prejudice from their eyes, as to the pomp and splendour of Catholic ritual. "The Majesty of Sacerdotal rank no longer has its value from the grandeur of vestments, but from the radiance of souls," which those glittering vestments typify, as set forth in the prayer—"We beseech thee, O Lord, abundantly to bestow grace upon this thy servant whom thou hast called in the high Priesthood to minister before Thee, that whatsoever those typical dresses represented by their glare of gold, by their sparkling of precious stones, and by their

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foil of embroidery may beam forth in his morals and his deeds"! The anointing of the head of the Elect with "the celestial dew of Chrism" followed, and during the unction, the Choir sang the *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

Then followed the anointing of the hands of the Elect, all with appropriate prayers full of deep instruction as to the meaning of the ceremonies. The Crozier was then blessed and given to the newly consecrated, and then the ring was blessed and set on his finger, and the book of the Gospels delivered to him "to be preached to the people entrusted" to him. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was then continued by the Consecrating Bishop at the High Altar, and by the newly consecrated at the smaller Altar. The offertory being said, the newly consecrated was conducted to the great Altar by the Assistant Bishops, and there kneeling before the Consecrating Bishop, he made his offering of two loaves, two lighted wax candles, and two vessels of wine. The newly consecrated then accompained the Mass with the Consecrating Bishop, standing at the Epistle side with the Assistant Bishops. At the Communion the Consecrating Bishop and the newly consecrated partook out of the one Chalice. After the Ablution, the newly consecrated with his Assistant Bishops moved to the Gospel side of the Altar, and there continued the Mass. Mass over, the mitre of the newly consecrated was blessed and set on his head, as also the gloves on his hands. And now followed a very striking part of the ceremony—the enthronement of the newly consecrated in the double-jointed chair from which the Consecrating Bishop had risen. The reality of the ceremony of the Consecration was here made evident, for he who a short while ago was a simple Priest was now deemed worthy to occupy the Episcopal Throne. Oh! how beautifully does the Church of God order all things! How appropriate, how symmetrical, how beautifully dovetailed, as it were, are all the functions ordained by her! At the singing of the *Te Deum,* that ancient yet ever new and beautiful Hymn of thanksgiving, the newly Consecrated Bishop was led pontifically by the Assistant Bishops through the Church, to bless the kneeling throng—a throng so great that not a breadth of space unfilled was found the whole Church through. Many indeed who had come to witness the glorious ceremony had to go away with their wish unsatisfied. An anthem hav-

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ing been sung, the New Bishop ascended the middle of the altar, with Mitre and Crozier, and pronounced the Benediction. And after the touching expression of gratitude to the Consecrating Bishop, conveyed in the thrice repeated words "*Ad multos Annos*," the newly consecrated returned to his altar, and there recited the last Gospel, which brought the interesting ceremony to a close after nearly three hours. The Church was most beautifully decorated on the occasion, and looked a very Paradise of loveliness. The Choir had very little singing to do in the morning as it was not High Mass that was celebrated. In the evening, however, when the new Bishop gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, assisted by the Revd. Fathers Berdhon and Baldeyron, as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively, and the Revd. Father Bachelard as Master of Ceremonies, the Choir worked with a will, if I may so express myself; and our Choirmaster, Mr. E. Nicholas deserved what he got at the conclusion of the service—the thanks of the new Bishop, to whom he was introduced by our Bishop of Coimbatore, for "the excellent music," which with the help of the other members of the choir (ladies, some of them)—he was able to pour forth like the joyous thrill of melodious chords vibrating in harmony through a very exuberance of joy. Our Bishop, the venerable Dr. Bardou, was present at the Benediction rite with Revd. Father Beroulle as his personal assistant. There was a grand gathering of Bishops and Priests, at the close of the joyous day, at the House of His Excellency, the esteemed and revered Delegate Apostolic—a happy termination to a happy family festival, in which the poorest of the congregation shared a depth of spiritual joy with the Most Exalted Dignitary of the Church.

27TH DECEMBER 1887.

HOW WE CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS.

We were lucky in having fair weather on Xmas day, although for a few days previous it was very wet, so much so that the local paper had a special paragraph on the subject of the weather in its issue of the 22nd—meant to buoy up the spirits of visitors. "Our visitors," so said the *Observer*, "will hardly expect to be greeted with damp, on their arrival. It is hoped, however, that a change will

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speedily take place." And a change did take place; and we were able to realize our one ardent wish—to be present at the Midnight Mass in the local Church. A blaze of lights dazzled our sleepless eyes when we entered the holy fane. The altar looked a very orb of light—a midnight sun marvellously shining when the pale moon, crowned in all her midnight glory, was gently shedding rays of mellow light outside the sacred edifice. The skilled fingers of our Nuns had the previous evening transformed the Altar into a garden of loveliness, awaiting the birth of the Infant Saviour, and his entry therein, typical of his entrance into the garden of our souls. Close by, however, at a smaller Altar a manager attracted the eye— a lowly manger wherein the Divine Infant was to be laid. This altar was tastefully, but not profusely decorated. A bed of straw was a rather conspicuous object thereon. And well it might be; for wherein did the Divinity of the Christ Child manifest itself to the eyes of Faith, but in His lowly coming into the world, amidst poverty-betokening surroundings? He, the God of Heaven and Earth, chose to veil His Divinity in the form of a helpless Child in the arms of a poor, albeit royally descended Mother, surrounded by irrational creatures, which could hardly be expected to know and worship their God, in the Baby form wrapped in swaddling clothes lying helplessly in the lowliest of lowly rooms in Bethlehem. Nevertheless, His Mother and His foster-Father knew who He was, and their pure hearts rendered Him due homage. To the simplicity of the shepherds, too, who kept the nightwatch on Bethlehem's heights, was it vouchsafed that they should be the first to see their God and adore Him at the lowly shrine, which sheltered the Sacred Humanity from the wintry blast of the Holy Night. If then all was simplicity and lowliness and purity that heralded the coming of the Infant Saviour, was it not meet that the objective vision of that Memorable night which the Church places before our eyes should be equally characterized by lowliness, simplicity and purity? And so indeed it was with us here. I noticed many Protestants at Church, but the objects before them seem to have spoken to *their* senses in quite a different manner, for there was a good deal of giggling and tittering—a cause of great annoyance to those who wished to assist at the Church's ceremonies with the spirit becoming the occasion and the place. To the credit, however, of these

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novelty-loving folks, it must be owned that when the Holy Sacrifice commenced, they tried to behave better, and almost succeeded, but for the spirit of levity which accompanied them throughout. Some of them, of course, were patterns of good demeanour; but the others—well, it would have been better for them to have kept away altogether. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Dr. Salvatori, Secretary to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, in the happy style so peculiar to Italians, and so helpful to devotion. Our Choir, rather considerably weakened by the absence of the Master-hand (who has been obliged to leave this for Madras) for a while did their best, however, to render the singing effective, Mrs. Green, our leading lady-vocalist, was a host in herself and the other ladies who kindly lent the aid of their voices on the occasion executed their parts as well as they could under the circumstances. At the third Mass at 9 A. M., His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic was present, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Salvatori, and Rev. Father Beroulle. High Mass was sung by our Parish Priest Rev. Father Biolley, *coram episcopo*,—and the singing was quite as effective as before. In the evening, we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic said Mass at the Convent Chapel at 7 A. M., on Christmas day. The Altar decorations there were exceedingly beautiful, and the singing was rich, almost to perfection. The native Congregation, as usual, had their own peculiar rejoicings after Mass. Who could grudge them the pleasure of hearing the monotonous sound of the tom-tom, and the scraping of the fiddle, on a day so full of happy memories?

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

And now, let me send my friends a cordial greeting. The New year is slowly dawning upon us, and the Old year is reluctantly bidding us an eternal farewell; but the one must go, and the other must take its place, for time knows no halting. And every dying year reminds us that we too must die to the world and all its pleasures, and every rising new year warns us that we should continually rise higher and higher in virtue and all perfection. Let us heed the warning voice of time, and dying to the world, live only for

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God in newness of life. May then the New Year be to us all fraught with happiness—not the shallow unreality which the world calls by that name; but the genuine stuff, the unalloyed gold of happiness, which is to be found by man only in the service of his Creator. Such is the happiness, I wish—

1st JANUARY 1888.

OUR HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE DAY.

The Catholic Community assembled in vast numbers to greet the Papal Delegate, on the Pope's Jubilee day. Captain Curley, who justly takes the lead on such occasions read the following address:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. AJUTI,

Archbishop of Acrida and Delegate Apostolic

in the East Indies.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

On your first arrival in Ootacamund, we deemed it our duty publicly to manifest our devotion and attachment to your Excellency, as the representative of Our Holy Father the Pope, by receiving your Excellency in our midst, with the honor and veneration due to your exalted position. To-day we once more meet your Excellency, with hearts overflowing with joy, to declare, even more emphatically than before, if that were possible, our unbounded affection for Our Holy Father, whose Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee we have just had the happiness to celebrate.

When we consider our numbers and position in the Catholic World, we are filled with a deep sense of our unworthiness fitly to extol the praises, and give expression to our admiration, of him who now occupies the Chair of Peter, and sheds the lustre of his admirable qualities of heart and intellect over the whole Christian Church, of which he is the Head. But your Excellency, by your benign presence in our midst, bids our fainting hearts take courage, and cheers us on to cast aside all thoughts of our unworthiness, and freely give vent to the exuberant feelings of our hearts on an occasion so dear to us as Catholics and Children of the common Father of the Faithful.

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We have already, as your Excellency is perhaps aware, at the bidding of our revered Bishop, sent a congratulatory address to the Holy Father, in common with the rest of Christendom, rejoicing on the happy event celebrated to-day throughout the Christian World—the fiftieth anniversary of our beloved Pontiff's nuptials with the Church. It is fitting, however, that as in the Eternal City special addresses of congratulation will to-day be presented to the Supreme Pontiff, so here in this Rome of the East, the Rome of the Papal Delegate, which has attained to this eminence by your Excellency's condescension in making it the seat of the Apostolic Delegation, we should in a special manner approach your Excellency as the representative of Our Holy Father Leo XIII; and heart speaking to heart, rejoice like children surrounding a benevolent father, at the contemplation of an immortal scene which we behold in spirit enacted to-day in Rome—to wit, the venerable Shepherd of Christ's flock, the Supreme Pastor of Souls, Our Father in Christ kneeling at the altar to pour forth the fulness of his gratitude for the innumerable graces bestowed on him by the Almighty Giver of all good, during the fifty years of his glorious Priesthood.

If even men of alien creeds, mighty in wealth and rank, could rejoice on this auspicious occasion, how much greater the motives that should induce us, children of the Church, to pour forth our expressions of joy and thankfulness to the good God for the preservation of so precious a life as that of our venerated Pontiff-king, amidst the vicissitudes of the past fifty years, and the trials and troubles that have continually assailed his royal heart for the space of a decade of years, during which he has so illustriously occupied the chair of Peter. Have we not reason to bless God for His mercies to the great Pontiff, who has by a far-seeing policy of conciliation averted the misfortunes foreshadowed for the Indian Church by the unhappy division that for long years past sundered its jurisdictional unity? Is not the establishment of the Hierarchy in India a sure sign of great things to come; of peace and unity in the Indian Church; and of the gradual gathering-in of many, now, alas! outside the fold? And to whom are we indebted for this inestimable blessing, for this full development of our ecclesiastical position, but to him who happily reigns over us with the tenderness of a Father, the forethought of a Seer, and the wisdom of a Pontiff—the great and glorious Leo XIII?

Revered representative of our Holy Father, deign to accept the assurance of our fillial attachment to his sacred person and to yours. And allow us to express the humble wish of our hearts that the New year may, for your Excellency, be fraught with all manner of happiness, and that the God of all goodness may grant you the blessings of health, and strength, and long life, to discharge the onerous duties of your high calling, so that the Indian Church, and perhaps other Churches, equally favoured, may reap, to the full, the benefits of your wisdom and experience.

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We pray too that God may spare our beloved Pontiff to rule over the Church for many more years, and "deliver him not up to the will of his enemies."

Begging your Excellency's Apostolic blessing for ourselves and our families,

We remain,
Your Excellency's humble children,
&c., &c., &c.

OOTACAMUND, 1*st January* 1888.

His Excellency said in reply that he was glad to see the Catholics of Ootacamund assembled there to express the semtiments of their hearts towards the Holy Father and towards him personally ; and referring to the allusion in the address to His Excellency having made Ootacamund the seat of the Apostolic Delegation, he said that he preferred Ootacamund on account of its beautiful climate, so well fitted to enable him to discharge the Apostolic duties entrusted to him by the Holy See, chief among which was the establishment of the Hierarchy. His Excellency was glad also to observe that the religious spirit was strong and fervent, among the Catholics of Ootacamund, and hoped that they would always entertain the beautiful sentiments of love and devotion, which they gave expression to in their address. His Excellency concluded by imparting his Apostolic blessing to all present.

The Native community then gave vent to their feelings in their own peculiar way and His Excellency must have felt glad to witness an oriental display of music amid a shower of garlands of flowers. Thus ended our Jubilee Celebration. How consoling it is to reflect that ours was not a solitary outburst of joy on this memorable occasion ; but that in every Church and Cathedral and Basilica throughout the entire Catholic world, Our Holy Father's Jubilee was duly celebrated with the sincere and earnest outpourings of joy-laden hearts! Countless must have been the Communions offered up by devout souls for the venerable Pontiff, innumerable the prayers sent up to the Throne of Mercy, for strength and consolation in the midst of his daily-increasing sorrows and trials. A Prisoner in his own palace, with but a few faithful hearts to console him ; surrounded by ungodly men who scoff at religion and ridicule everything holy ; under

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the very shadow of a Government over-ruled by the machinations of the Sects; how painful the position in which our Holy Father finds himself! God grant that his trials may soon cease, and his royal heart be consoled by the speedy triumph of the Church, and Her glorious victory over all her enemies.

2ND JANUARY 1888.

CELEBRATION OF THE POPE"S JUBILEE ON THE 31ST DECEMBER 1887.

Honored as we were by the presence of His Excellency, the Delegate Apostolic, in our midst, our Jubilee Celebration had the genuine ring of mirth about it, which, I am sure, was unsurpassed by our co-religionists elsewhere. We were, in very deed, happy in the truest sense of the word. And His Excellency by his kind condescension, in personally sharing his joy with us, promoted our mirth and happiness, and made us feel as if we were really in the Eternal City, amidst the joyous surroundings that must have imprinted their indelible impress on the tender heart of our Holy Father, on the memorable day that all Christendom has just had the happiness to celebrate, with a loyalty and devotion almost unparalleled in the history of the Church. After the *Te Deum* on the evening of the 31st December, for the mercies and graces received from the Hands of the Almighty Giver of all goods, for the year just engulfed in the bosom of the past, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Convent chapel by His Excellency himself and in the Parish Church by our Parish Priest. The service at the Convent was unusually impressive and grand: the altar was ablaze with lights innumerable, and the decorations were profuse and tasteful; and the singing was delightfully devotional. In the Parish Church, too, everything was beautifully arranged; and the singing was effectively rendered, the presence of the director of the choir, (who had just returned from Madras to take part in the celebration) adding zest to the ardour of the singers. Indeed, some one whose musical taste was beyond reproach, remarked to me that our Choir on the occasion acquitted itself remarkably well: "the music," he said, "was perfection itself." He was not

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far wrong in his estimate. Benediction over, we had a decent display of fireworks in the Church and Convent grounds. The whole place was grandly illuminated. The road leading to the Convent Chapel was lined with banners, which attracted the eye by the beautiful mottoes and legends inscribed on them. At intervals, all along the road, Chinese lanterns were beautifully festooned to resemble undulating shades of light; and when these were lit up, the spectacle was grand and imposing. Great praise is due to the good Nuns for their artistic handiwork. They stood simply unrivalled in the gorgeous display of illuminations on and around Church Hill. The façade of the Convent Chapel showed the Papal Tiara, conspicuous in blue and yellow amid a blaze of lights. "Woodcock House," the residence of His Excellency, was likewise illuminated. The feeling on all sides was one of intense joy, and the happiness of many reached its climax, when His Excellency the Delegate, surrounded by his Secretary and our Parish Priests, vouchsafed to bless them, as they crowded round the Archiepiscopal residence. No doubt the hearts of many were transported in spirit to the Vatican, to behold the aged Pontiff in the fulness of his Pontifical dignity, extending his venerable hands in blessing over a surging throng. The Band of the Nilgiri Volunteers was in attendance, discoursing sweet music, which intensified the gaiety of young and old, so much so that some of the ladies present seemed inclined to trip it, on the "light fantastic toe." Joy often times knows no bounds. And how could it be otherwise, when we were celebrating the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of our Father, our venerable Guide and the Shepherd of our Souls? In the midst of our rejoicings, the orb of night rose majestically full and diaphanous, and seemed by its lustrous beauty to emphasize the genuineness and heartiness of our joy. As night advanced, we were reluctantly compelled to wend our way homewards, but our hearts were full of happiness, for on the morrow, we were to receive the Papal Benediction, and return thanks to the good God for preserving the life of our Holy Father. New Year's day dawned bright and clear, and we were up betimes to welcome the rising year, in all the freshness of its infancy. And then, our thoughts were turned towards the celebration of the Thanksgiving Mass that was to follow. So we hastened with gladsome hearts to the Church. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Dr. Salvatori in the

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presence of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic. And at the close of the Holy Sacrifice, the Delegate Apostolic, vested in pontifical robes, chanted the *Te Deum* in unison with the Clergy present, and then, ascending the Altar steps, pronounced the Papal Benediction on a devout throng of worshippers.

17TH JANUARY 1888.

MY LOSS.

When in my Christmas greeting, I wished my friends all happiness, and added these words—"If perchance the cold shadow of sorrow flit across our path, let us pass it by, shudderingly it may be, but with the courage born of Christian submission to the Divine decrees,"—little did I suspect that very soon my own courage would be tested by the Almighty Disposer of events, and the appropriateness of my remarks brought home to my own mind in a most forcible manner. Yet, such was the Divine will in my regard. For, on Sunday last, the Feast of the Holy name of Jesus, celebrated by the Church in this month dedicated to the Holy Childhood, my little infant son was taken away from me to repose in the arms of the Infant Saviour of mankind, for all eternity. It was a heavy blow; for we—his mother and I—had allowed his infantine beauty and his infantine love, his baby form and his baby heart, to twine round our own hearts—every day fresh attractions only tending to strengthen the entwinement, and rooting his form more closely and deeply, in every fibre of our hearts. In a word, we loved our darling with a tender passionate love. Indeed, he was loveable when his baby form was first presented to our admiring gaze; and for the space of seven months, he continued to develop most loveable qualities. His first illness so touched my heart that I gave vent to my feelings in a few stray thoughts published in the *Indo* of the 19th October last. He grew well, but latterly, though sprightly as usual, I noticed an occasional dullness, which though it did not at the time occur to my mind as such, was but a shadow of the fatal event which put an end to all our blissful anticipations and joyous expectations of what was in store for our darling in the womb of the future. Three days' acute suffering, and the soul of our infant child, already angel-like on earth, winged its flight to the bosom of God. During those three days, we did what we could

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to stay the approach of death. The medical attendant, a good practical Catholic, and a most tender-hearted man, watched over my child as assiduously as circumstances would allow. But, alas! all in vain. While we were busy preparing restoratives and balms for the little sufferer, the Angel of Death was gently drawing nigh to restore him to God, his Maker, and pour the balm of eternal bliss on his soul. We knew it not. Hopeful to the last, we heeded not the light soft tread of the Angelic Messenger. But in the early morning, when Angelic choirs were busy in Heaven with their matutina, hymns of praise to the Infant Saviour, when all Heaven and Purgatory and earth were stirring up fittingly to celebrate, each in its own way, but blended in one harmonious whole—the Feast of the Holy Name, God's own Angel folded my little treasure in his wings of love and gently bore the tender soul to the feet of Mary, our Mother, to present the gem to Her adorable Son. He was the lovely jewel, even when it was lent to us for a brief while; but Oh! how much more His, when we restored the treasure to him, spotless and fair, without a murmur or a sigh, except what the weakness of our nature demanded of us! Yes, we surrendered the gift to God who gave it, with "the courage born of christian submission to the Divine decrees." Perhaps at times, when the lifeless form of our infant lay before us, our courage faltered through sheer weakness; but Faith sustained it, hope buoyed it up, and the love of God hushed the tumult in our hearts. Only for seven months was our darling lent to us; what of that? his mission on earth was ended according to the Eternal Decree, and could we poor mortals, alter the Eternal dispensations of Providence? True we had recourse to prayer, and our prayer was not heard in the way we expected. But was it not really heard? Ah! who can tell what form the answer to our poor prayers would yet assume? We cannot fathom the Eternal depths. To all human seeming our prayer to restore the life of our child was impeded by our Eternal Father, but is human seeming the sum total of God's all-wise economy? There are things which we have never dreamt of in our philosophy; how dare, then, we presume to say that what *seems* to us is really all that happens or ever will happen? No, far be from me the thought. Never shall I murmur against the Divine decrees. God's ways are mysterious. His Providence is inscrutable. We cannot see through the veil which darkens the eyes

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of our humanity ; but in the Beatific Vision we shall see all, reflected as in a mirror of light. Resignedly then, though perhaps with a light shudder of pain, did we give up our darling child to God. One long lingering look on earth, on his mother who watched by his side with sleepless, tear-bedewed eyes, on his father, who would not believe that the Angel of Death was so near, on his little brothers and sisters who looked wonderingly on, not knowing, poor little innocent souls, what it all meant, yet tearful, from sheer sympathy with the grief laden hearts of their parents,—and the lovely eyes of my dear little child closed in death for ever. Oh ! the agony of pain that shot through our hearts when the truth flashed across our minds as swiftly as the flutter of Angel wings above the lifeless form of the dead child, bearing their lovely burden to Heaven ! The shock was great, but Faith was greater, and we stood it like Christians. Our child was gone, parted from us, though not for ever. Never more on earth should we behold his bright eyes, his lovely smile ; never more feel his infant caress ; never more pride, with parental joy, in his beauty, and his wealth of attractions ; never more twine our arms around his infant form and hold him lovingly in fond embrace ; never more imprint the kiss of love on his infant brow, and his infant lips ; never more watch him at his infantine pranks ; never more hear his infant cry. But, oh ! blessed Faith, thou dost come to the rescue of our weakness. Thou driest our tears, and biddest us raise our eyes Heavenward. And what do we behold there ? Angels caressing our infant cherub—the Queen of Angels bending over him and imprinting Her heavenly kiss on his now angelic brow, and leading him to the Heart of God, there to nestle lovingly, and in blissful repose. Companion of the Angels and saints, close to his Mother the Queen of Heaven, and his patron the great Saint Joseph—(for our child was dedicated to St. Joseph)—reposing at the blessed feet of the Infant Saviour, nigh to the Throne of God, my child is unspeakably happy ; and wherefore should we mourn ? Dry your tears, fond Mother, and behold your infant son an Angel in Heaven—a little cherub all our own, if we may say so. Do not weep. He needs no tears. " Weep not for me, my parents and my little brothers and sisters,"—I hear the little cherub voice exclaim in melodious accents—" weep not for me, for I am supremely happy in Heaven. My

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presence in this abode of bliss draws you nearer to God, and this thought must make you happy too. Thy sufferings are over. No longer do I need your care, but I will never forget you. Here in the presence of my God, will I always watch over you, and your tears will be turned to pearls of joy. Weep not then, as though we are separated for ever. One day, you too will share my bliss, and once more we will be united in the bosom of Our Heavenly Father." * * When the sun's rays were declining, just after the close of the evening Benediction, and a procession in honor of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, we bore the remains of our child to their last resting place. Seven months ago, a tiny soul was admitted into the Church of God and there purified of the stain of original sin in the laver of regeneration. And now, not the soul but its lovely casket, was once more admitted into the Divine Presence, to be blessed by the anointed hand of God's Minister before being consigned to the grave. And there the cold body remains, until the summons of the Angel-trumpet shall rouse it to a glorified life on the last day, to be united eternally with the spotless soul that has already winged its flight to Heaven. In the cold, cold grave rests the lifeless body on which a mother's fond heart had lavished the tenderest care. Cold? Yes—; but wedded to God's own earth, with the starry canopy of the heavens above, for a pall. Lie there, once lovely body of my child! You will soon moulder to dust, for such is the Decree uttered on fallen man when he would boldly taste of the Tree of Knowledge, without his Creator's permission. Lie there in that cold grave, for no son of man is exempt from the dread working of that eternal decree. But not for long. Once more you will rise imperishable and glorious; for Death has lost its sting, and the Grave its victory since the Son of Man, the well-beloved of God, triumphed over both, and opened the gates of Heaven to fallen Humanity. And thou, little cherub, hover over thy fond parents, and continually remind them that they too must follow you one day. You have won the Crown of Glory without having had to fight for it; but we must struggle on to the end, and battle with the allurements of the world, the flesh and the devil. Let your presence in Heaven inspire us with renewed courage, and may we join you in the realms of bliss, whenever it pleases God to withdraw us from this world of woe, and there chaunt His praises with you and the angelic host eternally.

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13TH FEBRUARY 1888.

FAREWELL.

The European and Eurasian Catholic community assembled in vast numbers on the morning of the 9th instant, to bid their esteemed Parish Priest, the Rev. Father C. Biolley, adieu. It was a sorrowful gathering indeed, for never was Parish Priest loved better by his people than Fr. Biolley, was by us. Our future Pastor, the Rev. Fr. Denis, was present on the occasion, and he seemed to be visibly moved by the demonstrations of affection showered on Fr. Biolley by his parishioners. The following address was read by Captain Curley, whose voice faltered at times in the course of the reading through excessive emotion :—

TO THE REVEREND FATHER C. BIOLLEY,

Parish Priest, Ootacamund.

REVEREND AND ESTEEMED FATHER,

For the last time, we, your spiritual children, assemble round you, with feelings different from those that animated us on other occasions when it was our happiness to behold you presiding over our little gatherings with the benignity of a Pastor, and the tender love of a Father. Our feelings to-day are those of grief and pain at the impending separation which will place your beloved form beyond our sight, but can never part our hearts asunder. Our hearts go with you, dear Father, for have you not promised to enshrine us all in your paternal heart? We can never forget you, and the good you have done us, during your pastorate, will always remain to remind us of one whom we have known and loved for more than a decade of years—one whose form is impressed in our hearts and can never be effaced.

It is said that only at parting do we fully recognize the worth of those we love. We have indeed known and appreciated your worth for many years, but now we feel, with fuller force, that in losing you, we are losing one who has devoted his energies to the good of his spiritual children, not half-heartedly, but wholly and unreservedly; who has allowed his heart to flow over with love for us; who has watched over our spiritual interest with the tenderness of the good Shepherd; who has taught us meekness and humility of heart, not by word alone but by example; who has drawn the erring among us to God by the sheer force of gentleness, and confirmed others in goodness by the silent eloquence of a holy life, who has ministered to us with all the fulness of a heart overflowing with charity; who has always been careful to study our wishes and cheerfully grant them

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where possible; who has sympathized with us in our sorrows; who has manfully borne with our infirmities and weaknesses; who has taught us wholesome lessons of truth, all tending to the love of Jesus and Mary; who has with anointed hands distributed to us the Bread of Angels and earnestly invited many to the Heavenly Banquet who, but for this sweet solicitude, may perhaps have kept away from it and not tasted its sweetness; who has trained the hearts of our children in the ways of virtue, and imparted to them that heavenly Instruction which surpasseth all knowledge; who has, in a word, done for us all that a zealous Parish Priest could have done, and even more.

When we cast our eyes at the noble structure before us where daily we kneel in silent adoration before the Immaculate Lamb, whose adorable presence is there enshrined, we behold there imperishable proofs of your burning zeal for the beauty of the House of God. When we look around us again, we see how assiduous you have been in raising a beautiful pile, monumental, as a proof of your zeal in the cause of education, while within that edifice, a noble superstructure is reared in the hearts and intellects of the young through your instrumentality. We see when we assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays, how ardently you have always desired to surround that Holy Rite with adjuncts helpful to devotion and the elevation of the heart to God, and how you have in consequence succeeded in forming a Choir second to none in these parts in efficiency, to sing the praises of God in entrancing melody. And on Fridays, the crowded Sanctuary rails betoken your zeal in the cause so dear to the Heart of Jesus, the spread of devotion to that Holy Heart. Need we say more, beloved pastor of our souls, to convince you, that your memory will be cherished by us and our children as long as we live. We part 'tis true, but the bonds of love that unite our hearts are disseverable. Fain would we have you here with us always, never to part from us except when the dread summons should call you to Eternity, but the voice of authority bids you go to tend other flock in fresh pastures. Go then, esteemed Father, if so it must be. Our loss will be their gain. Remember us in your prayers, and when you stand at the Altar of God. And deign to accept this small tribute of our esteem for you which we have resolved should take the shape of a Chalice in order that it may serve continually to remind you of your old parishioners and induce you to plead for them at the Throne of Grace before the Sacramental presence of God; and we on our parts will never fail to offer up our humble prayers for your welfare. We conclude with an earnest wish that we shall once more have the happiness of hailing and welcoming you here as our Pastor. Receive, Rev. Father, the assurance of our unbounded attachment to you; and with sentiments of respect,

We remain,

Your Humble Children.

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When the address was being read, sobs could be heard on all sides, and even good Father Biolley, resigned, though he was, to the will of our venerable Bishop, could not help yielding to the weakness of nature. Every eye in that gathering was clouded with tears. At the conclusion of the address, his eyes wet with tears, Father Biolley rose to thank his parishioners for their touching words of farewell. Once more, he said, he would repeat what he had already promised them, for their consolation, the Sunday before, that he would carry them all in his heart. He thanked them for all the kindness they had shown him during the twelve years of his stay among them, for their docility and willingness to second all his efforts for their spiritual good—efforts which, he said, fell far short of what they had, with loving hearts, recounted in their address. He thanked them for the precious gift they intended to offer him, which would serve perpetually to remind him of those whom he was sorrowfully leaving behind. And he would not fail to offer up a prayer for them every day of his life. One great consolation was his, that though he was going away from them, another took his place who, possessed as he was of all the admirable qualities of a true Pastor of souls, would, he felt assured, continue the good work he had begun. And pointing to the Rev. Fr. Denis, our good Pastor, introduced our future Parish Priest to us. The latter then rose, and in a few impressive words, consoled us by pointing out to us that though it seemed so great a loss to have to part with one whom we had learned to love and cherish, as our Pastor, yet it was not all loss, as he was sure Father Biolley would pray earnestly both for him, as his successor in the arduous duties of the Parish, and for the people from whom the voice of authority separated him, so that by his prayers they would derive much spiritual gain. Ardent lover of the Blessed Virgin as he was, Father Denis helped us to subdue our sorrow by a touching allusion to Our Lady of Lourdes, whose grotto adorns our Parish Church as well as the Church at Coonoor, to which place Father Biolley has been transferred. Kneeling down, with tearful eyes, we received our Pastor's Blessing, and retired with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy—sorrow at having to part from one who ministered to our spiritual wants for more than a decade of years, with the tenderness of a Father ; and joy at the thought that in his place, our good Bishop has sent us one who is sure to draw all hearts towards him by the

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priestly qualities of benevolence and tenderness already foreshadowed at this our first meeting. In the afternoon, a large gathering of faithful hearts and true, could be seen at the Post Office, awaiting the arrival of the Mail Tonga that was to carry our dear Pastor away from us. As the hour of departure arrived, Father Biolley once more sorrowfully shook hands with those who were assembled there, and with a parting blessing, drove away—away from his loved parishioners whose attachment to him knew no bounds; away from scenes that endeared themselves to his fatherly heart, through a long series of years; from hallowed memories of the past that must have risen up before him when glancing back for the last time; away, away from faithful friends and children who could never forget him, and his unchanging kindness to them. Besides the gift of the congregation mentioned in the address, other individual offerings, the work of loving hands, were presented to him for acceptance. In fact, heart vied with heart, in showing all possible love and esteem to one so dear. And two ladies (sisters) resident for a long time in this Parish, showed such unmistakeable signs of ardent devotion and attachment to Father Biolley that it reminded me of the good sisters Martha and Mary, of Bithania, who exhausted all the resources of love at their command, in their ardent reception of Our Blessed Lord. Your readers may perhaps wonder that I should take such pains to chronicle an event of very little consequence outside our Microcosm; but I think it is necessary that such manifestations of love towards God's chosen Ministers should be made known far and wide, in this proud age of ours, when the child-like simplicity of faithful hearts is so generally ridiculed, as something unmanly. It is necessary that Catholics at least should know that in honoring their Pastors with all the simplicity of little ones, they are not in any way lowering their dignity either as men or as Christians, but on the contrary, this very act of simplicity on their part raises them up to a very high pinnacle of glory indeed, in the sight of Him who "puts down the mighty from their seat, and exalts the humble."

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GUDALUR, 5TH MARCH 1888.

ON TOUR.

Here I am, in this bleak, arid, and desolate region of South East Wynaad, whither duty has compelled me to come. Only for a short time, but what an age it seems when contrasting it with the pleasant hours afforded by dear old Ooty, amid surroundings pleasant and agreeable, and home and kindred and friends to share the pleasure. Face to face with nature in all its wilderness, under a tropical sun which spares neither man nor vegetation, girt around by forbidding hills which frown on you on all sides, I pause here to reflect with gratitude on the advantages enjoyed and enjoyable on the Blue Hills, which appear by contrast in an altogether new light. How true that it is only when the dark side of a picture is presented to our vision, we fully appreciate the bright side! Many a time have I passed by the luxurious beauty of the Moss-clad hills of Ootacamund without giving it even so much as a passing glance; now, however, the vision of that perennial beauty rises before my mind, when I behold the face of nature burnt and dry, wrinkled and ruffled, here in this arid tract of land, with nothing to redeem it from the sad fate to which it is ever a victim. Further on of course, the hand of man has transformed aridity into luxuriance; in a valley but a few miles away from this desolate place just beyond yonder parched up hill, luxuriant vegetation delights the eye—the berry and the leaf that vie with one another in infusing the recuperative element into our system, beautify the vast expanse, although timidly coy at the unblushing fierceness of the sun's rays penetrating into their peaceful glades. Here no such beauty attracts the eye, and I have to be content with waiting and watching for the morrow that is to see me turn my face and my weary steps once more towards the delightful heights—Olympian in very deed, whence I have had to descend for a brief interval. The way to the parlour of the tempting spider was "up a winding step," but the way to this untempting region was down a meandering road, with yawning precipices on one side and desolate hills on the other; so that neither the way nor the goal was in any way inviting. One only consolation is mine here that I have a chance of visiting the little Catholic Chapel and renewing my ac-

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quaintance with the hermit-priest in charge of it. Some years ago I jotted down a few notes of a visit I paid the Reverend Father Baldeyron who was then and is now the priest in charge of this uninviting Mission, and if you will permit me I shall send you the account for publication, when I get back to Ootacamund. In the meantime, having thus far described my present rendezvous, let me give your readers a few pen-and-ink sketches of men and things that have come across my way during the course of my present tour. The first place I went to on leaving Ootacamund was C——, which resembled Ooty in every way except perhaps that the climate was more temperate. Here I staid with a young friend, whom with his kind permission I shall call

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

My friend, the young philosopher, is of a scientific turn of mind, well read in all the modern and ancient lights that have ever professed to guide the human intellect, but alas! deplorably ignorant of Catholic theology and the relation it bears to science properly so called. His library is stocked with Mill and Spencer and Hamilton *et hoc genus omne*, but not the faintest trace of a Catholic scientist or a Catholic theologian could I discover there, except a small treatise of Cardinal Manning's on Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. "Vaticanism." Not that my friend refuses to read our authors, but he is wofully ignorant of the existence of many of them, and of those, whose existence he is aware of, he is in no hurry to make the acquaintance. I admire his intellectual qualities highly, but I cannot help pitying him for being so easily caught in the meshes of would-be men of leading and light. He has no settled religious convictions of his own; but I am sure if he understands Catholicity as Theologians like Cardinals Newman and Manning and Father Faber, and Scientists like Professor St. George Mivart, and philosophers like Ward and Lily and Browning, can expound to him, he will embrace it at once, if in a prayerful spirit he seeks to follow the "pillar of the cloud," as eminent intellectual giants towering above their fellows have done before him. My friend, be it known, has no patience with Protestants and their illogical system of worship. There is an old puritanical preacher or psalm-singer in C——, whom my friend calls

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OLD FUNGUS.

I made his acquaintance while there, and though we hardly conversed on religious matters, I could not help noticing that the old puritan's intellect was very spongy indeed. He was a clever hand, however, at draughts and backgammon. It was amusing to watch old Fungus playing with another superannuated gentleman like himself, who as Fungus remarked to me with emphasis, "*learned* him the game" Rapidly would the pieces move from square to square, but suddenly there would be an awkward pause in the game and wordy warfare at some misplacement of the pieces which, though pitched in too high a tone to be friendly, would invariably end in roars of laughter. I tried my 'prentice hand with old Fungus at draughts, but was ignominiously beaten, and had to console myself by remarking that I could play Chess better. Fungus was no hand at chess, so I was safe. Another gentleman I came across was an Agent of a Cigar manufactory,

CIGAR ON THE BRAIN.

I spent an hour or so with him, and during that blissful period was treated to a very lively and intelligent dissertation on the delights of Havannahs and Beehives, Trichys and Dindiguls. Somehow his talk never tired me, for he was perfectly gentlemanly and polite. He was one of those who take to industrial arts after having wielded the sword "for Queen and Country," for a brief while. May his shadow never grow less!

THE MUSICIAN.

Another friend who helped to make my outing pleasant was a musician, and he was wedded to an accomplished lady whose musical talent was even superior to his. I enjoyed a rich treat of music in their company—delightful soul-stirring music of the old school, songs that I loved to hear as a child, rendered doubly delightful by being sung by accomplished musicians.

THE PARISH PRIEST.

The Parish Priest of C—— was the first person I did myself the honor of visiting. I met him in the open air outside the Church, surrounded by a number of native

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children whom he was preparing for Confirmation. The sight impressed me very much. Here indeed, thought I, was a true pastor of souls, and here indeed was occupation worthy of a man's highest faculties. Our Venerable Bishop was at C——, and I had the pleasure of paying His Lordship my respects, His Lordship was expected to-day at Ootacamund and probably next week, there will be a grand Confirmation service in the Church there. After leaving C——, there was not much to note or sketch except that the belted knight who accompanied me once attempted to display his little authority, on my behalf but without my consent, but was baffled in the end. I had to investigate the case, and when brought to the bar of common sense and justice, my knight, was so ruffled that he broke out into English in my presence, addressing his accuser thus —" Don't tell lie, man !" This was at N———, where I had to halt for the night.

THE SALVATIONISTS.

I have to chronicle the advent here of the Salvationists. I have not heard their big drum yet, but I suppose it is muffled up for the present, as the enemy is not quite in sight. We, Ooty folks, are a goody-goody lot you know, although a wee bit arid spiritually. If then the Salvationist goodies can infuse fecundity into our spiritual system, we shall of course warmly welcome them. But this they cannot do, without the aid of the drum and the tambourine, and the drum and the tambourine are a trifle too noisy for our supersensitive nerves; so we wish the Salvationists would leave us alone, and "right about face." In all seriousness I ask why should such a parody of religion be countenanced at all by sensible men and women? Misguided enthusiasts may hail the Salvationists' roll-call, and blindly follow the lead of blind fanatics; but surely there is still some degree of self-respect, if not respect for the religion of Christ, left in the followers of other systems of Protestantism, not maddened by a false enthusiam, but more staid and sober, to enable them to resist the weird fascinations of religious charlatanism! I forget—what right have they to resist the logical outcome of the right of private judgment in others, which they themselves do not choose to carry as far as they might? Some one, writing lately in the pages of the *London Quarterly*

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Review on Catholicism in England remarked that to clear headed people the dogmas of the Church present no attractions. The clear-headedness of such persons is manifest in the *isms* that abound in the protestant Conglomeration of negations, in consequence of the clear-headed thinking which substitutes the right of private judgment for the living Voice of an infallible Church!

PASTOR CHINIQUY AND HIS BOOK.

When writing about certain impressions left in my mind in the course of my recent official tour, I forgot to mention that I made the acquaintance of Pastor Chiniquy and his book in the house of my friend, the young Philosopher. Not that my friend cherished the apostate as an honored guest in his house, but it appears the book was lent to him by a Protestant friend, who wished to show up the "deformities" of Roman Catholicism. My friend read the book, and was able, without much acquaintance with the Catholic religion, to hack and hew it up and send the result of this rather rough process of enlightenment to the local paper, which however declined to publish it. The frontispiece of the book shows the form of Pastor Chiniquy—not a very prepossessing one to my sight, but rather baboon-like. The book itself is got up very attractively; but the very first page I turned over contained a horrid lie, about Catholics being kept in the dark about the Bible, and I closed the book in disgust, wondering how the writer could possibly have been so brazen-faced as to utter publicly the most transparent falsehoods.

HIGH OR LOW.

In a notice of the approaching retirement of the local Protestant Chaplain, the *Observer* pathetically remarked the other day that "the *high* or *low* of the local Protestant Church now hangs in the balance." Poor *Observer!* We fully sympathize with you in the religious uncertainty that stares you in the face. But what about the clear-headedness of the *Quarterly Review* that lately voiced the feelings of Protestants with regard to their Catholic neighbours? Are you not sufficiently clear-headed as to perceive that truth cannot be *high* and *low*, according to the whims and caprices of its exponents? Alas! poor Protestantism! Unblushing exalter of unaided Reason! how low have thy reasoning powers fallen!

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1888.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.

His Lordship the Bishop of this Diocese leaves to-day for Coonoor, after having had the satisfaction of noting the earnestness with which our holy faith is kept alive in the hearts of the Catholics of Ootacamund, both European and Native. On Wednesday last His Lordship visited the European jail, and who knows what wonders of grace were there enacted when the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to some of the prisoners? Then again yesterday, vast numbers of native children were admitted to the Heavenly Banquet for the first time, and confirmed after Mass. The sanctuary rails presented a grand appearance, when these young native Christians knelt round in the gayest of gay attire, with lighted candles in their hands, decked in all the finery of oriental fancy. A few earnest words were addressed to them by the Bishop's Chaplain, Rev. Fr. Villien, just before the solemn moment of Communion, and afterwards by his Lordship himself, just before Confirmation. To-day for the last time, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to a goodly number of European children. A few, who had, for the last few weeks, been prepared by our good Parish Priest, Rev. Fr. Denis, received their First Communion at the hands of His Lordship. Rev. Fr. Guerpillon the assistant Parish Priest addressed the children before Confirmation, appropriately reminding them of the dispositions necessary in welcoming the Holy Ghost into their hearts, and Father Denis touchingly brought home to their young minds the necessity of worthily receiving their God in the Blessed Sacrament. It was a pretty spectacle indeed, when the sanctuary rails were crowded by the little ones, eagerly waiting to receive their God into their hearts—the girls dressed in spotless white with wreathes of pure white flowers encircling their brow like bridal diadems, and the boys in simple attire, with lighted candles in their hands. It was a sight at which the angels and saints in Heaven undoubtedly rejoiced. And the great St. Joseph, on whose Feast-day these young hearts were thus united to their God, will assuredly bless them, and hear their innocent prayers, and aid them and those who are dear to them, by his powerful intercession.

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In the evening, the Convent Chapel presented an impressive scene. The girls who had made their first Communion in the morning, renewed their Baptismal Vows, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Act of Consecration that followed was intensely touching. It was read by the youngest of the little ones in a firm clear voice. And when, at its conclusion, the wreaths that decked their youthful brows were placed at the feet of the Statue of the Blessed Virgin, one could not help being moved at the spectacle, so simple and yet so sublimely heart-stirring. After they had thus enrolled themselves in the company of the children of Mary, the little ones, and one or two of their elders, were invested with Our Blessed Lady's Scapulars—thus showing their young hearts' predilection for Her service. May they never tire, as they grow up, of wearing the livery of the Mother of God, and rendering Her faithful service by their devotion and love. One, indeed, who witnessed the ceremony, and who was herself brought up amid similar surroundings in a Convent, felt at the moment and for a long time after, the full force of the solicitude displayed by her religious teachers in her early training. Her young days within the peaceful retreat of her convent home were vividly brought before her mind, and she could not help shedding tears of joy at the thought that the devotional feeling, inspired in her by the devotional practices of her youth, had permanently abided in her heart, though oft times clouded by the cares and anxieties of a weary world.

1888.

HOLY WEEK IN OOTACAMUND.

Our Holy Week celebrations were quite equal to those of former years; but perhaps it may be said that the choral part was decidedly an improvement. Those who love florid music must have felt ecstatic pleasure when the various parts of the solemn High Mass were rendered with musical precision by our mixed choir. The ladies' voices were heard almost to perfection, thanks to the artistic training they received. Lovers of plain chant, on the contrary, must have found the floridness of the music rather a bar than a help to their devotions. The various embellishments were indeed

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profuse; but it was a joyful occasion, and I think we may well allow our joy to have the mastery over our feelings on such an occasion considering that we were assisting at something real and sublime. Of course, the thing may be overdone; but if the mundane does not enter into our feelings, even the overdoing may be pardoned. Such were my reflections when, after the solemn celebration of Easter in our own Church, I heard a Protestant friend speak rapturously of the music in the local Protestant Church on the same occasion. From what my friend told me, I gathered that the Protestant choir, composed mostly of the elite of Ootacamund society, blest with a profusion of musical talent, did their very best on Easter Sunday to make the Protestant service attractive. But what a contrast between their musical service and ours! They may pour forth the most entrancing melody, their organ may sound its loudest and loveliest peals, their singers may be the very pink of musical perfection. What then? Can animated bust, back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? The breath of life, aye the soul of religion, is wanting in their best endeavors. There is nothing, in all that they may do, which may not be done in a public Hall or a concert room. Their Church for the nonce becomes a mere Concert Hall, where singers outvive one another in warbling melodious strains. Those rich strains may be intended to praise the Almighty, and where their intention is really such, it is certainly worthy of all praise. But adoration in the truest sense of the word they cannot offer, in that cold and lifeless conventicle which they call a Church. The homage they offer the Almighty hardly befits His Majesty, if indeed the singing of Anthems and Hymns can be treated as homage paid to the great God. How different is it with Catholics. Every rite, every ceremony, every word of praise and prayer has a majestic signification, *is in fact* adoration in the highest and best sense. And the culminating act of worship in the sublime and holy Sacrifice of the Mass—What is there like to it in the fashionable and decorous services of the Protestant Church? One feels that God is really *worshipped* in the Catholic Church—one cannot help feeling conscious that, in the Protestant Church, all He receives is a fashionable nod. Our acts are real, theirs but shadowy. We adore "God with us," they bow to a Divinity afar off and hidden behind a cloud of mist. Every note of our organ wafts

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an act of adoration to the God of Truth: their swelling peals only serve to hide the vision of Truth, as it is in God, from mortal ken, by enveloping it in—fog. The very uniqueness of our rites and ceremonies shows that they belong to a religion which has the stamp of something superhuman in it—a religion which without wounding the susceptibilities of any particular nationality, embraces all nations and all peoples within its ample fold. If the language of a Ritual speaks intelligently to all classes and conditions of men, and every known nationality, so too does the language of our Liturgy proclaim the universal character of our Church. If the Latin language is used in our services for nothing else than to convince the world of this universality, it would be sufficient reason to retain it permanently, as the most fitting language of the Church. The people who assist at our holy rites know full well what they are about without understanding a word of what is said or sung in the Church. The words used are not an intrinsic part of our devotion, it is the act that accompanies the words that speaks to the hearts of our people, and raises them aloft to heights of spirituality. But I fear I shall tire your readers with my contrast. They would, as Catholics, rather like to know what we did to commemorate the Passion of our dearest Lord during Holy Week, and His Glorious Resurrection on Easter Sunday.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATIONS.

Every Friday during Lent, of course, we had the Way of the Cross. In the morning after Mass for the European community, and in the evening for the Natives. During Holy Week, our Parish Priest and his Assistant had quite enough to do to instruct the native congregation and invite them to the Holy Table. Their assiduity and diligence were rewarded on Holy Thursday and on Easter Sunday when vast numbers could be seen crowding the sanctuary Rails to partake of the Bread of life. On Holy Thursday evening and on Good Friday, the Tenebræ office was sung, the church being fairly thronged on both occasions. The adoration of the Holy of Holies on Maundy Thursday, was kept up by a continuous stream of worshippers the whole day and night; and the morning office of Good Friday was well attended when our good Parish Priest was playfully

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told that he had overworked himself on these occasions, he replied that his heart was greatly consoled by the sight of such a large gathering as he had seldom before witnessed out here, at every one of the offices of Holy Week. The morning office of Saturday, was performed by the Rev. Dr. Salvatori, Secretary to H. E. the Delegate Apostolic, and his fine Italian intonation was heard to very great advantage on the occasion. On Saturday evening the Confessionals were besieged to a very late hour at night. On Easter Sunday, when our hearts were filled to overflowing with joy at the thought of the first glorious Easter morn—the dawn of Resurrection, when Christ Our Lord proved His victory over death, and the truth of His Divine Mission, when through death He pointed out to us the way to immortal life, we wended our way to the Convent Chapel, and had the happiness to assist at His Excellency's Mass. Numbers received Holy Communion from his hands. Later on, His Excellency assisted pontifically at the High Mass, sung in the Parish Church, and at the close of the Holy Sacrifice pronounced the Papal blessing—on a happy throng of worshippers. In the Evening Solemn Vespers were sung, and with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, our Easter celebration was brought to a close.

22ND APRIL 1888.

BLESSING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT WELLINGTON.

It having been announced that the new Church at Wellington was to be blessed on Sunday, (22nd April,) the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, I made up my mind to go down with a few friends, to witness the ceremony. Accordingly, we set out at break of day, and were carried along by a pair of antiquated bulls yoked to a vehicle in the shape of a pill-box, at a pace which would any day have been out-done by an ordinary snail. I consoled myself by reflecting on the manifold blessings derivable from a spirit of self-sacrifice. His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic was invited for the occasion, and

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thanks to the slowness of our bovine bearers, we had the pleasure of being the first to see His Excellency, and his indefatigable Secretary Dr. Salvatori, driving past. We were however in time to witness the ceremony. As we neared the Church, His Excellency was just being escorted under a canopy to the Church, preceded by rather oriental-looking banners and if I mistake not, a very oriental band. The excellent band of the Royal Fusileers was in the meantime discoursing sweet music in the Church compound; and under a Pandal erected in front of the Church a large heterogeneous gathering could be seen. The Military, of course, were conspicuous there, in all the glare and glitter of their time honored uniforms. Europeans and natives, rich and poor, high and low, fashion's votaries and poverty's slaves elbowed each other, and presented a living proof of the Universality of the Church Catholic. His Excellency was accompanied by our esteemed Bishop the Right Rev. Dr. Bardou and some fifteen priests of the diocese. Rev. Fathers H. Lefeuvre and L. J. Berthon acting the parts of Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively at the Blessing of the sacred edifice. The rite of Blessing is no doubt known to you and the majority of your readers. I will not therefore attempt a description of it. Suffice it to say, it was impressive; and *en passant*, allow me to remark that this impressiveness would be better felt by the laity if they would take the trouble of making themselves better acquainted with the Liturgy of the Church. There seems to be a disposition generally to leave the right understanding of the awe-inspiring rites and ceremonies of the Church to the clergy—the laity being content with but a superficial knowledge of them. They probably argue in this fashion: "What the Church has decided to be the proper method of celebration must be right. We need not bother ourselves about it. The heirloom of Faith has descended to us from generation to generation. We are the happy possessors of that precious heirloom. Let us be content with it, and not dive deep into the refreshing waters of the Church's Liturgy." That such an argument is shallow must be patent to any body who takes the trouble to think. Clearly, if a little intelligence is brought to bear on the laudable correspondence shown by the laity in religious celebrations, those rites cannot but be better appreciated than they are now. After the Blessing of the Church His Excellency, with his

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Assistants, turned towards the Bell. The ceremony of blessing this metallic herald of spiritual peace and joy—this sweet-toned proclaimer of the perpetual worship on our altars—was rather long, but to those who understood its meaning, interesting. After these ceremonies, the people were admitted into the Church, and while the Ministers of God were vesting for the Holy Sacrifice, I turned my attention for a moment to the architectural beauties of the sacred edifice. The Church is built in the modern Gothic style, and is cruciform in appearance; the nave is sufficiently long to hold about 500 persons, and the two chancels together would perhaps conveniently give room for a hundred. The chancel to the right, as you enter, has an altar dedicated to St. Joseph, whose statue holds a conspicuous place thereon—that to the left has a similar altar dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. Stained glasses at the extreme ends of these two chancels depict the apparition of Our Lady to Bernadette and pilgrimages to Her beloved shrine at Lourdes. The high altar held a wooden tabernacle of exquisite workmanship. It was very plainly decorated on the occasion. The back grounds showed a very devotional picture of the Sacred Heart, in stained glass, high above in the centre, with similar pictures of Our Lady and St. Joseph on either side. The arrangement of stained glasses in the form of a cross at all the long dormer windows was very picturesque and attractive. The steeple of the Church is not quite completed, and when it is added, it is sure to impart additional beauty to the lovely structure. Great credit is due to the Chaplain, Rev. Father Foubert, under whose superintendance the building was constructed. It was lucky for him that he was so strongly supported in his endeavours to raise the sacred pile by no less a personage than General Holding, Commanding the Southern District. I noticed the worthy General with a few officers in Church. Their presence there must have been gratifying to the heart of the good Chaplain. His Lordship the Bishop of Coimbatore pontificated in the presence of H. E. the Delegate Apostolic, by whose side were his Secretary Dr. Salvatori and Rev. Fr. Berthon, a priest of the Diocese. The Right Rev. celebrant was assisted by Rev. Fr. Gudin as Deacon, and Rev. Fr. Guerpillon as Sub-deacon—besides the Rev. Fr. Terrat, Assistant at the Altar, and Rev. Fathers Blanchard and LeBonzec as Masters of the Ceremonies.

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Rev. Father Foubert, the Chaplain, presided at the Harmonium, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Briand, and a fine mixed choir composed of soldiers and a few ladies. The Mass sung on the occasion was by Concove, and the offertory piece was by Hermann. The choir did their part very well indeed, the finely modulated ladies' voices being heard almost to perfection. The tenor, sung, I believe, by a corporal of the Regiment, was superb. Father Foubert's solos sent a thrill through the whole Church, especially at the singing of the "Adorate." After the first Gospel the Rev. Father Rondy, Secretary to His Lordship the Bishop of Coimbatore, delivered a very impressive discourse appropriate to the occasion. His mastery of the English language was perfect, and his delivery, excellent. He kept the audience literally hanging on his lips for about 20 minutes, when in well-chosen words, he expounded how the Church was really and truly the House of God, the Home of the Christian; and the stronghold and fortress of the Christian Soldier. I am sorry I could not get you a verbatim copy of the sermon: it was so full of instruction. After the sermon, an indulgence of forty days was announced to all present who assisted at the ceremonies, and prayed for the intention of Our Holy Father the Pope. At the conclusion of the Holy Rite, His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic pronounced the solemn benediction on the kneeling throng of worshippers. I noticed a large number of communicants at the Mass chiefly among the native congregation. In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Fathers Pottier and Baldeyron. And then followed a grand procession, of which I can give you no description as I was not present. Thus ended a very memorable day. And we turned our faces homewards. But Oh! What a weary journey it was! My cynical friend, finding that the bulls wouldn't budge an inch faster than before, proposed that they should be thrust into the Vehicle and thus dragged along. This same proposal was vetoed by the others, as it might have proved to be a repetition of the story of the old Man and his ass. So we let the poor beasts have their own way, and wrapped ourselves up in the comforts of an occasional song or hymn, as we were slowly carried along amid the subduing influences of the twilight hour.

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7TH MAY 1888.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Yesterday, the first Sunday in May, we celebrated the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes with the splendour becoming our dear Mother's festal day. The celebration of the Feast on the first Sunday in May, is I believe, special to Ootacamund. It is a gala day with us, and we keep the Festival annually with quite a spontaneous outburst of affection for the Blessed-Mother of God. This year the celebration was just as grand, as on former occasions, and, if I may say so, far more joyful. For, we were but lately sorrowing over the separation from us of one who guided our souls with the tenderness of a true father for more than a decade of years, although his place is well and nobly filled by another who is fast endearing himself to our hearts. We were sad nevertheless; but yesterday our sorrow was turned to joy in beholding the beloved form of our late Pastor once more in our midst. He came, with willing feet, to cheer us on with words of comfort and counsel as of yore; he came to participate in our spiritual joy, to awaken in us feelings of love and devotion to our dear mother. And we were thus doubly happy—happy in the joyous celebration of our Mother's festival, and happy to find our Pastor from whom we were separated for about three months, once again with us—if only for a brief while—sharing our joys, and pouring words of consolation in our ears. Am I not right then in saying that this year our celebralion of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes was far more joyful than in previous years? The weather, likewise, responded to our feelings of joy. It was all sunshine from golden-tinted morn to mellow eve. Not a cloud marred the fair beauty of the heavens, and hillsides revelled in the luxuriance of verdure. So too did the Altar of Our Lady, decked by the loving hands of her Indian Missionaries the good Franciscan Nuns. It was lovely to behold. The Statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in pure white raiment and blue sash with golden roses on the blessed feet—faithful representation of the glorious apparition whose dazzling splendour entranced the lowly Shepherd-maiden; the kneeling figure of Bernadette, rosary in hand, and face uplifted to gaze on the heavenly vision and pray with childlike fer-

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vour, to the August Lady who disdained not her lowliness; the overhanging rocks beautifully wild and weird-looking; the hallowed cave in a blaze of light; a profusion of white roses at the feet of the Statue, and verdant foliage round about the Grotto, with here and there a banner emblematic of triumph and victory—it was in truth a lovely and impressive picture, and hard indeed the heart that could look on it unmoved. The High Altar, whereon the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered ablaze with lights, and adorned with the loveliest flowers. Pictorial representation on canvas along the walls in the nave of the Church, formed a striking *coup d'œil* and flowers of various hues were wreathed festoon-like overhead. High Mass began at 9 A.M.—the celebrant being the Revs. F. Baldeyron of Gudalur, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Guerpillon, our assistant Parish Priest and Rev. Fr. Briand of Wellington, as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively. The Altar rails were as usual full of devout communicants at the solemn moment of that Divine condescension which forms the brightest jewel of the Mass. What shall I say of the singing on the occasion? Well, the singers exposed their hearts through the medium of their melodious voices, and that is saying a good deal, I think. After Mass, an eloquent sermon on the Feast was preached by the Rev. Father Biolley, whose presence in the pulpit must have sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of all present. There stood the loved form whom the holy will of God withdrew from our midst, once again in the humble attitude which we were all so familiar with. The old loved voice was there heard and the old familiar tone resounded through the Church, awakening dormant echoes in many a heart. He preached on the glorious subject of the feast. After graphically describing the Lourdes of thirty years ago, and narrating in detail the circumstances of the blessed appariation, rendered vivid by his masterly sketch, he went on to contrast the Lourdes of to-day, with its pilgrimages and shrines, with the ancient hamlet wrapped in sylvan beauty and solitude. And then reminded his hearers of the necessity of paying the homage of their hearts to the great Queen of Heaven, who condescended to visit this earth of ours not for her sake, but for ours. The preacher handled the subject of devotion to the Blessed Virgin with touching eloquence; and finally turning to Our Lady's image enshrined in the artificial grotto, I described above, he prayed for Her protection, for himself and for all Her Children there present. An old resident of

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Ootacamund—a most exemplary son of Old Erin—remarked to me afterwards that he did not remember hearing a more impressive and soul-stirring sermon. He was not far wrong. In the evening, a grand procession was formed to carry the Statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in triumph. Following the cross-bearer, marched the girls of the Convent School with their banners; they were all robed in white with wreaths of pure white flowers on their heads, and presented a very lovely picture. The road along which the procession marched looked quite as gay as the gayest of the young maidens who strewed flowers across Our Lady's path. Banners with suitable inscriptions thereon floated in mid-air, and festoons of flowers and foliage garlanded their tops. I was able to recite a whole chaplet of the Rosary by the time the procession neared the Convent Chapel. Here, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given from an altar redolent with the perfume of flowers, and bright with the resplendant light of a hundred tapers. The procession re-formed, after Benediction, and marched in the same order back to the Parish Church, where a second time our Lord deigned to bless his faithful children. The Volunteer Band was in attendance during the Procession.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. FR. BIOLLEY.

After the solemnities of the day, the congregation assembled in large numbers, at the Parochial House, to present the Rev. Father Biolley, their late Parish Priest, with the chalice, of which mention was made in the Farewell Address of three months ago. All the priests who assisted at the ceremonies of the day and were the guests of Rev. Father Denis the Parish Priest, were present likewise on the occasion. Captain Curley, on behalf of the Congregation warmly thanked Father Biolley for coming to enhance the joy of his old flock on such a glorious occasion, and begged him to accept the trifling gift which his old parishioners had, with the genuine warmth of filial hearts, prepared for him. Father Biolley rising with some degree of emotion thanked all present for what he considered to be a most valuable gift, which would serve continually to remind him of his old friends, and all they had done to show their love and esteem for him. Thus ended a happy day for us all.

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1888.

THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

I must say a few words on the celebration in Ootacamund of the Feast of Corpus Christi, the feast, *par excellence*, of Faith. The Mass of the feast was said on Sunday by the Rev. N. Pachod of Cuddalore, who is spending a few days here. After the Holy Sacrifice, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession accompanied by numbers of devout worshippers, and perhaps a few idle lookers-on. Benediction was first given from a temporary repository outside the Church premises, and a second time near the Convent Chapel, where also a beautiful repository had been erected by the good nuns. Though the heat was intense, the worshippers knelt uncovered to receive the Benediction of their Lord out in the open air, the brightness of the sun enveloping the scene in a ruddy glare. The procession then reformed in the same order in which they started, the Nilgiri Volunteer Band at the head, followed by the children of the schools—the girls all in pure white—carrying their various banners; the younger among them strewing flowers before the Sacramental Presence of their God. On reaching the Church, Benediction was given a third time. May we not be allowed to hope that such an infinite condescension of the God of love would cause many a heart hitherto insensible to the Divine Mercy to expand with love towards Him? The singing on the occasion was faultless, great credit is due to the choir for exerting their best to enhance the solemnity of the Feast.

19TH JUNE 1888.

FROM OOTY TO COONOOR IN A BULLOCK-TRANSIT.

Last Sunday being set apart for the celebration at Coonoor, of the titular feast of the Church—the feast of St. Anthony of Padua, to whom I owe much,—I made up my mind to assist at the celebration; and animated by the spirit of a pilgrim to put up with any inconvenience that

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the journey might offer, I set out on Saturday evening, with a few friends, in a bullock coach in charge of a sour-visaged individual, who looked as if he could drive us into the slough of Despond. But we meant that he should drive us to Coonoor, and we kept to our resolution in spite of the moroseness of our driver. But alas! we were doomed to suffer on the way, inasmuch as in spite of all our energy in wishing ourselves transported to our not far-off destination within the shortest span of time, we found our four-footed carriers would not second our wishes, but preferred to follow their own impulses, which as you know are proverbially dull and slow. Those beasts must have taken great pains with themselves to study the habit of slowness. Well, we jogged along—no, rattled along, if a slow ambulation with the faintest possible sound of wheels could be called "rattling"—as merrily as humming bees—and like the bees' humming dulcet strains of musical melody by no means monotonous, but a wee bit uproarious—till we were suddenly accosted by a strange looking specimen of humanity. We had just been chanting the Brigands' song, and stopped at the words "now stand and deliver!" when a voice outside our car sounded strangely in our ears as the echo of what we had just been chirping in merry mood. But we soon quieted our fears, for the voice that set our hearts in a brisk pit-a-pat motion belonged to a sorry-looking individual who seemed to have imbibed a good deal of our nineteenth century civilization in the shape of a copious potation of alcoholic fire. By the way, isn't this a mixed metaphor? Can one drink fire? But the fiery liquid is fire all the same. And if there is a quantitative equality between the terms, the one may, I presume be used for the other. Convertible terms, and all that sort of thing. But I am not going to lecture on logic just now. Well, our unwelcome visitor was making himself rather repulsive to our sober senses. He did not mean to murder us, any way, though he murdered the Queen's English with the boldness and nonchalance of a skilled assassin. We soon lost our temper at the fellow's audacity, and bade him take himself off *instanter*, failing which he was made to understand that an unmerciful "hiding" would follow across the vertical column of his spine. The dreadful lash was pointed at him, but he did not wait till it descended. "I must going soonly," burst from his lips with a supreme effort, and he vanished as suddenly as he appeared. It was past 10, at night, when

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we reached the house of our host, whom we found snugly ensconced between the ample folds of a warm coverlet on a nice warm bed, while we were shivering outside in the cold. He soon pulled us in, however, and philosopher as he was, marvelled but a little at our tardy arrival, and placidly retired to rest again after having satisfied himself that we were all well in-doors.

FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY.

The morning of Sunday, the 17th June 1888 dawned fair, and we awoke betimes, as soon, indeed, as the kingly orb of day made his royal appearance felt in our little chamber. Decking ourselves in festive garb—No, not that, we really wern't so poetical—my imagination I fear is playing pranks with sober reality—well, prosaically attiring ourselves, we wended our way towards the little Church, conspicuous above all other structures on account of its lofty position. Its position was beautiful really as well as metaphorically ; for it looked down upon the little town, from its modest height, as though it would embrace all, regardless of race or colour, rank or position. The Holy Sacrifice, we were told, would commence half an hour later ; so we had the pleasure of conversing with the Parish Priest, our own Rev. Father Biolley, who welcomed us with the affection of former days. We found our present Parish Priest, Rev. Father Denis, there, invited to preach on the occasion. Presently the din, or music, as our native brethren would perhaps like it to be called, of tomtoms was heard, and a number of the Parishioners—all natives—entered the Presbytery with offerings of fruits and sweets; having laid them there escorted the Priests to the Church. This, I believe, is an ancient custom amongst the native Christians. It certainly has the merit of being a decidedly Christian way of showing respect and gratitude to those who minister to our spiritual wants. High Mass commenced at 8 A. M., the celebrant being the Rev. Father Foubert of Wellington, assisted by a Deacon and Subdeacon. The Ooty choir was expressly invited to sing on the occasion, and well indeed did they perform their task. Such singing was perhaps never heard before within the walls of that sacred pile. A good many of the devout native Christians, as well as a few Europeans, approached the Holy Table. It was a

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charming sight to behold three little sisters, grand-children of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Coonoor, devoutly receive their Lord, pure and innocent they looked in their spotless white raiments. Oh! may they preserve through life the charming simplicity and innocence of youth. The European congregation at Coonoor is very much smaller than at Ootacamund. Perhaps on the feast day, there were about twenty of them assembled in Church. One distinguished visitor was the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Kernan who, with his daughter, set a striking example of religious devotion to their fellow-Catholics. Before the Divine Presence on our altars, high and low, rich and poor stand on the same level. If men of wealth and position would only appreciate this truth and act up to it much of the world's acerbity would vanish. The high ones of the earth would then be looked upon by their less favored brethren with the respect and veneration rightly due to them, and much mutual benefit would be derivable in spiritual as well as temporal matters. This by the way. The sermon on the feast-day was preached in Tamil, by the Rev. Father Denis, Parish Priest of Ootacamund, immediately after Mass. In the evening, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to a devout throng of worshippers.

ROUND ABOUT THE TOWN.

During the interval between the Holy Sacrifice at which we assisted, and the solemn Rite of Benediction, we deemed it fitting, instead of idling away the hours within doors, to take a stroll round about the little town. The place seemed to be as dull as ditchwater. The shops were open, though it was a Sunday; but there was very little of the *holiday* perceptible except within the precincts of the Church. A few red-coats from Wellington could be seen unconcernedly moving about! loungers languidly loitered about the market place and a couple of fashionable turn-outs dashed past, just *enlivening* the *dulness* pretty much in the same way as our Municipal lights serve to make *darkness visible*. On nearing the Hospital, we were told that a well-known resident, the Sanitary Inspector of the town, had just ended his weary exile on earth, and we entered the ward where his body lay, to have a last look at his mortal remains, and silently meditate on death. There the dead body

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lay calmly awaiting the moment when it would be consigned to its last resting-place. It was buried already under a profusion of white roses; but though man would hide mortal corruption and wish the mortal remains of the dead to assume immortality at once, the eternal behests must be obeyed, and the dead body return to its parent dust, though for a brief while. Silently we passed out of the hospital ward—the chamber of death and emerged once more into the balmy open air, breathing the rich fragrance of life. Death and life, life and death, what a mysterious intertwinement! How necessary that the soul of man should *die* to the world in order to *live* the life for which alone it has been created! From grave to gay, our spirits bounded on as we wandered freely by running brooks and fruit-laden orchards; and then retraced our steps towards the humble residence of our Platonic host.

FACING HOMEWARD.

Then, when the evening hour began to fall upon us amid refreshing showers from cloudland, we refreshed ourselves as best we could and turned our faces homewards. Our horned bearers of the previous evening were exchanged for others more fleet of foot and quick to apprehend our wishes. But the up-hill trot was necessarily difficult, and we gave ourselves up to the contemplation of nature in the slow process of our journey. My cynical friend wished we had balloons to transport ourselves to our homes, and another friend just budding into forensic fitness, wished we had legal limbs with airy wings attached. But these laudable wishes remained wishes to the end of our journey and will perhaps continue so to remain. On the way, we were overtaken by a heavy gale, and nature's fury seemed to be at its height, while a sea of mist presented itself to our awe-struck gaze all around us. Luckily, however, nothing happened to confirm our fears, and after enjoying the august companionship of Dame Patience for full five hours on an unusually wintry night, we sought and found the shelter of our hearths, and soon transported ourselves to dreamland.

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31st JULY 1888.

TRIAL.

* * 'Tis the pressure
Of sorrow's keen sword,
Of trial and grief from
The Hand of the Lord,
That from each strong-tried heart,
Makes sweetness distil,
As wounded it lieth,
In love 'neath His will.

I was lately sorely tried by Him who chasteneth when He chastiseth. One dear to me lay almost at death's door; but the Hand that inflicted the wound was also ready to pour the balm, in answer to earnest supplication and prayer. And the fatal blow was averted. Then, as a sigh of thanksgiving burst forth from my heart, I remembered the lines quoted above from the pages of the *Watchman* of the 21st instant. I had read those lines just a day before the sad event, and was particularly struck by the concluding lines:

"As the heart lieth wounded
In love 'neath His will."

What indeed cannot love achieve? The heart may be wounded, and wounded in a manner appalling to one who sees not the Hand of Divine Providence in events that transpire here below. Groans of agony may well forth from its inmost depths, in bitter anguish. The pain may appear unbearable, and the wounded spirit imitating the Divine sufferer in the Garden of Gethsemane, may cry out—"Father, if it be possible, let this Chalice pass away from me." But love comes to his aid; and the anguish of pain changes to transport of love, as the echo of the Divine words reverberates in his ears—"not my will, but Thine be done." Ah! how sweet to lie wounded "in love 'neath His will"! The bitterest pain becomes incomparably sweet. And the sweetness is appreciated all the more *because* of the pain. Why, people ask, should there be sickness and suffering in the world? Ah! shortsighted mortals, can you not perceive, with the aid of reason alone, that unless you feel the pain of sickness you cannot appreciate the blessing of health, and unless you bear the bitterness of suffering you cannot enjoy the sweets of blissful rest and repose?

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"To the Christian who looks upon this life and its vicissitudes as a mere phase of man's immortal career, who considers this world of time as the womb of the eternal years, the sufferings of this life are but the temporary inconveniences of the weary traveller on his homeward voyage. Their weight is lightened and their sharpness blunted by the thought of home with its comforts and its rest. He suffers with patience and resignation to the will of his Eternal Father with the consoling hope that when he is freed from the body of this death, he will pass into the eternal day where death and pain are known no more for ever. Buoyed up by faith and hope, he says in his inmost soul :—

"Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever breaking
I shall be soon,
Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come."

14TH AUGUST 1888.

OBITUARY.

We had lately to mourn the loss of one who proved herself a *true woman* by her disinterested charity,—a lady who knew how far woman's rights extended, and unselfishly acted up to that knowledge in her dealings with her fellow creatures—a matron against whom not a word of reproach could be cast—the wife of our esteemed Collector, Mr. Burrows. She was ailing for a long time, but her death was sudden and unexpected. Preparations were, I understand, being made for her departure to England, when the dread summons came, and she was ushered into eternity. The local paper had a very flattering notice of

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the esteemed lady in its leading columns. In the course of its remarks, however, it could not help betraying its Protestant inconsistency. Many a head, it seems, was uncovered as the hearse passed by, to "put up" a prayer, *not* for the *dead*, but for the bereaved ones she had left behind. The writer could evidently enter into the hearts of those whose heads were thus uncovered. How else could he know that they were "putting up" a prayer for all? I always thought, and I fancy those who uncovered their heads must have thought so too, that hats were doffed in the presence of the remains of the dead, out of respect for those remains, which were once the habitation of an immortal soul, and the abode of the Holy Ghost. And then again whence the need of a prayer for the bereaved ones *just* at the moment the hearse passes by? The sight of the corpse may possibly move the heart to prayer; but that prayer may be "put up" spiritually from the heart without any uncovering of the head; or better still, it may be offered on bended knees in the quiet of one's home or church, or conventicle. The fact is, the human heart cannot fail to send forth a sigh *for the dead*, in the presence of the remains for the dead. In the Catholic, it naturally takes the form of a prayer for the departed one, since he believes in Purgatory; but in the Protestant the sigh may be one of pity for the living, but it undoubtedly bears some reference to the dead. There is a natural craving in his heart to do some thing spiritual if he can, for the departed soul; but the prejudice implanted in him by his sterile religion forbids the spiritual flight, and he falls helplessly back on the purely natural, and contents himself with showering flowers over the grave of the deceased.

28TH AUGUST 1888.

A SERMON.

The Reverend Father Eyers preached on Sunday, taking for his text the words of our Lord:—"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be cut down, and cast into the fire." The sermon was indeed a pleasant surprise to us, and was therefore appreciated all the more. The preacher placed before us two great truths for consider-

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ation—the one, on the necessity of good works for salvation, and the other on the existence of hell. The first part of the discourse appealed more to the heart, and the second, to the intellect. The fertilizing principle of grace producing fruits of salvation in the orchard of the heart was beautifully illustrated by a very appropriate simile which must have touched the hearts of the assembled congregation. The dogma of hell was handled by the Reverend preacher with marked ability and logical acumen. The modern objections to hell were clearly stated and demolished with a master hand. The preacher's twice-repeated appeal to his hearers to determine not whether a dogma is pleasant or agreeable, but whether it is true, could have found but one responsive echo in the hearts and intellects of his hearers.

18TH SEPTEMBER 1888.

A LATE CONTROVERSY.

The controversy that has lately been going on in the columns of the *Madras Mail* as to the comparative merits of the Catholic and Protestant clergy appears, so far, to have terminated rather abruptly. It is a pity that none of the champions on the Protestant side thought fit to answer the Reverend Father Mayer's last letter—that letter was indeed a clincher, and it was wise and prudent on the part of the Anglican clergymen who entered the lists against Father Mayer to remain silent. "Benedict's" insolence indeed deserved more drastic treatment; but of course truth is all-powerful without the aid of invective. On the general question of the comparative usefulness of the Anglican and Catholic clergy, there can be no two opinions. Even Anglicans themselves are constrained to confess that zeal and self-sacrifice are all on the side of the Catholic clergy. The local paper, in one of its late issues quoted Father Mayer's reply to one of the Protestant chaplains, and commended it to the attention of the Anglican clergy. And in doing so, it pointed out a curiously suggestive instance of one of its own ministers standing on his dignity as a "gentleman" in visiting the poorer members of his flock, As a *gentleman*, this Reverend minister is reported to have said, he would not care to come in contact with men of inferior social stand-

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ing, but as a Clergyman, he was *compelled* to do so. This gentlemanly parson's idea of the distinction between a gentleman and a Priest is a very fair criterion of the usefulness of "gentlemen," who take upon themselves the duty of "Ministering to the Lord." Only the other day, I came across a correspondence in the Home papers on the subject of "clerical improvidence." This correspondence was carried on in the columns of the Protestant "Guardian," by Protestant Clergymen and—their wives. One of the latter, who signs herself "a poor man's wife," offers some excellent suggestions which I shall take the liberty of reproducing here for the benefit of the Reverend Benedicts who lately figured in the *Mail*:—"The whole way of looking at things," so writes this lady correspondent, "as regards the clerical world, needs alteration. Who was the Founder of the Christian Church? A divine Carpenter? He said—'My Kingdom is not of this world.' Why should it be any real hindrance to the work of His ministers that they have not enough of what He called 'the Mammon of unrighteousness' to compete with 'this world's' social customs? Why should the servants be above their Lord? If they have in them the spirit without which no man ought ever to enter holy orders, they possess a source of influence quite independent of any outside circumstances whatever. To say that because their wives cannot fulfil the requirements of 'modern society': because their children have 'to rough it and to learn honest work they need any of them be, in essentials, less superior or less refined, is simply a falsehood practically disproved, thank God, by many such lives at this moment." The "*spirit* without which no man ought ever to enter Holy Orders" is just what the Protestant clergy, as a whole, are deficient in, and it is idle therefore to compare them with Catholic Priests. To return to the Controversy in the *Mail*. Your readers will have noticed the following striking points of difference in the combatants. The arguments on the Catholic side were always supported by facts; those on the other side were chiefly based on imagination. The Catholic champions did not blush to make their names known; the Protestants carefully hid themselves under *nom de plume*. A sort of hazy indefiniteness pervaded the letters put forward by the Protestant correspondents, who evidently did not know much of what they were writing about; on the other hand, the Catholic correspondents wrote tersely and definitely and to the point. Wit sparkled like champagne in the letters of

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the Catholic side, which the Protestant side, in demure quakerish fashion mistook for asperity. Strong in their convictions, the Catholic side could afford to respect the State without a cringing servility, while the Protestant side characteristically shielded themselves under State protection and servilely implored its aid. Such were some of the salient differences in the method of warfare of the two sides engaged in the recent controversy, and these differences will continue to the end so long as the *raison d'etre* of Protestantism is not established.

NOVEMBER 1888.

NATURE READ ARIGHT.

The reign of King Frost has begun, and the early morning sees hill slopes and valleys shrouded with the King's livery—a sheet of silvery whiteness. The early riser too feels his influence, and he would be daring indeed who could withstand the hoary King's irresistible sway without gloves or mufflers. A clean sky and a brilliant sun during the day compensate in some measure for the discomforts of a frosty night. Thus, nature knows full well how to hold the balance evenly between two extremes. Instead of murmuring, therefore, at the transitions we daily experience in this variable world, it would be well for us to admire the workings of nature, and from nature ascend to Nature's God. Everything in Nature is admirable. Nothing in Nature ought ever to make us lose faith in the Divine economy that regulates its working. Not even Death, Nature's last sleep, can possibly have terrors for one who reads Nature aright.

DECEMBER 1888.

OUR EXAMINATIONS.

These annually recurring tests of intellectual activity are now in progress here as elsewhere, and they afford material for serious thought. Are there not too many of these competitive examinations, and would it not be well to

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curtail their number? It is a fact that there is very little thinking done in schools. Boys are simply crammed, and their memory is made to be a huge lumberhouse of all sorts of crude and ill-digested knowledge. They attend their scholastic term with but one object in view, to pass an examination. And to this end they direct all their energies, with the result that their intellects get dwarfed or stunted. They have a smattering of all kinds of knowledge, which will help them but little in after-life. If there were more *teaching* and less *examining* done in our University Colleges, we should have better intellects to guide the destinies, perhaps, of nations. Examinations are undoubtedly good in their way, but to my thinking they recur too frequently. And then again, they seem to me to be conducted so half-heartedly that many young men are let loose with the seal of the University's approval on them who are simply a disgrace to their Alma Mater. We are all familiar with the proverbial *Bee Yea*. No doubt there is a good deal of undeserved sarcasm in the appellation; but there is also a good deal of truth in it, enclosing as it does, in a euphonic nutshell, the demerits of our University system.

OUR FESTIVE SEASON.

If the advent of Christmas meant only a hungry anticipation of the indispensable plum-pudding, I should never have cared to utter a word of joy. But no—Christmas means a great deal more than is implied by "Cates' Ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl." For us Christians, it means the approach of the Sun of justice and the consequent shattering of the powers of darkness. For, unto us, "a Child is born," a Redeemer is given, who shall break asunder the bonds that chain us to a degrading and painful slavery. Christmas joys should be to us a foretaste of the joys of redemption, when faith and hope shall end in the perfect fruition of charity. We should rejoice like men indeed, but like angels too. Our human joy should blend with the angelic, and form a harmony of happiness sweeter far than the sweetest music. But is such a harmony possible? Aye, if we grasp the great truth that we are *Christians*. A happy Christmas then to all.

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25TH DECEMBER 1888.

XMAS.

I write on Xmas day, and my thoughts naturally revert to the glorious mystery which is celebrated on that blessed day.

> "Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;
> Hail, Redemption's happy dawn;
> Sing through all Jerusalem
> Christ is born in Bethlehem."

The words of this refrain of a beautiful hymn sung to-day are simple enough; but, Oh! how sublime! "Redemption's happy dawn!" What a fund of delight in the idea enunciated by the words surges over the heart of the sincere and faithful Christian! Yes, Christ's ever-adorable incarnation was truly the dawn of redemption. He could have saved the world from the slavery of sin by other processes; but from all eternity it was designed that God should assume human nature to redeem man. The God of all power was to become man to raise man to God, by shattering the fetters of satanic bondage. What a tremendous mystery! And yet, on that mystery hinges the whole domain of Faith. For want of an adequate knowledge of the mystery of the incarnation, our Protestant friends misconstrue the divine economy in the redemption of mankind, and lose themselves in a haze of uncertainties or crudities. That mystery once perfectly grasped by the mind, all other seemingly inexplicable phenomena in the Catholic Church, —to so many outsiders stumbling-blocks to the acceptance of Divine Truth in all its entirety,—become necessary truths, easily understood, and as easily assimilated to the spiritual system. Oh! if only the ranks and talent of the world outside Catholicity would recognize this fact—what a wealth of usefulness would be placed at the disposal of the Church. Our separated friends, mindful only of the fact that they are Christians, but entirely at sea as to the true basis of Christianity, delight in decorating their Churches most tastefully and employing the best available musical talent. Those thoughts flitted across my mind as I heard a Protestant friend ecstatically detailing the beauties of the floral decorations of the local Protestant Church.

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OUR CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST.

Our celebration of Christmas was every thing that could be desired. The Midnight Mass was sung by our esteemed Parish Priest Rev. Father Denis, assisted by a Deacon and Sub-deacon. The Altar was ablaze with lights, and a neatly worked Altar Cloth used for the first time on such an occasion attracted attention by its chaste floral design. It was the handiwork of a young "Enfant de Marie," whose convent training was thus availed of to advantage, outside the cloister. Would that all our young convent-bred ladies were like her! His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic assisted at the last Mass which was sung by his Secretary the Rev. Dr. Salvatori. The music of the Mass was, as usual, excellent, though a few familiar voices were missed on account of the holidays. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the evening.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1889.

THE OLD YEAR.

We here in Ooty, closed the old year with a solemn act of thanksgiving to God at which His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic assisted. Not only was this act of ours directed towards glorifying the good God for all the favors and mercies bestowed on each one of us individually during the past year, but it was likewise a duty of loyalty performed by us in response to the invitation of the Holy Father to close this Jubilee year of the Common Father of the faithful with a special solemnity in thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the benefits received by the Church and her Head through that adorable Heart whose will it is that the Kingdom of God should be extended on earth. Many were the Communions received with this intention during the day. Many the prayers offered for the peace and tranquility of the Church and the Holy See. God grant that the coming year may be the harbinger of the long-looked for triumph of the Church. It cannot be said that the year which has just died away into the bosom of the past has been altogether a happy one for the Church of God. Moral triumphs, have indeed been gained. Potentates and politicians have bowed in reverence before the Throne of Peter, and paid

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homage to the person of the Supreme Pontiff. Princes and Pilgrims have tasted of the benignity of Leo XIII, and gone their way rejoicing. The Supreme power of the Church is being gradually recognized by aliens, and the moral force of the Papacy is being appreciated at its true worth. But amidst all these signs of victory the cry is heard that the august Prisoner of the Vatican will be compelled to quit Rome—Rome, the centre of Christendom, the seat whence the light of truth radiates through the world,—the favored city set up on the mountain top like a beacon light to guide the world,—Rome, whose memories are dear to all true Catholic hearts,—Rome, which in the words of an ardent admirer of the ways of Divine Providence in her regard, "has a higher lot than any city in the world. For she is the new Jerusalem, and being in this world is raised to a fortune which is not of the world";—Rome, which as this same writer has beautifully put it, "is not for the Romans only, much less for Italy; but for God, that from it He may rule His world, crucified perchance within it, but still from His Cross ruling". *** Yet one discordant voice has been raised amid the happy rejoicings of the past year, that the Holy Father will probably be compelled to leave his beloved city, on account of the fetters imposed on him by the new Penal Code which the Government of Signor Crispi has just passed. Alas! that it should be so! But we need not despair. The Father is indeed smitten by the hands of his own children—of his own race and nation. Was not a greater than he, his Master in very deed, thus shamefully and scornfully treated by His own people. "He came unto His own, and His own received him not," but set Him aside as a Subverter of the people. Crispi is, in his small way, attempting to play the role of Napoleon, or inducing his Master to mimic the great destroyer of the peace of Europe. But the right arm of the Almighty is surely not shortened. If the Pope leaves Rome, it will be but the beginning of the punishment that awaits Italy. Her nemesis is at hand.

THE NEW YEAR.

Let us then hope that the New Year will see the triumph of the Church. The political outlook is not very bright, but out of just this darkness, the God of hosts may draw the light of victory for His Church. Let us redouble our prayers this year for the safety of the Holy Father,

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assured that they will be heard and granted. The Queen of the Rosary will fight our battles for us, if we invoke her aid. Let us approach her then with trusting hearts. Who knows what is in store for the Church this year? Of one thing we may be certain, that our persistent cry to the Throne of mercy can never be made in vain. God will aid us in His own way, and in His own good time. Individually too we need the help of the Almighty ; and at the same time it will be well for us to remember that we make or mar our happiness by our own conduct. We do not know what the future may bring, but we may rest assured that it will bring nothing that is not for our good, either by way of reward or punishment. It was a bright and glorious sun that ushered in the New Year. Bright and glorious let us hope it will be to all of us right to the end.

JANUARY 1889.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

I.

My readers will no doubt be interested in the movements of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, whose presence here in India, as the representative of the Holy Father, is like a ray of sunshine consoling the hearts of the faithful and dispelling the impotent darkness of schism, attempted by a few misguided enthusiasts. As already announced, His Excellency left Ootacamund on the morning of the 16th instant, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Salvatori and the Rev. Fathers Bartholomew and Biolley. By the way, the Nilgiri *Observer* informs its readers that Father Biolley (whose merits it justly recognizes,) has severed his connection with this District and is to proceed to Rome with the Delegate Apostolic! How these wonderful newspaper reporters do evolve news from the depth of their imagination! Certainly there would be nothing surprizing in Father Biolley accompanying His Excellency to Rome; but it is rather premature, to say the least, to speak of His Excellency's departure to Rome, with or without so agreeable and accomplished a companion. But the newspapers *will* have their say. To proceed. When

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His Excellency reached Coonoor, he was met by some of the Catholic residents of the place, who desired to pay him their respects and wish him God speed in his journey. His Excellency reached Coimbatore on the afternoon of the same day, and he was met at the station by the Very Rev. L. DeGelis, Vicar General of the Mission, and the Rev. C. Villien. After exchanging a few words with them, His Excellency drove to the Cathedral, where His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Bardou, Bishop of the Diocese, received him according to the rites of the Church. His Excellency spent the remainder of the day in visiting the Convent and the Orphanages. On the 17th, the Delegate Apostolic and suite left Coimbatore for Trichur, via Shoranoor, accompanied by Dr. Bardou, who was going to Chittoor to be present at the Feast of that Church. About 8 miles from Shoranoor, a native priest, who had been ordained by the Schismatic Bishop Mellus, and who lately made his submission to the Bishop of the Vicariate, came to meet His Excellency and offered him the hospitality which the Holy Scriptures assures us will not lose its reward. About a mile further on, at Vadakancherry, the Parish Priest, at the head of all his congregation, came with cross and banners to welcome His Excellency, and invited him to visit the Parish Church dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. His Excellency very kindly accepted the invitation, and after a prayer blessed the congregation that filled the church. Trichur was reached at 10 o'clock the same day. On the morning of the 18th, a grand reception awaited His Excellency. The Bungalow where His Excellency is staying—a spacious and confortable building placed at his disposal by the Resident, and situated next to the Rajah's palace—was literally besieged by hundreds of Catholics. The long verandahs and even the rooms were not sufficient to hold the good Syrian Christians, who flocked in such numbers to do homage to the gifted and amiable representative of the Holy Father. At 7-30 A. M. a procession was formed, and started for the Church about a mile distant. Four golden crosses, (each valued at about 8,000 Rupees) headed the procession, and the Canopies used on the occasion were richly adorned. The streets were lined with all classes of people, and great was the joy depicted on their countenances. On nearing the Church, His Excellency was met by His Lordship Bishop Medlycott, under a beautifully decorated Pandal improvised for the occasion, and after the

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usual presentation of holy water, taken to the Church, where the *Te Deum* was sung by the pupils of the Ecclesiastical Seminary in harmonious chorus. An address of welcome was then, after the usual prayers, read in English by one of the Priests; and His Excellency made a suitable reply which was translated to the people by the native Secretary to Dr. Medlycott. This done, His Excellency returned to his quarters, where a large gathering of priests, some fifty in number, laid their respectful homages at the feet of the Delegate, who was greatly pleased to see so many Syrian priests around him headed by their zealous Prelate. His Excellency also received visits from the principal officials of the place, and even the Dewan made it his duty to call on His Excellency. This respected official deserves the warmest commendations for his good disposition towards the Christians. His Excellency the Delegate bears the heat of the plains with great patience and courage, and is working hard to settle matters, ecclesiastical and religious, that demand his attention in the Malabar Coast. May his efforts in the interest of peace be crowned with success.

JANUARY 1889.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

II.

Before continuing my narration of His Excellency's tour along the Malabar Coast, I have to chronicle, with pleasure, the news of the appointment of His Excellency's Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Salvatori, to the Professorial Chair of Theology at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, in the United States of America. The learned Doctor's severance from the Apostolic Delegation will, no doubt, be viewed with regret. The great American University, however, will gain immensely by his presence there; and this must be to us, Catholics, who are cosmopolitan in the truest sense of the word, a source of unbounded joy. Dr. Salvatori parted from His Excellency the Delegate and his Rev. companions on the evening of the 21st, and is now on his way to America via Rome, Paris and London. And now

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let me proceed with my narration. There are three Churches in Trichur—two Syrian, and one Latin. Of the first two, the largest has been in the hands of the Schismatics for the last fifteen years. They number more than four thousand, and have two priests who up to now have disregarded the paternal admonitions and advices of their lawful pastor, the Right Rev. Dr. Medlycott, Vicar Apostolic of Trichur. The Christians are said to be willing to renounce their schismatic attitude, but, through human respect and a spirit of blind submission, they continue following the misguided shepherd thrust into the sheepfold by the unfortunate Mellus. The other Syrian Church, though not so large as the first, is still spacious enough to accommodate the Catholic Syrians, who number about four hundred souls. Next to this Church, there is a small Latin Chapel for about fifty families; this Chapel is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Verapoly. His Excellency and suite left Trichur on Monday, the 21st, at 4 P.M., for Elthrooth Convent. The news of his departure brought to the Residency many Christians who were anxious to receive His Excellency's farewell blessing; and the Dewan kindly placed the Rajah's palankeen at His Excellency's disposal. About two miles from Trichur there is a large village called Arnatucarey, with a population of about four thousand souls. At the Church of this village, dedicated to St. Sebastian, His Excellency met with a grand reception; the street that led to the Church was densely thronged, and the houses along the way were illuminated; a native band discoursing sweet music in European style headed the procession which wended its way to the Church in admirable order with banners flying, and amid salvoes of welcome. On arriving in front of the Church, His Excellency alighted from his palankeen and went straight to the *prie-dieu* prepared for him before the High altar; the Church was ablaze with lights. After a short prayer, His Excellency gave his benediction to the people, and after having addressed them a few words which were translated into Malayalam by the parish priest, he sat down and the people thronged to pay him their homage by kissing his ring. It was a real pleasure to see the joy which animated the countenances of those good Christians as they knelt at the feet of the Papal Delegate, and His Excellency appeared to be visibly moved by this demonstration of loyalty and respect. After a short halt

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of about an hour, His Excellency got into the palankeen and started for the convent, hundreds of people following with music, crosses and banners; along the road the Christians of the place could be seen reverently kneeling to receive His Excellency's blessing. At last at about 6 P. M. the convent was reached, and His Excellency was met at the entrance by its inmates, all dressed in white and standing in double rows. A procession was then formed with cross and banners, and His Excellency was taken to the Church under a beautifully decorated canopy and through many triumphal arches. After having gone through the usual rites for the reception of a Bishop, His Excellency was taken to the largest room of the Convent, where a Latin address was read to him by one of the Monks; it referred principally to the grent honor conferred on the Convent by the visit of so august a dignitary of the Church as the Papal Delegate; not only were the sentiments of the address beautiful, but the language in which they were expressed, was likewise elegant. His Excellency replied in Latin, thanking his spiritual children for the grand reception he had met with and advising them to be always attached to Rome and the Vicar of Christ. I have already told you that one of the objects of His Excellency's tour was to make a canonical visitation of the Convents (eight in number) of the Syrian Carmelite Tertiaries on the Malabar Coast, His Excellency having been nominated their Superior General. So on the morning of the 22nd the blessing of God was invoked on this important business by solemn High Mass at 8 o'clock. The Mass was literally a *Missa Cantata* from beginning to end, celebrated in the Syrian language, and according to the Syrian rite, which as you are aware is grander in its ceremonial than the Latin; music was not wanting to enhance its solemnity. In the evening of the same day, the *Veni Creator* was sung, and the visitation took place according to the canonical laws on the 23rd and 24th, ending with the *Te Deum*. Then a holiday was given to the inmates by His Excellency, as a mark of his satisfaction, and as an encouragement to the good monks who have renounced all things for God. Attached to the Convent, there is a *petit seminaire* with fifteen pupils studying Latin and Syrian, Tamil and English, and another school, both under the management of the religious. The Convent is built on an island about half a mile in length, and commands a splendid view all

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round. An avenue of trees lining the entrance gives it the appearance of a *Maison de Campagne*, and its high steeple makes it look not unlike a *Chateau* Fort. The Church can easily accommodate two thousand people. It is under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and has five altars; it was built in the year 1858 by the Fathers of the institution with the aid of the good Christians, and cost about 30,000 Rupees. It has an upper story with twenty cells and some four or five large rooms, all built in European style and very neat and comfortable. There are now eight Fathers and five Brothers. A chasuble worked by them with thread of gold was shown to His Excellency, who was astonished to see such superior workmanship, which he thought conld only have been exhibited in Europe. It would, perhaps, save our missionaries in India a deal of money and trouble, and, at the same time, be a source of help to the Monks of the Elthrooth Convent, if they could order out the Sacred vestments they require, from this place.

On the morning of the 25th, the work that detained His Excellency at this Convent having been accomplished, he started to visit another Convent close by, in a boat sent him by His Grace the Archbishop of Verapoly. Further details will follow.

JANUARY 1889.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

III.

His Excellency and suite left Elthrooth Convent at 10 P.M., on the 26th January, in a boat placed at their disposal by the Archbishop of Verapoly. His Excellency was accompanied to the boat by Dr. Medlycott, and all the inmates of the Convent. After he had imparted his blessing to the monks, three cheers were heartily given, and then the boat glided slowly along the waters of the lake, known by the name of Manakady. This lake is about seven miles long by two broad. His Excellency and party were

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greatly amused by the singing of the boatmen. Of course they could not see much of the landscape or admire its beauty, since they journeyed at night. At about 7 A.M., on the 27th they reached a village called Mala. Although it was rather early, the whole village turned out to give His Excellency a fitting reception. The Church is about half a mile from the place of landing, and is dedicated to the Holy Cross. His Excellency was carried thither in a palankeen with flags and banners and Royal umbrellas and music, and amid the boom of salvos, along a way decorated with festoons and garlands of flowers. The reception took place in the Church as usual. After half an hour's rest, His Excellency started for the Ambalakat Convent, a mile and half distant, followed all along by some three hundred people. Here too the Monks gave him a grand reception. The Church is dedicated to St, Teresa, a spacious one in construction just now, and it is about 162 feet in length by 52 in breadth. The Convent is built on a hill on the site of a former Rajah's residence. The altar of the new Church stands just over the place where there was a Pagoda some hundreds of years ago. His Excellency and party, during their stay here, were shown the spot where the Jesuit Fathers had a College, in 1662, they saw also the ruins of a Church where St. John de Britto said Mass, at a place called Sampalur. On the 29th at about 7 A.M., His Excellency started for Verapoly, two Carmelite Fathers having come the previous day to escort him. From 7 o'clock to the time His Excellency reached Verapoly, he met with one long and enthusiastic ovation. His Excellency's boat was followed by a dozen others in gala rig, decorated with flags and banners, and one of them had a large silver cross. Music was not wanting to enhance the beauty of the scene. As His Excellency's boat passed along one of the Churches on the way, the bells were tolled and nearly all the parishioners knelt on the shore to receive the blessing of His Excellency, who greatly rejoiced to see so much loyalty and respect shown to the representative of the Holy Father. As soon as His Excellency's boat reached Verapoly, at 9 o'clock on the 29th, His Lordship Mgr. Marcellinus, the co-adjutor Bishop of the Archdiocese, came into the boat to welcome His Excellency, whom he escorted to the Church after a little while. There the Venerable and holy Archbishop Dr. Leonard Mellano, of St. Luis, received him according to the rites of the Church. The crowd on the way was enormous, many ascend-

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ing the trees, like Zacheus of old, to catch a glimpse of the Papal Delegate. The decorations were grand and almost perfect in every detail. When the Church ceremony was over His Excellency was conducted to a large room where he was met by the Clergy of the Archdiocese and the following address in Latin was read :—

ILLRMO. AC REVDMO. DNO. DNO.

ANDREAE AJUTI,

PHILOSOPHIÆ, S. THEOLOGIÆ, UTRIUSQUE JURIS DOCTORI,

ARCHIEP. ACRIDANENSI ET APOSTOLICO DELEGATO

IN INDIIS ORIENTALIBUS, &c., &c., &c.

ILLRME. AC REVDME. DNE.

Quum jam optatum nobis atque jucundum sane sit intimæ venerationis filialis amoris atque fidelitatis nostræ erga S. Sedem, Catholicae Religionis centrum, argumenta exprimendi et attestandi quamcumque opportunitatem avide arripere, hac potissimum die magno gaudio perfundimur, quod quidquid affectus atque obsequii impensum exhibitumque Ex. Tuæ fuerit, id omne in Eum maxime redundare ac refundi intelligamus, qui Excellentiam Tuam, hisce in partibus, oculum jugiter vigilantem, asylum solamenque omnibus praesentissimum designare est dignatus.

Auspicato etiam datum nobis esse laetamur, quod tot inter discrimina rerum totque vicissitudines quibus jamdiu obnoxios nos esse gemimus praeclarissimorum Ecclesiae pastorum praesentia jucunda almaque visitatione veluti sitientia arva imbre recreata quandoque frui mereamur.

In hac faustissima Ex. Tuae ad Orientales Indias Delegatione, tum peculiaris circa nos Almae Sedis cura et vigilantia, tum eximia, Ex Tuae, merita dotesque nobis omnibus liquido commendantur. Et quo gravius onus magisque arduum munus E. Tuae impositum est atque commissum eo et Ipse dignior praestantiorque prae caeteris non ambigue declaratur.

Perennem veluti spiritalium bonorum fontem, ex immenso Almae Sedis pelago per omnes Orientalium Indiarum plagas defluentem amplectimur Ex. Tuam, per quam infaustis hisce temporibus opportune rigati, altas fortesque in Christi horto radices agere et salutaribus fructibus abundare optataque pace tandem frui valeamus.

Largitorem ergo bonorum omnium Deum supplicibus exposcimus votis ut Ex. Tuam, cujus nos sereno vultu hodie recreari sermonesque mellifluos auscultari gaudemus, largis omnium bonorum gratiarumque charismatibus affatim ditare, atque sospitem felicemque per omnia conservare dignetur.

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Ad pedes tandem Ex. Tuæ humiliter provoluti paternam pastoralemque Benedictionem devotissime flagitantes remanemus pro semper.

Excellentiae Tuae humillimi et obsequentissimi filii,
Sacerdotes Archidioec. Verapolitanæ.

Die 29° Januarii anni 1889.

His Excellency made a suitable reply. Half an hour after, another address was presented by the European congregation.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE MOST REV. DR. ANDREW AJUTI,

Archbishop of Acrida,
and Delegate Apostolic of the East Indies.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the Catholic Congregation belonging to the Archdiocese of Verapoly, most humbly and respectfully present ourselves before Your Excellency, to offer you our hearty welcome upon your happy arrival amongst us. With the liveliest gratitude, we acknowledge Your Excellency as our most indulgent and zealous Father, commissioned by the Holy See of Rome for the well-being of the Catholics of this part of India.

The charge imposed upon you is, in reality, so great that no competent expression can trace its gravity much less its wise disposition; for the flock entrusted to your guidance is too varying and numerous to be brought into order, but by the supernatural aid, characteristic of the members of His Church, which Jesus Christ has affirmed when he said "I am with thee to the consummation of the world."

In the person, therefore of the Superiors, we possess Christ, we possess God, we possess the heavenly guide and on their hands depends our eternal salvation. That His Holiness has designed to better the Ecclesiastic affairs throughout the land like to those of His own dominions at Home, by lessening the responsibilities with which His Representatives and Children had been charged, is a manifest proof how solicitous and zealous He is for the salvation of mankind and for the greater advancement and sanctification of His devoted children in particular.

Should we then need to repeat that His Holiness deserves the esteem and gratitude of the whole world?

It would be wanting in gratitude, should we not exert our weak language to say that we owe much respect and gratitude to our benignant and zealous Pastor, the Most Rev. Dr. Leonard of St. Louis, our Arch-

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bishop, with His Reverend Assistants, for the Missionary labors both strenuous and noble, for the good of so many souls, and that we are rightly happy, being still under the jurisdiction of our same good Pastor.

In fine, permit us, our Most Reverend Lord to add that Your Excellency's Mission be met with the desired effect, pacifying those at variance and contention, and all affairs brought to an amicable conclusion with a long and prosperous life, attended with every choicest Blessing from above, is our constant prayer.

Humbly craving Your Excellency's Pastoral Benediction,
We beg to remain,
Your Excellency's Most devoted Children in Christ,
The Catholic Congregation of the Arch-Diocese of Verapoly.

Dated 29th January 1889.

In the evening at 5·o'clock, His Excellency started for Magnamey, the residence of His Grace, about 4 miles from Verapoly. The Archiepiscopal palace is a large building of two stories, and it contains about one hundred rooms intended for the Monks, who belong to the Latin rite; there is also a novitiate, a dispensary, and a school. The next day His Excellency was presented with a Latin address from the novices. In the morning, His Excellency visited the Hospital, lately built by the mission. It is a large and well ventilated building, under the management of Brother Nicholas, who deserves the warmest praise for the manner in which he conducts his work. On the 31st, His Excellency and suite went to Puthanpaly where there is a large Seminary containing 74 pupils. His Excellency was received with great enthusiasm by the inmates. After the usual Church reception, an address was presented by the pupils of the Seminary, to which His Excellency replied, expressing the satisfaction with which he viewed so large an Ecclesiastical Seminary in the diocese. The Superior showed him through the establishment, and His Excellency was pleased at all he saw. The Seminary is a two-storied building, and has more than a hundred rooms, some of which are 100 feet long by 25 or 30 broad. For architectural beauty and spaciousness, the building has but few equal in these parts. I cannot better conclude this portion of my narrative than by offering a word of praise to the good Carmelite Fathers, who have been working in the Verapoly Mission for more than 220 years. They deserve indeed the warmest commendation for their zeal and energy.

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TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

IV.

His Excellency left Mâgnamey for Cochin at 6 o'clock on Monday the 4th instant, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Marcellinus. On nearing Verapoly the Church bells tolled a last adieu, and salvos were wafted across the waters. There too the Delegate's party met a gala rigged boat that had come from Cochin to accompany them; and on the way the number of boats that were sent to welcome His Excellency kept on increasing. About two miles from Cochin, the Vicar General, and two other priests, came to His Excellency's boat to escort him, and a little after, this boat was surrounded by about a dozen others, all eager to approach it. His Excellency's arrival was announced by the boom of salvos. The landing place was gaily decorated with all the greenery available, and His Excellency was received by the leading Catholic residents of the place, with due honors. An address in English was then read by Mr. M. Platel, one of the oldest residents and a veritable patriarch.

TO HIS GRACE

THE MOST REV. ANDREA AJUTI, D. D.,

Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic in Oriental India, Cochin.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

Once more we, Parishoners of the Church of St. Francis Xavier of this town, have been accorded the privilege of welcoming amidst us a representative of our Sovereign Pontiff in the person of Your Grace. It was not less than three years ago that for the first time in the history of this Church we had the rare fortune to see the landing, and receiving amongst us no less exalted a personage than Your Grace's predecessor, The Most Rev. Dr. Antony Agliardi. To-day what shall we say of the joy we feel in having amidst us so exalted, so benevolent and so talented a representative of our Holy Father, who in the solicitude to promote the welfare and happiness of the thousands of the children of the Church has been pleased

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to confer the high distinction of representing him in the land of the Far East. Yes, Your Grace, words fail to convey our sentiments of gratitude and loyalty and attachment to the throne of the successor of the humble Fisherman of Galilee, for this fresh proof of his paternal anxiety for the progress and prosperity, both spiritual and temporal of us, his devoted children here—an anxiety which manifested in the midst of trials, troubles and afflictions and eliciting our deepest sympathy and heartfelt gratitude. We humbly beg, Your Grace would be condescendingly pleased to convey to Our Holy Father this expression of our filial devotion, and the assurance that our daily prayers are wafted to the Most High, for strengthening his hands against the enemies of the Church. Once more we heartily welcome Your Grace, and humbly soliciting to impart Your Grace's Apostolic blessing upon ourselves and families,

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

Your Grace's most obedient Servants,

M. PLATEL, and others.

COCHIN, *4th February* 1889.

His Excellency replied briefly, and then the procession that was formed wended its way towards the Church of St. Francis Xavier, His Excellency being borne in a palankeen. The crowd that lined the way was immense, and innumerable heads could be seen peeping out of the windows of the surrounding houses. At the entrance to the Church, His Excellency was met by the Rev. Father Camillus, the Vicar, and at the door His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Ferreira, Bishop of Cochin met His Excellency, whom he received with the prescribed ceremonies. After this reception His Excellency and suite left for the Episcopal residence, one of the handsomest buildings in Cochin situated by the seaside, and having all the appearance of a *Maison de Campagne*. It was beautifully decorated and a triumphal arch at the entrance bore the inscription—"Welcome to His Excellency Mgr. Ajuti, Archbishop of Acrida and Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies." The rooms fitted up for His Excellency were simply palatial in the style of their decorations. Here a Latin address was presented by the clergy of the Diocese, to which His Excellency replied in the same language. The whole day the House was literally besieged by hundreds of Christians. In the evening His Excellency accompanied by Dr. Ferreira drove through the scene of the recent devastation by flames, which the newspapers have already chronicled. It extends

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nearly half a mile along the course of the backwater. The charred ruins, but lately handsome superstructures filled with the wealth of commerce and animated by the hand of toil, presented a sad spectacle. But I cannot now linger on the doleful tale. On the morning of Tuesday the 5th, His Excellency visited the three Catholic schools of Cochin. The first is a large institution under the management of Rev. Father Camillus where in a spacious Hall grandly decorated for the occasion, an address was presented to His Excellency "recounting the history" of the institution. The Head Master, Mr. Gomes and his assistants deserve great credit for energetically aiding the Rev. manager in his laudable efforts at improving the standard of the School. At the Girls' School, not far from this, another address was presented to His Excellency. The ladies in charge seem to be much liked by the people, and they are doing good work in a quiet unassuming way. Everything about the place, on this occasion, displayed an atmosphere of refinement and culture. This second visit over, His Excellency and party were taken to "Santa Cruz" College. An institution started by His Lordship Mgr. Ferreira. An address was here again presented to His Excellency, after which some Latin songs composed for the occasion were sung by the children, to whom His Excellency condescended to grant a holiday—and the announcement was received by them with demonstrations of unmistakeable joy. On returning to his residence, His Excellency received some more addresses from various bodies, such as the employés of the *Santa Cruz* Press, the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, &c. It may interest your readers to learn that this Society owes its origin in Cochin to the zeal of Bishop Meurin, late of Bombay, who was sent out to Cochin some years ago as Special Commissioner to enquire into the disputes fostered by Mellus. From the details given in the address, it would appear that the Society is doing excellent work in Cochin. Many Protestants and other outsiders contribute to its funds. Later on, during the day, His Excellency and party crossed the backwater to Ernacullam, in company with the Rev. Fr. Candidus, the Parish Priest, who kindly escorted them to the Convent of St. Teresa, founded by the Venerable Archbishop of Verapoly. There are three Nuns in charge of the Institution which is intended for the education of young girls, and the development of their vocation, should they have any, to the religi-

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ous life. There is a vast field here for the exercise of piety and its complement and crown—a religious vocation. The laborers are few, but surely the religious life has its charms out here in India as elsewhere, and many young ladies would like to consecrate themselves to the service of God if they only know where to go, to realize their holiest aspiration. The Convent of St. Teresa offers a home to such aspirants, and the Mother Superior would be only too glad to receive with open arms such of the gentle sex who desire to dedicate themselves wholly to God. The Sisters belong to the Third Order of Carmelites, and are under the Archbishop of Verapoly. The School attached to the Convent numbers 75 pupils. A large building is now in course of construction, and when completed will be one of the handsomest structures in Southern India. Its cost is estimated at about 20,000 rupees. Near the Convent is the palace of the Rajah of Cochin, who helps the School with a monthly grant of Rupees 60.

The Bishop of Quilon arrived at Cochin, on the 7th, and Mgr. Lavigne, the Vicar Apostolic of Cottayam, the next morning—so that the little unpretending town is full of ecclesiastical dignitaries. Little did I dream a decade of years ago, when I made a temporary stay in this quaint little historic town, that it would so soon rise once more to eminence as an episcopal seat. I noticed, however, even then that Catholic life was vigorous in Cochin. At every turn along the ancient streets with their storied houses—each one of them with a history that runs on to the days of the Dutch ascendancy—one came across the livery of the Blessed Virgin openly worn by hundreds of faithful hearts. Not that all those who wore this blessed livery were saints—many no doubt paraded it out of pure ostentation or in an hypocritical spirit,—but one could see at a glance that the Catholicity of the masses was no sham: it was full of life and activity. Some of the old Dutch families did indeed cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, to the Protestant traditions of their ancestors: but they could be counted on one's fingers, and indeed they were hardly aggressive. The Protestant Church lay in the heart of the town, and one could often hear the Psalm-singing of the congregation, as one passed that way of an evening on Sunday. That Church was once a Catholic place of worship, but it changed hands like so many of our ancient Churches

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and Cathedrals wrested from their rightful possessors by the unsparing hands of religious revolution. The streets in Cochin are pretty much like those in Madras, only perhaps not so wide. They are generally shabby in every way except in name, which is the only part of them that breaths the perfume of flowers. There is Rose Street, and Lile Street and perhaps Jasmine Street, with many a Jasmine bower, How I used to delight of an evening in watching the placid waters of the Backwater that separated Cochin from Ernacollum! My memory fondly lingers over many a scene there enacted. But enough. A brighter halo than the beauties of nature encircles thy brow, O Cochin, land of historic memories! Go on, and prosper. Bask in the sunshine of Catholicity, and fear not.

FEBRUARY.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

V.

His Excellency left Cochin on the 8th instant at 3 P. M., accompanied to the boat by their Lordships Dr. Ferreira and Dr. Lavigne, besides hundreds of Christians. His Excellency's boat was followed by about a dozen others, all beautifully decorated for the occasion, the boatmen singing in native fashion, and shouting out endless *vivats*, as they proceeded along. On the way many Churches could be seen, but belonging as they did to the Jacobites, the presence of the Papal Delegate met with no recognition from them. At 7 P. M., His Excellency and party reached Kalavichur in the Vicariate of Cottayam where they had to spend the night. Some hundreds of Christians awaited His Excellency's arrival at the landing place with banners and lighted torches. His presence was duly greeted with salvos and joyous strains of music; and then a procession was formed towards the Church, where after the usual ceremony, an address was read by one of the many priests who had come from the surrounding parishes to welcome His Excellency. After a short reply, His Excellency and suite were escorted to

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the Presbytery, the crowd swelling as they went along. The next morning, after Mass, His Excellency received an address from the clergy and laity—the latter headed by Paraya Tharakans, the native gentleman who was lately created by the Pope a Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester. He is a millionaire, with a fortune it is said, worth some 25 lakhs of Rupees. He wore the Cross of his Order over a green silk jacket, the rest of his attire being similar to that of the natives of the place. His appearance is distingué. The conversation between this gentleman and His Excellency was carried on through an interpreter. It seems he is very generous in his gifts to the Church, and he has started a school to commemorate the great distinction conferred on him by the Holy Father. His brother who lives in the neighbouring diocese of Cochin has also received the same honor from the hands of Leo XIII; and when His Excellency the Delegate was in Cochin, he had the pleasure of receiving a visit, likewise, from this personage. The Church of Kalavichur is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, and can boast of a beautiful Altar. In the centre there is a large niche containing the statue of Our Lady and all round heads of angels beautifully designed, and garlanded with flowers. Though the work of a native, it does not in any way shock the tastes of a European visitor. At 11-30 A.M. His Excellency and party left for Cottayam, where they arrived at 4 o'clock in the evening of the 9th instant. A large number of Christians of all ranks and conditions were assembled at the landing place, with the usual festive paraphernalia, to welcome His Excellency, who was escorted to a carriage by the Rev. Father Ricard and followed by a brilliant equipage was driven to the Episcopal Palace two miles away. When I say 'episcopal palace' I mean a decent house for a Missionary Bishop, worthy of the palatial title only because it is the abode of a dignitary of the Church. It is well situated on a small hill, but has the great disadvantage of not being the property of the occupants. The next day, His Excellency accompanied by His Lordship Dr. Lavigne and staff went to the hospital to visit Father Joseph, one of the Bishop's Councillors, who was lying dangerously ill, having been thrown out of his carriage some days ago, as he was driving along. The poor priest left the same day for his residence, where he expired a few hours after his arrival! Cottayam is a nice little place, lying about a hundred feet above the level of the sea. It has the usual public offices

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and a few European houses. The Catholic population of the town is about two hundred. It is (as you are aware) the stronghold of the Jacobites, who are now building a large school there. Two Jacobite priests waited on His Excellency after his arrival at the place, and they appeared to be very courteous and polite. The Jacobite clergy wear soutans like our priests and let their beards grow like Mussulmans. On Monday, the 11th, in the evening, His Excellency and staff left for Mannanam, a Convent six miles away, where they met with a grand reception. As His Excellency entered the Convent compound at 7 P. M., some sixty pupils of the Seminary came to meet him, each of them holding a lighted candle in his hand. His Excellency alighted from his Palankeen and entered the Church amid the cheers of a large gathering of people who had come from the surrounding villages to welcome the Papal Delegate. After the Church reception was over, His Excellency was escorted to a large and tastefully decorated hall where an address was read in Latin to which he briefly replied. The next day Dr. Lavigne showed His Excellency, through the establishment. The Convent is a large building with an upper-story and with more than a hundred rooms. There are 13 monks, 7 brothers and 5 novices. Attached to it are a Seminary with 60 pupils, a College with 30, and an English School with 40 boys, all the three Institutions being managed by the good monks, who have moreover charge of a Press for English, Syrian and Malayalam works. On Wednesday the 13th, His Excellency was received at the Seminary, where an address was read in Syriac and was followed by some singing in the same language. A little while after, the pupils of the College came in, and read an English address. Both received suitable replies from His Excellency. On Thursday the 14th His Excellency visited the St. Joseph's English School, where also an address was presented to him. This School was first opened on the 3rd August 1885, through the exertions of the Reverend Fathers of the Convent, with but a single student for a month or two. The number on the rolls rose to 15 at the close of the year, and gradually increased, the admissions now numbering 92 in all, including some who have left, and others admitted into the Seminary to be trained for Holy Orders. The Reverend Father Gerardus is the Manager of the School, and he does his

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best to prop up the institution. There was little hope of its stability owing to the fluctuating attendance during the first two years of its existence, but the thought that "the tree that cumbereth the ground" would soon bear fruit, buoyed up the hopes of the good Fathers, and though these hopes have not yet been fully realized, there is this satisfaction that the bitterness of despair has passed away. It was in January 1887 that classes were formed and regular studies begun. Now there are four classes, and a staff of three Matriculated teachers to manage them. The standard of the highest class is the same as that of the Lower Fourth Class in Government Schools. On the whole, the conduct and behaviour of the boys as well as their intellectual capacity are praiseworthy. The Church of the Convent is dedicated to St. Joseph, and is very pretty. The altar built in the same style as that of the Kalavichur Church presents a handsome appearance. The figures of Angels are represented as carrying each one of the tools of St. Joseph. There is also a statue of St. Thomas holding up the index finger of the right hand, to indicate that, that was the finger that touched the sacred wound. On the pulpit could be seen a wooden arm holding a large Crucifix. Mannanam Convent was built in the year 1854, the first stone being blessed by Dr. Maurilis Stabelini, Carmelite Bishop. It is the cradle of the order of the monks of the Syrian rite. Two of the first members are still alive, aged 80 years. These good monks deserve the greatest praise for the good they are unostentatiously doing. It will interest your readers to hear that Dr. Lavigne is already beginning to reap a pretty good harvest in his Vicariate. On the 13th instant, His Lordship baptized 27 adults, and about a hundred others are now under instruction. May the blessing of God attend his laudable endeavours.

FEBRUARY.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

VI.

His Excellency and staff left Mannanam for the Carmel Convent on the 16th instant at 5 A. M. accompanied by Dr. Lavigne. At 9 o'clock they reached a place called Curava-

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longathu, one of the richest and most populous of the Parishes in the Vicariate of Cottayam. It numbers 8,000 souls, and it is said that on the titular Feast of the Parish, not less than 5,000 Rs. are collected by way of offerings. It is needless to say that the reception His Excellency met with was enthusiastic. Long before the Church was reached His Excellency's carriage was surrounded by thousands of Christians with banners and crosses of gold and silver and royal umbrellas. The Church is situated on an elevated spot of ground, about a hundred steps, covering a height of 100 feet, leading up to it. It was delightful to see the entire slope literally swarming with heads, all bent downwards to look at the revered form of the Delegate Apostolic; and then to see this surging crowd move slowly into the House of God to receive the Apostolic Benediction, was edifying in the extreme. The Syrians have a great devotion to the Prophet Jonas. The Feast of this great Servant of God, celebrated on the 14th February is always kept up with great solemnity, especially by the inhabitants of Curavalongathu; and the three days preceding the feast are observed as days of strict abstinence. To commemorate the event narrated in the Holy Scriptures about the Prophet Jonas, there is in this Church of which I am speaking a boat measuring 15 by 4 feet, beautifully painted. On one of the sides, the Prophet is represented as coming out of the mouth of a large fish; on the deck there is a kind of throne, with the statue of Our Lord and other statues of soldiers and an officer in Turkish costume. On the throne could be seen the image of the Eternal Father, surrounded by heads of angels. This boat or ship, a curiosity in its way, is carried in procession on the 14th February every year. The walls of the Church are covered with painted paper representing various scenes in the History of the Old Testament. The tabernacle, made in the country, is very pretty, and the high Altar, if properly burnished, can be appreciated even by a connoisseur. The Church is said to date from the 14th century. At 5 P.M. His Excellency and suite left Curavalongathu and proceeded towards Carmel. At 8 o'clock the party halted in the middle of a forest of teak-wood to refresh themselves. And then, "*a la guerre comme a la guerre*," a frugal supper was laid out on the ground; and seated on mats in an out-of-the way corner of the world, far from the haunts of civilization, with the blue vault above for a canopy, and the silvery rays of the moon for

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candelabra, His Excellency and party enjoyed themselves as best they could. The occasion will no doubt be remembered by the Venerable Delegate and the Missionaries that accompanied him for many a day, and many a year will probably elapse before such a scene will again be recorded in the history of christianity in these parts. After an hour's rest, the vehicles that carried His Excellency and party were again set in motion, and they had to resign themselves to the mercy of the drivers, and bear the shaking and jolting of the carts with patience, all through the night. At 6 in the morning of the next day, they had to cross a river, the drivers taking the place of the bovine bearers temporarily in order to accomplish the feat with safety. After half an hour's perilous fording, the other side was safely reached; and there a palankeen was in waiting for His Excellency, and hundreds of Christians accompanied him as he was slowly borne along towards the Carmel Monastery. The crowd kept on increasing on the way; and at last at 7 A. M., after a long and most tiresome journey of 32 miles, His Excellency reached the monastery where some 8,000 souls were assembled to *fete* the Papal Delegate. In the joy of witnessing such a spectacle of Christian loyalty and veneration, His Excellency forgot the fatigues of his journey, tired and travel-stained though he was, and blessed his Christian children, some of whom had come from a distance of 15 miles to pay him homage. After the celebration of Mass, the Apostolic Benediction was given, and at 9 o'clock, the people thronged to kiss the Archiepiscopal ring. The Carmel Convent is situated on a lovely little hill, about 400 feet high, commanding a good view of the beautiful scenery all around. It is built, like the other convents, in grand style and has an upper story with long corridors and large rooms. The Church is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, and is the largest of all those that have been visited by His Excellency in the course of his tour, but it is rather plain in its decoration. There are in the Convent 7 Monks and 3 Novices. There is also a Seminary with 47 students, most of them converts from the Jacobites and from the Mellus schism. They are taught Syriac and Latin under the supervision of one of the religious. There is also a school for the children of the Catholics who live near the convent, with an attendance of 50 pupils. On the day of His Excellency's arrival here, Sunday, the 17th February—he visited the Se-

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minary when he was presented with an address. In reply His Excellency bade the seminarists look up to the see of Rome as the one sure guide to Heaven. The visit to the monastery over, His Excellency and party started back to Mannanam, on the evening of Monday the 18th February. At 7 P. M., they reached Mooatupara, a small Parish, with a Chapel, near the river they had crossed on their way to Carmel, and here, though the reception was on a small scale, it was none the less acceptable as a demonstration of loyalty. The Church is dedicated to the Three Kings. At 8 P. M., after a little dinner, His Excellency and staff resumed their backward journey. For a short distance His Excellency was carried in a Palankeen, but the bearers being unable to proceed further, he had to get into one of the Carts, and submit himself with as good grace as possible to the same process of physical oscillation as before. At last at 7 A. M. the next morning, His Excellency and staff were once again at Curavalonguttu, which place they left at 2 P. M. the same day. Before starting, His Excellency gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to a throng of devout worshippers. The heat on the way was intense and almost insufferable, and the tediousness of the journey was increased in consequence; worse still, clouds of dust were thrown up all along, by the wheels of the carts and the tread of the bullocks on the dusty roads, so that the journey was altogether unpleasant and would have been simply intolerable, but for the fact that the paternal heart of His Excellency was gladdened at the sight of crowds of Christians hastening to kiss his ring along the road, thus convincing him that the Faith was truly alive even in the remotest parts of these uncivilized regions. Back again to Mannanam at 7 P. M. His Excellency and suite found themselves *alive* and in sound health, after all the fatigues and troubles of a weary journey of about 70 long miles! The country from Mannanam to the Carmel is beautiful, and though the heat just now is rather excessive, the face of nature looks verdant. In these parts, there is no village, properly so called. The houses are scattered here and there and with little patches of garden around them; fruit trees therein gladden the eye. It is very seldom that 3 or 4 houses are seen together, and these are not dwelling houses, but forming a Bazaar, to supply the limited wants of the people around. These houses are covered with cadjan leaves, and they rarely have more than one room with a

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small verandah in front. The people hereabouts are of a sallow complexion, and do not appear to be blest with much material comforts. They have a long way yet before they can overtake the civilization of the 19th century, and run abreast with the times. In this, however, they are rather to be envied than pitied, at least as far as the simplicity of Faith is concerned. How true indeed it is that Heaven is peopled more with simple-minded virtuous souls, than with the learned ones of the world!

FEBRUARY 1889.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

VII.

On the 26th February, His Excellency and staff left Mannanam at 5 A.M. for the Mootoly Convent, accompanied by Dr. Lavigne in whose Vicariate the Convent lay. At 7 the party arrived at a village called Serpangur, the inhabitants of which place received them with due honors. They breakfasted in a small room made to do duty as a refectory by the loving care of the loyal Catholic villagers, who had previously decorated it with red and green drapery. There was in this place a woman confined to bed by a severe illness and a man stricken with paralysis who had not left his pallet for eight years. The gentle heart of the Papal Delegate was moved at the sight, and before leaving, he addressed to them a few words of encouragement and consolation and gave them his benediction. Then, accompanied by the inhabitants, His Excellency and suite resumed their journey towards the Convent—before reaching which they had to be carried in chairs across a large and shallow river. At 9 His Excellency was within the Convent gates where a large gathering of Christians with some ten or twelve Priests who had come from the adjoining parishes, proved how welcome the presence of the Papal Delegate was. Mootoly Convent was founded some eight years ago. It is situated on a small hill from which one could command a view of an extensive scenery. The place is indeed lovely, and

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the people in consequence look more robust and healthy than those of some of the other places visited by His Excellency in the course of his tour. The Convent has a small Church and presbytery attached to it, but the accommodation it affords is very limited. A new building is in course of erection, which is to have an upper story with long corridors and spacious rooms. His Excellency visited this building in the evening, after which he was invited to the Convent of the native Nuns, who belong to the Third Order of St. Francis. This convent was established by the Bishop of Verapoly some eight years ago. The inmates number 21, of whom 3 are professed, 9 postulants and 9 novices. After His Excellency's arrival there, he was taken to the Chapel, where an address in Malayalam was read by one of the novices, and His Excellency replied at some length. Then the Reverend Mother presented him with a copy of the Rules of the Institution, and two very prettily worked Scapulars.

On the morning of the 27th, after Mass, His Excellency and party proceeded to a place called Parail. They had to be carried again in chairs across the river, and then get into coaches that were waiting for them on the other side. After a few miles' journey, a large deputation of christians was seen approaching to welcome His Excellency; his reception was as usual grand, but before reaching the Church, the party had to cross the river a second time, thus experiencing a sensation that was anything but pleasant. The usual rites of reception over, His Excellency admitted the people to kiss his ring.—This took up a considerable time; and at 10, Mgr. Lavigne addressed the congregation, advising them to turn a deaf ear to the insidious allurements of some schismatic priests about the place. At 4 P. M. His Excellency and Mgr. Lavigne paid a visit to Solam, a village half a mile away, where they met with a very agreeable reception. The Church of Parail dates from the year 1002, and is dedicated to the Infant Jesus. The high altar is now in the hands of a native painter. On each side of the Church there are two large houses, one for the three priests in charge of the Parish, and the other with some 12 rooms for the native priests. In front of the Church, on the other side of a vast esplanade, there is a Mortuary Chapel where Masses are offered for the departed.

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On the 28th, His Excellency and party left Parail at 5 A. M. for Anacalunghel, a village three miles off, where the reception offered was the grandest of all. It was a treat to see the road for a mile or more lined with eager spectators and above their heads, His Excellency and Mgr. Lavigne carried in chairs, surrounded by innumerable crosses, banners and royal umbrellas. It was indeed a regal progress—this journey of His Excellency to Anacalunghel; but the poetry of the scene was marred by the rather prosaic and tiresome manœuvres which had to be gone through five times (!) in the course of the journey; these consisted in unyoking the bullocks, and carrying the coaches across the dry bed of the river. Fancy the thing done 5 times in the course of a three mile journey! His Excellency arrived at Anacalunghel at 7 o'clock, and after addressing a few words to the assembled throng of people, said Mass. The rest of the forenoon was spent in visiting the place, and blessing the people. At 1 o'clock His Excellency and party left the place to return to Cottayam. The heat was intense, and the journey long. That blessed river of Parail had to be crossed again as in the morning. On the way, many Christians approached His Excellency to kiss his ring, and many houses were decorated to do honor to the revered Prelate. At 6 P. M. the party passed a Pagoda which is said to be very ancient, having been built long before the Christian era. It has a pillar 20 feet high by 1½ thick made of gold, so at least people say and believe. At 8 P. M. a halt was made for dinner. Some Christians about the place, seeing that His Excellency wanted to rest a while invited him to their house. The invitation was gladly accepted. and great was the joy depicted in the countenances of the inmates of the house when His Excellency and party entered it. They spread a clean large mat for their revered guests, in front of the house, and brought also a chair, and two mattresses with clean coverlets spread on them. After an hour's rest, and having partaken of a frugal dinner amid such humble surroundings, His Excellency and party left the place; but before leaving, His Excellency was pleased to show his thankfulness for the hospitality thus unostentatiously offered him, by giving each of the members of that happy household a cross, as a remembrance of the visit. Happy souls that had the privilege of welcoming so august a guest! Cottayam was reached at 10 o'clock, after a journey of 25 miles in the burning heat of the sun, and amidst clouds of

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dust. You may imagine the travelstained appearance of the party when they reached Cottayam. Thank God, however, they were all alive, though every limb was dreadfully shaken. His Excellency will be spared the inconveniences of a dusty road during his next trip, as rain has just fallen in torrents.

MARCH 1889.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

VIII.—[CONCLUSION.]

On the 3rd instant, at 2 A. M., His Excellency and suite left Cottayam for Changanacherry, accompanied by Mgr. Lavigne and two of the Members of his Council. On reaching the landing place at 7 A.M. they were received with due honors by a large concourse of people. Under a nicely decorated pandal, and clad in Episcopal robes with Mitre and Crosier, His Excellency accepted the welcome of the people, as voiced in an English address read by the Parish Priest, and made a suitable reply thereto. Then the party moved towards the Church in push-pushes. As usual the gathering was great including Catholics, Jacobites and heathens, and the street that led to the Church was far too narrow to hold them all. Many houses along the line had put up a goodly array of illuminations in honor of the advent of the Papal Delegate. At the Church, His Excellency blessed the assembled throng, and then celebrated mass. This Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin was finished only last year, and is said to have cost some 60,000 rupees; but the money has not been thrown away, for I think I can safely say that it is one of the best, if not the very best, of all the Churches in the Malabar Coast. It is built in Gothic style, and rivals many Churches in Europe in architectural beauty. The High Altar made of teak wood was just in the hands of a painter from Quilon, who has been working at it for nearly eight months and it is not likely to be finished before three or four months. The cost of gilding this altar and two small ones is estimated at Rs. 1,500. On the vault above the Sanctuary is repre-

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sented the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, a masterpiece of painting worthy of admiration. Considering that all this is the work of natives, we cannot help thinking that there are many talented men amongst them whose genius is dormant simply for want of sufficient encouragement. If some of them could be sent to Europe to work for some time under the direction of European artists, there is no doubt that they would be able to perfect themselves in art and be instrumental in improving the ideas and tastes of their countrymen. On the two sides of the Church stand two large buildings, one intended for the Parish Priest, and the other for the native Priests of the Parish. It seems to be the custom in this part of the world that when a young man is raised to the priesthood, he is entitled to have a room built near the Church of his native place, where he may come occasionally for rest when freed for a time from his priestly duties. In front of the Church, I am writing about, there stands a monumental pillar 60 feet high, made of copper and resting on a pedestal of granite. Round the top are hung about a dozen bells which tinkle when stirred by the breeze, and above them all is the head of a lion, surmounted by a Cross. This pillar was raised to commemorate the Jubilee of Leo XIII, at a cost of over a thousand rupees. The rest of the day was spent by His Excellency in the presbytery where many Priests came to visit him and pay him their respects. At 3-30 P.M. a slight shower of rain cooled the atmosphere, and at 4 when the rain ceased, His Excellency and party started to visit the Chettapey Convent, two miles away. On the road, a few Native Nuns of the Order of St. Clare, approached His Excellency to receive his blessing. After a few minutes' rest, the party proceeded towards the Convent which was reached at 5 o'clock. The Convent was founded in 1883, by Mgr. Marcellino. It is a small one, but built in a lovely spot and in European style. The inmates number five Fathers and two Brothers. Adjoining it, but on a higher level, there is a catechumenate under the care of the Monks. The inmates belong principally to the caste of Poulayars, who are looked down upon by the other classes of natives, and regarded as the lowest specimens of humanity. They are the labourers or working men of the place, and their complexion is darker than that of the other castes. Their dress is very simple, and in primitive style. The women wear ornaments of white and red shells found in

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the beds of the rivers, round their arms and neck, and their dress is, like that of their lords and masters, as simple as could be—certainly not fashioned *a la mode de Paris*. The houses of these simple people are rudely built, and as simple and primitive in style as themselves. The Catechumenate under notice is chiefly intended for these poor creatures, many of whom have already been regenerated by the waters of Baptism.—There are now about one hundred under instruction. Dr. Lavigne baptized 18 of them on the 4th instant. After Mass, a short but impressive instruction was given to the nuns, who had received His Excellency's blessing on the road, by the Rev. Father Bartholomew. Himself a Capuchin Priest, he spoke to the religious around him of the spirit of the Seraphic St. Francis who has now-a-days so many devoted sons and daughters in the world. In the evening, at 2 P. M., His Excellency and suite started in a boat for the Convent of Poolinconur, where they arrived at 7 P. M., and met with a grand reception. After the usual ceremony was over, a Latin address full of respect and veneration for His Excellency was read by one of the monks. His Excellency made a suitable reply in the same language. This Convent was built in 1861, but both the building and the locality are unsuitable. The inmates number four Fathers and two Brothers. At a small distance from the Convent stands the Parish Church, built on the banks of the river. During the monsoons, it is said, the water often enters within the presincts of the sanctuary, and people get into the Church in boats, and hear Mass seated in them. The Church was visited by His Excellency and Staff at 11 o'clock. In the afternoon they left the place at 2 P. M. by boat (the travelling about here is entirely by boat, and on water) for Cottayam, which place was reached at 6-30. The next day His Excellency visited the Catholic Church of Cottayam which is about two miles from the Episcopal Palace, and there he met with a suitable reception. On returning home, His Excellency blessed the foundation stone for a school which Mgr. Lavigne intends erecting—more than a thousand persons, of all ranks and conditions were present at the ceremony. At 9 P. M. of the same day, His Excellency and suite left Cottayam, having finished his visitation of the Vicariate. The next day the party reached Bramangalam, where a grand reception awaited them. His Excellency was brought in a palankeen from the landing

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place to the Church where he celebrated Mass, some 25 persons receiving Holy Communion from his hands. After a short stay, the distinguished visitors left the place and proceeded to Urooviney—the Parish of the brothers Parrai who were lately created Knights of the Order of St. Sylvester. The two gentlemen were anxious to prove their gratitude by a grand reception. So, long before His Excellency and suite reached the place, they were met by 13 boats beautifully decorated with banners and royal umbrellas and carrying crosses; and amid the enlivening strains of music *Vivats* were shouted out from stentorian lungs. Thus enthusiastically greeting His Excellency, they accompanied his boat to the landing place where every thing was nicely arranged, and His Excellency and Dr. Lavigne were received by the two Brothers and an enormous crowd of people carrying banners and proclaiming their joy by deafening salvos. Nothing indeed was spared to make the reception as enthusiastic as possible. His Excellency and Dr. Lavigne were brought to the Church in palankeens, and after the usual blessing from the church, to the house of Messrs. Parrai. After a sumptuous dinner, His Excellency and party left the place at 5 o'clock, accompanied by the two Brothers to the landing place. Here Dr. Lavigne, who had been with His Excellency for a full month during his tour through the Vicariate parted from his distinguished Visitor to go back to Mannanam, where an ordination was to take place. His Excellency and staff reached Cochin at 8 o'clock, and were received by Dr. Ferreira, who was accompanied by Rev. Father Camillus and some other priests. The party drove to the residence of his Lordship, who treated them with the greatest cordiality during their stay there. His Excellency had the pleasure also of receiving a visit from Dr. Marcellino of Verapoly. On the evening of Sunday, the 10th instant, His Excellency left Cochin, and reached the Convent of Elthrooth the next morning at 7. Here he was received by the monks and the Seminarists, and Dr. Medlycott paid His Excellency a visit which was very welcome. In the evening at 8, His Excellency and suite started for Shoranoor, where they rested for a while. At 11 o'clock the train took them to Coimbatore. His Excellency was received at the station by the venerable Vicar General and Rev. Father Villien, and the party then drove to the Cathedral, where His Excellency was received according to the rites of the Church by Dr. Bardou, his Secretary and all the

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priests of the place. The high altar was brilliantly illuminated on the occasion. The next day His Excellency and staff started for Mettapollium by the first train, and a special tonga took them on to Coonoor, where General and Mrs. Morrogh, very kindly offered their hospitality. At 2 P. M., they started again for Ootacamund, on reaching which place, His Excellency and staff went to the Church where they were received by Rev. Father Guerpillon, the acting Parish Priest, and Rev. Father Terrat. One can well imagine the prayer of thankfulness that must have emanated from the heart of the gentle Prelate, who at the call of duty braved all the inconveniences and dangers of a fatiguing journey, at finding himself once more in this delightful sanitarium; and the zealous Priests that accompanied him, how thankful must they have been to the God of all goodness, in having brought them safely back after enduring in common with their revered Head the fatigues of a most wearisome journey!! I have but little to add to my account of His Excellency's tour, but that little I write with all the greater pleasure, because it concerns the honor of my Parish and my fellow-parishioners. It was meet that we, here in Ooty should welcome His Excellency with as much splendour as possible, and unite in thanksgiving to the great God for His mercies to him. On Sunday the 17th instant, therefore, due preparations were made to receive His Excellency in our little Church. A beautiful Pandal was erected at some distance, and words of welcome glittered in yellow and gold amid the greenery of foliage. All along the road leading to the Church, banners waved with appropriate mottoes on them, and festoons of flowers garlanded the way. A cordon of Police Constables lined the entrance to the Church headed by Police Inspector Mr. Francks, whose loyalty as a Catholic was thus made conspicuous on the occasion. As His Excellency entered, he was saluted *a la mode militaire* by the Police, and received with the usual rites by the Rev. Father Guerpillon our acting Parish Priest (the Rev. Father Denis having been obliged to leave this Parish on account of ill health) and the Rev. Father Terrat, Chaplain to the Nuns. The choir in the meantime intoned the *Te Deum* in solemn style, at the conclusion of which united prayer of thanksgiving His Excellency vested for Mass. The decorations—thanks to the exertions of the ladies of the Altar Society were tasteful; and the singing during Mass was simply magnificent. The

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Director of the choir, Mr. E. Nicholas, deserves our warmest commendations for the zeal displayed by him on the occasion. And indeed the words of praise and encouragement that fell from the lips of His Excellency, who graciously granted Mr. Nicholas the honor of an interview after Mass, was well merited. His Excellency assured him that the singing was delightful, and at the sametime highly devotional. One of our lady vocalists was, I believe, singled out for special praise. Many were the happy souls that received Holy Communion from the hands of His Exceilency during Mass. After the blessing and final prayers His Excellency and staff were taken to the Presbytery where they were entertained at Breakfast by the Rev. Fathers Guerpillon and Terrat. His Excellency was also welcomed by our good Nuns whose preparations for his reception were, of course as usual, on a grand scale.

MONSIGNOR MONTAGNINI, D. D.

The newly appointed Secretary to His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, arrived here on the 6th instant, in sound health. Monsignor Carlo Montagnini, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation in the East Indies is a native of Casale Monferrato in Piedmont, Italy. He completed his theological course of studies in the Seminary of Biella, and then proceeded to Rome where the well merited distinction of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him. He then studied at the Seminary of Sta. Apollinare, where he obtained the Degrees of Doctor in Civil and Canon laws. He was attached to the Congregation of the Sacred Council, and is moreover a member of the Academy of noble Clergymen. After his appointment as Secretary to the Delegate Apostolic, he was made *Cameriere Segreto* of the Holy Father, whom he had the happiness to see before leaving the Eternal City. Monsignor Montignini is, I believe, not quite conversant with the English language; but he will, no doubt, be able soon to master it. He is a comparatively young Prelate, and has a long career of usefulness before him.

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HOLY WEEK IN OOTACAMUND.

The celebration of the ceremonies of Holy Week was, as usual, solemn and devotional ; but we were favoured beyond other places inasmuch as we had His Excellency the Papal Delegate with us. His Excellency with his two Secretaries Mgr. Montagnini and Rev. Father Bartholomew assisted at all the ceremonies, though not in state, except on Easter Sunday, when the High Mass of the day was celebrated with unusual splendour and solemnity *Coram Episcopo*. On Maundy Thursday, Mgr. Montagnini sang the High Mass in the Parish Church and Rev. Father Terrat in the Convent. The *sepulchre* for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament was tastefully decorated by some of the ladies of the altar society, and the Holy of Holies was there exposed the whole day for the adoration of the faithful. The spirit of piety was clearly visible in the countenance of the worshippers who thronged to do homage to the King of Kings in this Sacrament of love. In the evening, the *Stabat Mater* was sung by our choir under the direction of Mr. E. Nicholas. The singing far surpassed my highest expectations. It was sublimely pathetic, and the singers, though so few in number, did ample justice to the music of the solemn hymn, which though simple, yet required artistic treatment such as only can be expected of skilled musicians. The attendance in Church both in the morning and evening was large. There was no "washing of the feet," as is done in Cathedrals and some other Churches. By the way, what is the origin of the name "Maundy Thursday"? I notice your contemporaries in Madras, fond of antiquarian researches, give various interpretations. The original of *Maundy* is supposed by some to be found in the text "Accipite et *Manducate*" and the word is said to have been used by Sir Thomas More to signify the last Supper of our Lord. Another version gives "dies *Mandati*" as the origin of the term. A third traces the word from the Saxon *Maund*, an almsbasket, because on Maundy Thursday princes used to give alms to the poor from their basket, and those who partook of its contents were called *Maunders*. Has any one, however, ever accounted for the term *Maundy* as used to indicate the day of the Last Supper of our Lord, by a

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reference to the Latin word *Mundus* used in the Gospel of the day, where our Lord, addressing His Apostles says "you are clean (*Mundus*) but not all." May not the designation *Maundy* have originated from *Mundus*? For indeed the memory of the day is and always will be associated with the washing of the feet of the Apostles by their Divine Master; whereby, besides giving them a proof of His love for them and the humility which He desired they should imitate, He taught them that "although free from sin"—(I am quoting Goffine,) "and not unworthy to receive His Most Holy Body and Blood, their feet needed cleansing, that is, that they should be purified from all evil inclinations which defile the heart, and prevent Holy Communion, from producing fruitful effects in the soul." To proceed with my account of the celebration. The adoration of the Cross on Good Friday morning was very impressive. The Church was crowded, and I fancy a few Protestants were likewise present on the occasion. His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic was observed to kiss the Crucifix, most reverentially, thus setting a noble example worthy of imitation by many a proud spirit unwilling to bend the knee to the image of the Crucified Saviour. On Good Friday evening, we had the Way of the Cross as usual. The throng was immense, and the exercise was in consequence truly penitential. The Tenebrae offices were sung both on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday evening. Many Catholics perhaps know nothing of the meaning of these offices, and a good many attend them out of curiosity; but they might at least know that in the Tenebræ the Church mourns the passion and death of the Savionr of the world. The service on Holy Saturday was well attended; and the triumphant *Alleluia* sung during Mass was very impressive, as also was the sudden revelation of glory, when the Altar was unveiled and the joyous decorations of the hitherto desolate Tabernacle made visible. But the crowning joy was in store for us on Easter Sunday, when the Church was ablaze with lights and resplendent with the gaiety of chaste and lovely decorations. High Mass was sung by Mgr. Montagnini, the Delegate's Secretary, in His Excellency's presence. And the choir surpassed itself on the occasion. Mozart's No. 12 *Kyrie*, the Rev. Richmond's *Gloria*. Rev. Butler's *Credo*, Labat's *Regina Cœli* and Farmer's *Agnus Dei*, made a splendid collection of master pieces of sacred music which rendered the choral service very effective.

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Mr. Nicholas did indeed work hard to produce the splendid result achieved, and he deserves our warmest thanks; to the members of the choir I shall content myself with saying: go on as you have begun, and praise God with harmonious voices filled with zeal for His glory. Innumerable were the communions received on this day. At the conclusion of Mass a Plenary Indulgence was granted by His Excellency the Delegate in the name of the Supreme Pontiff to all who had the inestimable privilege of communicating on Easter Sunday. Then followed a hymn suited to the occasion—"the Dying Christian"—in which the words "O Death, where is thy sting, O Grave, where is thy victory," were very impressively rendered. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the evening by His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Biolley and Bartholomew, at which Lambilotte's *Tantum Ergo* was splendidly rendered by the choir.

MAY 1889.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, OOTACAMUND.

The first Sunday in May is usually set apart by us for specially honoring Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes. And this year the solemnities were, if possible, even greater than on previous occasions. First we had a glorious sun to usher in the festal day; then we were honored with the presence of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, besides a large number of Priests from far and near. High Mass *Coram Episcopo* was sung by our Parish Priest, the Rev. Father Biolley, assisted by the Rev. Father Terrat as Deacon, and the Rev. Father Gudin as Sub-deacon. The Assistant at the Episcopal throne was Mgr. Montagnini, His Excellency's Secretary; the Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Father Petite; and the Deacons of honour, Rev. Fathers Bartholomew and Guerpillon. The Master of Ceremonies for the ministrations at the Altar were Rev. Fathers Briand and LeFrançois. The sanctuary presented an imposing spectacle, His Excellency the Delegate being vested in

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Archiepiscopal robes with mitre and crozier, the Ministers at the altar in glittering vestments suited to the solemn occasion, surrounded by a goodly array of the clergy in surplices. The echo of a friend's words sounded in my ears as I beheld the glorious scene:—"Why all this glitter and show? I should much prefer a Low Mass to a High Mass at which Ecclesiastical dignitaries assist and go through so many distracting ceremonies!" My friend was a good practical Catholic, and he meant what he said, not in ridicule, but in sober earnest. I asked myself how Catholics could possibly be ignorant of the meaning of all these ceremonies, and how they could possibly be distracted by them. To my mind, they raise our thoughts heavenwards, and help us to behold in spirit the refulgent sanctuary above, where the Almighty sits enthroned in Majesty, surrounded by His heavenly courtiers. Do these servers at the Heavenly Court ever get distracted at the unceasing activity of prayer and praise that echo through the vaults of Heaven? And what are all our ceremonies, but so many *acts* of prayer and praise that appeal to the eye and the ear of our imperfect humanity, and enter through those gates of sense into the spiritual sanctuary of our hearts, there to combine into a solemn act of homage and adoration pleasing to the Heavenly King, because of its spirituality? We indeed worship in spirit and in truth, and our ceremonies enhance the reality of this spiritual worship. These thoughts crowded into my mind as I assisted at the august sacrifice celebrated with so much splendour on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. I said above that the sanctuary presented an imposing spectacle, and well it might with the Altar ablaze with lights and revelling in the gaiety, if I may be permitted to say so, of nature's greenery and the perfume of flowers. The grotto of our Lady was unusually attractive with its choice decorations and lights. The prayerful and stately figure of the Virgin Mother, clad as she appeared to Bernadette on the ever memorable occasion when She sealed the dogma of the Immaculate conception with Her benign approval, rose high above the grotto as though resting on the clouds; and beneath could be seen the kneeling form of the lowly peasant girl with upturned eyes of ravishing simplicity. Favoured child of Mary! Your lowliness has won for you the favour of the Queen of Heaven, and She deigns to converse with you, and im-

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part to you the secrets of Heaven! Wonderful condescension, wonderful blending of dignity and simplicity! Bow, proud selfish hearts, bow self-sufficient intellects, bow in adoration before the ways of Divine Providence. His ways are not as ours, and do you therefore not venture to measure their depths with the ridiculously short line of human reason. Pardon me, dear *Watchman* for this digression. My heart is full to overflowing with grief at sight of the pride of intellect which *will not* acknowledge the Providence of God in the concerns of life. Oh! how much sweetness and consolation of soul are left untasted by this wretched stubbornness of the will of man—this daring opposition of a *worm*, an insignificant worm of the earth, to the *Creator* of Heaven and Earth! But enough. There was a large gathering in the evening, when a procession, one of the gayest of the kind I have ever seen, was formed to carry the image of our Lady of Lourdes to the convent and back. The convent children strewed flowers on the way, and Mary's praises were hymned by her children all along the route. At the convent, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was first given, and then again at the Parish Church by Mgr. Montagnini, after which the Rev. Father Baldeyron preached an appropriate sermon in Tamil. Mr. Nicholas, the director of our choir presided at the harmonium with his usual ability and whole-heartedness, and the result was of course as might have been expected—delightfully harmonious,—thanks to the unanimity and zeal with which the members of the choir seconded his efforts.

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1889.

THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI—OOTACAMUND.

"While others twine the rose of June
With lily and with eglantine
And raise on high the hallowed tune
With voices full, to theme divine;

I scarce can move the train along,
Or gaze on yonder canopy,
I cannot utter note of song,
Nor free from blinding tears mine eye:

And yet my tears are those of joy,
My loving heart prevents my lay;
I fain would every power employ
On this my favorite holiday."

Thus wrote a faithful lover of the Blessed Sacrament, who was reluctantly compelled to forego the spiritual joys that filled the breasts of the silent adorers of the Real Presence, borne along in solemn procession on the festival of Corpus Christi,—joys that surge and swell in the faithful heart by its *nearness* to the adorable Heart of the Incarnate Word. The feast of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated here as elsewhere in the Catholic world with becoming solemnity. On Corpus Christi day, His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic said Mass in the Parish Church, and His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore, in the Convent Chapel. In the evening there was to have been the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the grounds of the Convent, but the weather would not allow it. However, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Lord Bishop of Mylapore in the Convent that evening; and it was a treat to hear the voices of this esteemed Prelate and his Priests blending with those of the good Nuns in the chant of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The Parish procession was to have taken place on Sunday; but the preparations necessary could not be got through on account of the weather, which was rather unpleasant during the week. High Mass was sung by Mgr. Montagnini on Sunday, assisted by Rev. Fathers Biolley and Guerpillon as Deacon and Sub-deacon, and in the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by our Parish Priest. The Nuns must have prayed hard for fair weather, for they were able to enjoy the conso-

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lation of the nearness of the Blessed Sacrament in procession on Sunday evening. Three repositories were tastefully formed in the Convent grounds, the first in a sylvan spot, delightful to the eye and ravishing to the heart, by reason of the natural beauties that surrounded it and lent it an air of happy seclusion; the other two facing the Convent buildings. These, as I have said were tastefully decorated; they were in very deed surpassingly beautiful: The lowly spouses of Christ, who fitted them up for their Beloved, did indeed work with a will to honor the beauty of their spouse and King. The Procession, formed of the children of the Convent and the Nun, started from the Convent Chapel, and silently wended its way to the first repository, the path all along being strewn with flowers showered from time to time by little hands before the adorable Presence. The first Benediction was given here, amid sylvan surroundings that appealed powerfully to the hearts of the adorers, to raise them to God. All knelt reverently on the green sod as the eye of Faith beheld the God of nature raise His Almighty Hand in benediction on the assembled throng. The second Benediction, and third were given at the other two repositories, and the impressiveness of the scene was as powerful here as at the first. Then the procession marched forward to the Convent Chapel, where a blaze of light and beauty dazzled our eyes. The weather, which had been fair during the whole time, now began to change; and the exultant hearts of the good nuns poured out their joy and gratitude in the loving strains of the "Lauda Sion." Loud and still louder echoed the delightful strains, as the faithful knelt in adoration before their Guide and their Pastor. Benediction was given again, and thus ended the solemnities of the day, all the more appreciated because wholly unexpected. I cannot refrain here from quoting the admirable sketh of this glorious Festival from the pen of dear Father Faber. It is a pen-picture so elevating and so edifying that I hope its length will not weary your readers. "Oh the joy of the immense glory the Church is sending up to God this hour; verily! as if the world was all unfallen still. We think, and as we think, the thoughts are like so many successive tide waves filling our whole souls with the fulness of delight, of all the thousands of Masses which are being said or sung, the whole world over and all rising with notes of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator. How

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many glorious processions, with the Sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the flower-strewn streets of Christian villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious Cathedral, or through the grounds of the devout seminary, where the various colors of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith, which they are all exultingly professing in the single voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome! Upon how many altars of various Architecture, amid sweet flowers and starry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling song, before thousands of prostrate worshippers, is the Blessed Sacrament raised for exposition, or taken down for benediction! And how many blessed acts of faith and love, of triumph and reparation, do not each of these things surely represent! The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with the clang of bells; the cannon are booming in the gorges of the Andes and the Apennines; the ships of the harbours are painting the bays of the sea with their show of gaudy flags; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of Kings. The Pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and sequestered hermits, bishops and dignitaries and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, are all engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Cities are illuminated; the dwellings of men are alive with exultation. Joy so abounds that men rejoice they know not why, and their joy overflows on sad hearts and on the poor and the imprisoned and the wandering and the orphaned, and the home-sick exiles. All the millions of souls that belong to the royal family and spiritual lineage of St. Peter are to-day engaged more or less with the Blessed Sacrament: so that the whole Church Militant is thrilling with glad emotion, like the tremulous rocking of the mighty sea. Sin seems forgotten; tears even are of rapture rather than of penance. It is like the soul's first day in heaven; or as if earth itself were passing into heaven, as it well might do, for sheer joy of the Blessed Sacrament."

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OUR FEAST.

We—that is to say, the members of the Holy League or Apostleship of Prayer—celebrated our feast on the first Sunday of this month, the Sunday set apart by our Mother the Church to give glory to the Precious Blood that flowed from the adorable Heart of the Incarnate Saviour. The union of the worship of the adorable Heart and that of the Precious Blood is obvious, and therefore, though we might have kept up the Feast of the Sacred Heart on the day fixed for that special celebration, there was nothing incongruous in our having chosen the first Sunday in July for our own special devotions. So it has been ever since the League was instituted in our Parish, years ago, and so it will probably continue to be until other counsels prevail. The Right Rev. Dr. Reed DaSilva, Bishop of Mylapore, was invited by our Director to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, and willingly did His Lordship accept the invitation. It is seldom we have the pleasure of seeing the good Bishop of Mylapore in Ootacamund, but when we do see him, it is a treat to behold in him the grace and dignity befitting a Bishop. Dr. DaSilva is indeed a noble prelate, and I am sure the Diocese of Mylapore is to be congratulated in having so admirable a type of the Episcopal dignity at its head. Not only does His Lordship uphold the dignity of a Bishop, but the suavity of his manners draws all hearts towards him. His Lordship said Mass for the members of the Apostleship of Prayer, assisted by his Secretaries, and the Rev. Father Guerpillon, our assistant Parish Priest. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Biolley. It was meant to illustrate the goodness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the points selected by the Reverend preacher as affording the best illustration of Our Divine Saviour's goodness to mankind were His passion and the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, subjects which, ably handled as they were, could not but evoke sentiments of love in the hearts of his hearers. This love, as good Father Biolley reminded his congregation, was to be without measure. One drop of the Precious Blood shed for us would have sufficed to show the love of Our Saviour; but He did more,—He shed the very last drop of His Blood for us. How then could we limit our love for Him? The ser-

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mon was listened to with rapt attention by all. In the evening after the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the Statue of the Sacred Heart was carried in procession by the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. We could not linger long on the way, as our hearts would have prompted us to do, on account of the weather which was rather wet. However, our Feast ended as joyfully as it began; and it is to be hoped that a little more fervour was kindled in the hearts of the Associates of the Holy League.

1889.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The glorious Feast of the Assumption, being the titular feast of the Parish Church, was celebrated with unusual splendour on the 15th August—the presence of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic and his Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore in Ootacamund lending peculiar solemnity to the occasion. The day was as glorious as the festival itself. Clouds and rain made way for the ethereal brightness of the orb of day, and the hearts of the children of Mary were gladdened at the prospect. The Church itself bore a festive appearance, thanks to the deft fingers of the ladies of the Altar Society, and outside the Sanctuary triumphal arches and many coloured banners proclaimed the splendour of the festal morn and displayed the intensity of the devotional feeling that filled the hearts of the faithful. At the hour appointed for the celebration of the Divine rites, His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore accompanied by his Secretary entered the sacred precincts and a short while later His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic with Mgr. Montagnini arrived, escorted by the Band of the Nilgiri Volunteers, and was received at the entrance of the Church with due honours.

THE MASS.

High Mass *Coram Episcopo* was sung by Mgr. Montagnini assisted by Rev. Father Pouzol, Principal of the Karikal College, and Rev. Father Roy of Wellington, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. At the throne His Excellency

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was vested in archiepiscopal robes with mitre and crozier, assisted by the Reverend Fathers Foubert and Baldeyron, Parish Priests of Wellington and Gudalur, as Deacons of honor, and the Rev. Father Jerome Dias D'Souza, Secretary to His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore as master of ceremonies. The assistant priest at the Episcopal throne was the Rev. Father Biolley, our esteemed Parish Priest. His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore had, as personal assistants the Rev. Father Terrat, Chaplain to the Nuns, and the Rev. Father Laveille, Professor of Science at the Catholic College, Pondicherry. The assistant Priests at the Altar were the Rev. Father Guerpillon of Ooty and the Rev. Father Robin, of Wellington. The sanctuary presented an imposing spectacle with all this array of episcopal and priestly dignity. The choir, under the able guidance of their zealous Director, distinguished themselves as they always do on such occasions. Lovers of ecclesiastical music will be able to form an idea of the excellence of the singing from the following statement of the names of the composers of the choral parts of the Mass.

Kyrie—by Lerez.
Gloria, Creed and *Agnus*—by Rev. Richmond.
Sanctus—by Mezzinghis.

At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, a Plenary Indulgence was granted by His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic in the name of the Supreme Pontiff to all those who had the happiness of fulfilling the prescribed conditions. Then followed

THE CROWNING OF THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The crown—a beautiful piece of workmanship—was the gift of a Native Christian, who however, did not live to enjoy this grand and heart-thrilling spectacle of the day. It was blessed with solemn rites, by His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, and then placed on the head of our Lady's statue the beauty of which is now considerably enhanced by the diadem of twelve stars glittering with all the splendour of burnished gold and typifying the splendour of Our Lady's life as divided into the four mysteries preceding the Incarnation, viz.: the Immaculate Conception,

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the Nativity, the Presentation, and the Espousals, then into the four great mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, viz: the Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity and Presentation, and then into four mysteries subsequent, viz: her Compassion, Pentecost, her Death and Assumption—The solemn strains of the *Magnificat* fitly closed this sweet ceremony. And the *Te Deum* that followed reminded the faithful that to God was referred all the honor and glory lavished on His Blessed Mother.

THE BENEDICTION.

In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore, assisted by a Deacon and Sub-Deacon. The singing was particularly good, and great credit is due to the members of the choir for so effectively rendering the various pieces under the guidance of their able Director—Lambillote's *O Gloriosa Domina*, *Quid retribuam*, and *Tantum ergo* were sung in melodious strains, to the accompaniment of the Harmonium presided over by Mr. Nicholas, and the effect was simply ravishing.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

As intimated in my last, when speaking of shadows of coming events, His Excellency's treat to the congregation was the last item in the day's programme. The Volunteer Band was in attendance on the occasion; and as His Excellency and the Bishop of Mylapore with attendant Priests entered the Hall where the entertainment was to take place and which was beautifully decorated for the purpose, the Band struck up a lively march. The stage, fitted up under the management of our popular Inspector of Police, Mr. Franks, for the theatrical performance of the evening, presented a gay appearance, the drop-scene surmounted by the Papal tiara and His Excellency's coat-of-arms, being especially admired. The scene was painted by two amateur artists Messrs. Mitchell and Bolfe, who though not Catholics, very readily came forward to offer their help at the request of their Catholic friends, the members of the entertainment committee. The scene represented was a beautiful landscape surrounding a lake, tinted by the rays of the setting sun. The first item in the programme was a song—"Vivat pastor bonus"—by the choir. Then, as the curtain

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rose, an old gouty gentleman was discovered seated on the stage reading out of a newspaper, and bemoaning his fate as an old bachelor who stood in need, not of a wife, but of a servant. This individual so greatly desired, soon made his appearance in the fanciful rig of a nigger. The two youngsters who acted this farce (called "the stupid servant") were John Lemerle and Atty Jacob, and right well did they go through all the stupidities of a gouty, irritable master and an unsophisticated attendant. This little farce was followed by a part song—the "Carnivale," which was exquisitely sung under the guidance of Mr. Nicholas. Mrs. Green's voice was as usual richly melodious, and Mrs. Nicholas and Mrs. Lafleur sustained their parts, with a delightfully thrilling melody. The gentlemen vocalists, Messrs. Nicholas, Lafleur, Pereira, Moriarty and Franks sang in their best style. After the song, Mr. O'Hearne favoured the audience with a lively recitation of Sheill's grand and eloquent speech on the trial of Daniel O'Connell. And then, there was an interval for refreshment. This was not the least important of the items of the entertainment, as you may well imagine. His Excellency the Delegate was indeed anxious that it should form an essential part of the programme, and it was really delightful to see His Excellency and the Lord Bishop of Mylapore partaking of some slight refreshment in company with their faithful children. Those, not of the household of faith, who were present on the occasion must have been greatly impressed by the sight. To Mrs. Buttler and Miss Blackwell is due the credit of the nicely adjusted arrangements of the refreshment room. At the request of the members of the committee they very willingly volunteered their kind services, in this direction. After the refreshments had been liberally offered, and partaken of, the curtain rose, on the stage, and Mrs. Green enthralled the audience with a solo sung in exquisite style to Mrs. Cornwell's harmonious accompaniment on the Piano. And, when the curtain rose again, it revealed a jolly crew of Christy Ministrels rigged in the height of fashion, and thumping away on tambourines and rattles with all the zest of jovial niggers. Their performance, interspersed with songs, was comic in the extreme. But what seemed to me to please His Excellency the Delegate more than all the rest, and to gladden his heart, was the children's song, which followed. It was a Kindergarten piece, most appropriately chosen for

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the occasion by Mr. Nicholas, who had the duty of training the children assigned to him. The singing and the easy and natural movements that accompanied the song of "the Farmer," were really good. The chorus—"Ye shepherds tell me"—that followed, elicited applause and cheers. After another short interval, the famous popular farce named "Box and Cox" was acted on the stage, Mrs. Green and Messrs. Franks and Hog, taking part in it. This was of course the most attractive of the evening's entertainments, and the actors did ample justice to their respective parts. Mr. Hogg, as Box, looked every bit a hardworked printer, as he entered his apartment on the stage with the nonchalance of a boon actor; and Mr. Cox was evidently proud of his hats for he exhibited half a dozen that wouldn't fit, before he took leave of Mrs. Bouncer the house-keeper. This respectable dame aproned and spectacled, flitted about the stage like a matronly house-keeper attentive to the wants of her lodgers. The interest of the farce was well sustained throughout. The following address, was then delivered by Mr. Lemerle :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

We cannot find words, sufficiently to thank you for your condescension in permitting us to enjoy a treat so unparalleled as that which we have just participated in. Our joy is all the more intense in as much as it has been shared by your Excellency with all the loving kindness of a father surrounded by his children. And we venture to hope that we have done our best to show how much we appreciate Your Excellency's desire to impress on our minds the intensity of your paternal affection for us. We have drawn from every available source in our Parish to prove the warmth of our gratitude, and even some among our friends unconnected with the Parish have felt the force of our enthusiasm and willingly come forward to unite with us in this manifestation of our joy. Your Excellency has had a proof of all this before your eyes to-day; you have seen our histrionic and musical talent displayed before you as a sort of filial recognition, if we may dare so to speak, of Your Excellency's interest in all that concerns us; you have seen our manhood, our youth and even our childhood pass as it were in review before you to-day on the stage; you have heard the exultant voices of our hearts chorusing in unison, and awakening raptures of melody. Wherefore all this demonstration of joy? The outside world not knowing or caring to understand the golden link that binds our hearts to yours may treat it as puerile; but we feel that in thus joyously manifesting our attachment to your Excellency, we are simply emphasizing that glorious privilege which is ours and ours alone—the privilege of being faithful and docile children of our Holy Father whose repre-

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sentative you are. (Cheers.) But while joying in this our privilege, a pang of grief shoots across our hearts at the thought that the Supreme Pontiff is beset in the Eternal City, by perils caused by the violence of impiety and sacrilege, as exhibited in the iniquitous Penal Code directed against the Catholic Clergy, and the setting up of a monument to infidelity in the very heart of Rome. (Cries of—We'll tear it down—Down with Bruno.) But we may not, however, linger now on this sad prospect. Our purpose to-day is to awaken our hearts to mirth and gladness. We understand in the full effulgence of the light of faith, that laughter even on a Sunday or a Holiday set apart for special adoration of our Heavenly Father is by no means wrong, and that Fun has quite as important a duty to perform on the stage of life as its long-faced sister Gravity. And the result of this our understanding and child-like Faith has been what your Excellency has just witnessed in this lowly Hall on this ever memorable day. Be pleased then to accept our most dutiful and warm-hearted thanks for your Excellency's kind condescension in affording us this opportunity to prove to you once more during your stay on these Hills our loyalty and devotion to your respected person. And turning to you my Lord, allow me on behalf of the Catholic Congregation assembled here to-day to thank your Lordship for your kindness in helping to enhance the joy of this occasion by your benign presence. (Cheers.)

His Excellency was pleased in reply to express his delight at all he had seen and heard, and thanked the Catholic Congregation for the sentiments expressed in the address. His Excellency hoped to meet them again on a similar occasion next year. His Excellency's reply to the address was received with cheers. The Choir then sang "good-night," and the evening's entertainment was brought to a close, after fully three hours of uninterrupted mirth.

THE SERMON ON SUNDAY.

On Sunday, within the Octave of the Assumption, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Guerpillon, on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Taking as his text the words of the Magnificat—"He that is mighty hath done great things to me"—the preacher pointed out the immensity of Mary's love of Jesus, which merited the glory that awaited her at her Assumption into Heaven. It was a discourse replete with choice instruction and imagery, and calculated to rouse the heart to daring flights of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

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In the evening, the Native congregation had it all their own way. The Statue of the Blessed Virgin was gaily decorated in accordance with their tastes, and together with the Statues of St. Joseph and St. Anthony was carried in procession round the Church, accompanied by pageantry in which the Native heart delights.

OCTOBER 1889.

THE FEAST OF THE ROSARY.

The first note in response to our Holy Father's invitation was sounded here yesterday, when in common with our brethren elsewhere in the Universal Church, we celebrated the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary. His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic said Mass in the Convent Chapel, amid festive surroundings that appealed powerfully to the intellect, and moved the heart of the faithful worshipper. In the Parish Church, High Mass was sung by Mgr. Montagnini, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation. The Church was chastely, but not exuberantly, decorated on the occasion. Our Lady's Altar especially was attractive, though there was not much of the usual display of lights and flowers. The singing was particularly good. Our Parish Priest gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening, when Lambillotte's *Quid retribuam* and *Tantum ergo*, were sung by the choir. After Benediction, the Statue of Our Lady was carried in procession, and the intonation of the Litany, by the Priests and congregation alternately, showed that congregational singing might well be encouraged on such occasions as these.

25TH NOVEMBER 1889.

THE SALVATIONISTS AGAIN.

Our friends, the Salvationists, have lately been placarding the streets of Ootacamund, with huge posters, notifying the advent of "our dear Commissioner," Major Booth-Tucker, and his Aide-de-Camp, Major Moosa Bai, with 15 Officers from England. They seem to be an irrepressible lot,

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these poor demented creatures; and they glory in the fact. Well, after all, such is human nature when guided by the dim light of reason solely. We need an infallible guide, in the way of salvation, as Dryden discovered and believed, to his soul's profit. Would that our Salvationist friends could profit likewise by the discovery, immortalized so gloriously in the "Hind and Panther."

CHARITY.

Our esteemed Parish Priest preached on Sunday last on Charity. It was an excellent discourse, showing the motives which we had for the exercise of this inestimable virtue, in our creation and our redemption. Some say it is uncharitable to show up the defects of our separated brethren, in the matter of their religious belief. Is it really so? On the contrary, it seems to me a great act of charity to show them, and convince them if possible, of the error of their ways. We need not direct our attacks against them personally, but against the system they advocate. Of course, if we attacked and condemned their religious belief, without taking care to instruct ourselves before hand, as to what that belief really was, we should be uncharitable indeed; for our attack would then be unjust. This is exactly the position of most Protestants towards Catholics. They know little or nothing of Catholic belief, and yet they scruple not to set themselves up as judges, and very often calumniate their neighbours intentionally or otherwise. By some the scriptural expression "Charity covereth a multitude of sins" is very often used; but in what sense? It seems to be capable of two interpretations. First, it may mean that the charitable man overlooks the faults of others, and secondly that the exercise of charity is conducive to the remission of our own sins. The first brings prominently forward the *act* or *exercise* of charity, and the second, the *effect* of that act in our own souls. Both interpretations are, I believe correct; but the two taken together are more likely to impress the necessity of this theological virtue in our hearts.

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30TH NOVEMBER 1889.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

The loyalty of the Catholics of Ootacamund was never more conspicuous than when, on the 30th November—the feast of St. Andrew, whose name His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic bears—they assembled at the Parochial House to offer their felicitations to His Excellency. His Excellency's condescension, too, was never more apparent than on this occasion when he kindly and generously consented to accept their demonstrations of affection and loyalty with but little of the splendour due to his exalted position. Nevertheless our congratulations were offered with the splendour of right loyal hearts, amid surroundings which betokened a taste for the beautiful, not often witnessed even in these lovely Olympian heights. The hall in which His Excellency was received was literally carpeted with flowers, and presented a sight in which the most fastidious eye could revel. On a table, moss-covered and flower-bestrewn, stood a pair of lovely ewer-like Vases which were to be offered to His Excellency as a small token of the respect and esteem entertained towards him by the Catholic Congregation of Ootacamund. A pretty bouquet of flowers adorned the centre of this table; and all around the eye rested on flowers and foliage tastefully arranged. At the hour appointed, His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, attended by his Secretary Mgr. Montagnini, and the Rev. Fathers Biolley, Terrat and Guerpillon, took his seat on the carpeted dais, prepared for him, while the Director of our Choir, Mr. E. Nicholas, assisted by some of the Members, evoked musical harmony out of the strains of the "Vivat pastor bonus." The following address was then read by Mr. Lemerle :—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

MGR. ANDREW AJUTI,

Archbishop,

and Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Once again we surround your Excellency, with the loving devotion of loyal hearts, on this occasion of the feast of your Patron Saint, the great St. Andrew, to offer to your Excellency our hearty felicitations on your having been spared to witness another such Anniversary among us, your loving children, though far away from the Home of your affections—the

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Home of predilection—the Eternal City, whence the voice of Peter bid you go to these remote parts to strengthen the faith of the children of the Church and to give it by your presence and counsel, additional courage to withstand the attacks of infidelity and heresy by which it is surrounded.

The glory of St. Andrew, in the Apostolic College, consisted no doubt in his being one of the chosen four, among the twelve chosen souls, especially near to the Heart of God, and further in his being, as the Apostles tell us the "brother of Peter,"—the brother, that is of the Head of the College of Apostles, whose brotherly love had brought Peter to His Lord. We regard your Excellency here as the "brother of Peter," delegated by Peter's successor, the Noble Pontiff Leo XIII, to carry out a great and onerous Mission, the fruits of which we are already beginning to reap. Like St. Andrew the "Bringer of Children" to Christ, Your Excellency is nobly endeavouring to bring nearer to Christ and His Viceregent on Earth, the child-like hearts of Christians in these parts and your Excellency's endeavour will, we are confident, be crowned with success.

May your Excellency be long spared to carry on the duties of the Apostolic Delegation, and may you witness many another such anniversary unclouded by the errors and prejudices that now fill our atmosphere, and brightened by the long looked for triumph of the Church, and as a token of the high esteem and affection we entertain towards your Excellency, permit us to offer your Excellency this little souvenir which, we trust, will recall to your mind the days you spent among us, when, your Mission happily fulfilled, you return to the Holy City.

With our sincere expression of profound respect and loyalty to our Holy Father, and to your Excellency, His representative,

We remain,

Your Excellency's humble

Children in Christ.

OOTACAMUND, 30*th November* 1889.

His Excellency in reply thanked his children for their expression of attachment to him, the "unworthy representative" as he called himself, of the Holy Father (— I may be permitted to remark, *en passant*, that in spite of His Excellency's modesty, the Catholics of India by this time know and appreciate His Excellency's worth.)—His Excellency was moreover glad to see such harmony prevailing in the Parish, and to strengthen that harmony, he recommended a filial devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and to St. Joseph. He would, he said, carry the souvenir

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offered him by the congregation, wherever Providence and the voice of the Holy Father may call him, and he would always remember the Catholics of Ootacamund, when offering the Holy Sacrifice. Then blessing the congregation present, His Excellency went round, and spoke a kindly word to each, offering the Archiepiscopal ring to be kissed. In the evening, later on, His Excellency was entertained at the Convent. Thus, pleasantly ended the Anniversary of the Feast of His Excellency's Patron Saint.

I forgot to mention that besides the gift of the congregation, several other little souvenirs in the shape of cards and greetings were offered by individual members, notably among them by Mrs. Green who presented her greeting with a most lovely floral arrangement of rose and ferns. The bouquet was her own most tasteful handiwork and attracted considerable attention.

1889.

CHRISTMAS.

Our Christmas joys were unalloyed this year, at least so far as our religious festivities were concerned. The midnight Mass was, as usual, celebrated with great splendour, many of our separated friends joining us, no doubt with mixed feelings. A word in passing, to these same friends: we are only too glad to see you in our churches; but we expect when you are there, you will remember that you are in a place of worship, and not in a theatrical Hall or Concert room. Come, by all means, but not as if you are going to witness a *tamasha*. You will find yourself greatly mistaken, if such be your intention. Catholic worship is something that you cannot comprehend, unless you take the trouble to find out what it all means. It may be mummery for you, and if I mistake not, your hazy Common Prayer Book says something like it about our worship; but this is because you don't understand it. To a Catholic, the rite he witnesses is so holy and profound in its meaning that levity would never enter his heart on the occasion of its celebration. You may act as you please in your own conventicles, for they are little better than concert halls at times; but when you set foot inside a Catholic Church, you must re-

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member that you are entering a place of worship, where *real* adoration is offered up to the Creator. If you don't understand the meaning of our ceremonies, at least respect the feelings of those who do. I fear I have spun out my "one word" to a considerable length. However, if it will make the slightest impression on the minds of outsiders who occasionally enter our Churches, I shall be thankful indeed. I do not wish it to be understood that all those outsiders who were present at the midnight Mass this Christmas, acted in a spirit of levity. On the contrary, I have much pleasure in testifying to the religiousness of many of them. Some of them indeed were models of orderliness that might well be imitated by a good many of our young Catholics. The Mass on Christmas night was sung by Mgr. Montagnini, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Biolley and Guerpillon as Deacon and Sub-deacon. The choral part was excellently rendered by our choir. The music of the *Gloria* and *Credo,* as also the *Agnus Dei* was heard here for the first time—the first two by Bordese, and the last by VanBree. The parts were exquisitely sung in unrivalled harmony. The solos were really admirable; evidently the heart of the composer was in the various pieces thus set to music. A truly religious heart it must have been to have grasped the spirit of the grand old hymns of the Church, so profundly as to evoke out of it melody so grand and unearthly. The *Kyrie* was by Lerez, and the *Sanctus* was Mozart's No. 12. Both these were full of outbursts of religious enthusiasm and fervour. I hope our old friend Mr. "Critic" will uot be offended with me for thus giving honor to the eminent composers whose names are recorded above. And will he forgive me if I say that Mr. Evelyn Nicholas, our Choir Master, showed his musical ability to some advantage on the joyous occasion I am referring to. Never did the members of the Choir, under his guidance, render their respective parts, with such accuracy of detail as on this occasion. During the Mass, the Christmas Anthem "Unto us a Son is born," was beautifully sung by the Choir, and at the end of the Holy Sacrifice the Christmas Carol "See amid the winter's snow" was thrilled out, as the image of the Infant Saviour was carried to the crib prepared for it, on a side altar. This altar and crib were nicely decorated with holly and ivy and other evergreens, by the deft fingers of some of the ladies of our Altar Society, and a repre-

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sentation of snow was attempted over and around the crib, by downy bits of cotton scattered all over, a thick flake being spread over the manger itself. The Infant Divine was represented as lying on straw placed inside the crib. Talking of the representation of the crib, I think it due to our good nuns here to say a word about *their* representation of it. It was indeed surpassingly beautiful. The first object that attracted attention over the crib was the "Star of Bethlehem." It was represented as shedding a beautiful ray of light over the crib, the arrangement being so nicely adjusted as to lead one to suppose that a beautiful Star was shining by its own effulgence over the crib. The crib itself was a beautiful representation of a lowly straw-covered hut, and the Infant was shown to be lying bound, as it were, in swaddling clothes, a neat piece of linen being placed under the lovely little image. There was not much of a profusion of evergreens, but what there was, was beautifully arranged round about the crib. To return to our own Church, the High Altar on the night of Christmas was a blaze of lights, and lights were also neatly arranged all over the sacred edifice, so as to give it an unusual splendour. Sprigs of holly and ivy were entwined round the massive pillars, and moss was tastefully strewn about, so as to make a perfectly attractive *coup d'œil*. Great credit is due to the ladies of the Altar Society who kindly undertook the decoration of the Church. His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic said Mass in the Parish Church on Christmas day at 9 A. M. As it was Low Mass, there was not much of the singing that awoke the slumbering echoes on Christmas night; but enough there was to show that our excellent choir was determined to rouse a joyous Christmas feeling in the breasts of all the faithful. In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Mgr. Montagnini, assisted as at the Midnight Mass by a Deacon and Sub-deacon. Thus ended our religious rejoicing on Christmas day.

THE NEW YEAR.

As I am writing on the eve of the New Year, I cannot do better than close my notes this week, by greeting my friends, in the words of St. Francis de Sales: "A good, holy, and thrice happy New Year to you." A good and very holy year—so the Saint continues—all perfumed

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with the name of Jesus, all besprinkled with His Precious Blood. May no day of this year, or any year, or any day for many years to come, pass without being sanctified by the merits of this saving Blood, and illumined by the blessing of this Sacred name, from which radiate the fullness of all sweetness, the completion of all joy, the perfection of all that is most holy and beautiful.

1890.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's Day, 1890, had special attractions for us, owing to the presence of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic in our midst. First we had High Mass, as usual, the celebrant being the Rev. Father Biolley, our Parish Priest. His Excellency, with his amiable Secretary, was present at the Mass. Most of the pieces sung on the occasion were the same as on Xmas day, and were rendered equally well by the choir. After mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency, assisted by a Deacon and Sub-deacon. During this holy rite, the *Te Deum*, and *Veni Creator*, were sung in thanksgiving for the past, and in preparation for the future. Who knows indeed, what the future has in store for us? What better preparation, then, to meet the coming hours and utilize them as beseem good christians than to invoke the aid of the Holy Ghost?—Benediction over, the parishoners assembled at the Presbytery to greet His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic with best wishes for a happy New year. The following address was read by Mr. Lemerle, after which bouquets and posies innumerable were showered on His Excellency.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

MONSIGNOR ANDREA AJUTI,

Archbishop and Delegate Apostolic,

in the East Indies.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

At the beginning of a new year we unite again in offering your Excellency the homage of our filial hearts and in laying at your Excellency's feet this our renewed expression of loyalty and attachment to your benign person.

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The year that has just passed has, we have reason to thank God, been fruitful in blessings to our Parish—not the least among them being the continued presence of your Excellency in our midst. And we venture to hope that the year which has just dawned will likewise bring to us in its train the peace and unanimity which we know is so dear to your Excellency's heart and that your Excellency will remain with us to enhance by your presence the joys of this inestimable blessing.

Wishing your Excellency a thrice holy and happy new year with all the attendant blessings your Excellency may desire, and with sentiments of profund devotion and loyalty to His Holiness Leo XIII, whom your Excellency so worthily represents,

We remain,

Your Excellency's humble Children.

OOTACAMUND, 1*st January* 1890.

In reply to this address, His Excellency thanked the congregation present for the good wishes expressed by them, and declared that he was exceedingly pleased to find such union prevailing among the Parish Priest and his flock. This was, he said, all the more desirable, as such a feeling of unanimity was highly acceptable to God. His Excellency's words were listened to with rapt attention; and they will no doubt be treasured in the hearts of his hearers.

FEBRUARY 1890.

AWAY FROM HOME.

Here I am, away from Home, but obeying the call of duty. Life indeed would hardly be worth living, if duty did not form an essential element of it. Men who eschew moral obligation, and with it obligations of every kind, find life but little loveable. No wonder that they should at times ring the air with the cry that life is not worth living, and when occasion offers itself, practically illustrate it by—why, by putting an end to their own lives. But let me tell you how I enjoyed my trip, and made life desirable in spite of the inconveniences of my journey. I had with me for companions, my Secretary or amanuensis, or whatever else you may like to call him—Richard by name—not much of a *Cœur de lion*, though he *had* a heart, and that is saying a

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good deal; and besides him, a belted knight of the orange badge, a very useful sort of a body guard, and a trumpeter of my importance in officialdom. We set out in the cool of the morning and after passing the limits of Ooty civilization, encountered nothing on the way but aridity and heard nothing but the wailing of the winds. Stay, I think, we did encounter something, and that was in the shape of three human beings sons of the soil of Todaland, basking in the sunshine, as though they were denizens of the forest. They were there in all their naked glory reclining against a mound on a barren hillock; and they did not pant or faint under the influence of the hot rays of the sun, but appeared to be as cool as cucumbers. These were the only signs of life about us till we reached Pykara, where we halted for a while for luncheon. We might have gone to the Bungalow and received a right royal welcome there; but we preferred to try the sun's power to scorch us outside, and had to beat a hasty retreat, not backwards though, but forwards, on to Neddivattam, where the shelter of a hospitable bungalow was accorded us. We slept there for the night, after a hasty survey of the place in the gloaming, and a meal which partook of the characteristics of a dinner and supper, inclining more to the latter. I took my Rosary out of my breast pocket, and began the joyful mysteries before I composed myself to sleep; but, must I confess it? I soon fell asleep before I got through the third decade. What a humiliation it was to my boasted devotion to the Rosary! Alas, such is human weakness, and such indeed was my punishment for perhaps neglecting to say my Rosary, as every Christian should, every day. Our Lady will help me, I hope, to be more devout to her Rosary in the future. Richard, my Secretary, or amanuensis, or whatever else you may call him, was up with the lark, perhaps a wee bit earlier; for he woke me from my peaceful reposeful slumbers at midnight, and had to go to bed again with a mild chiding from me. We left Neddivattam, to the music of the wind's wild sighing, at 5 in the morning; and as the sun burst on us, in regal pomp and splendour, bathing the softly undulating hills before us in a very wealth of molten glory, we could not help admiring the scene with thankful hearts, and prayerful. My Richard, indeed, descended from the car or vehicle that conveyed us, and preferred to foot it a couple of miles the better to enjoy the scene, and if the

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truth must be told, look out also for birds' nests. Alone in the car, or vehicle, or hencoop—anything you like to call it—I was soon wrapt in peaceful reverie, when suddenly I heard a voice close to my ear shouting out, *Sar, Sar.* It was the driver calling my attention to a beautiful pair of jungle fowls that had first cut across our path. The beautiful winged creatures were out of sight before I could say heigho! The vegetation between Neddivattum and Gudalur is different in kind from that nearer Ootacamund, and seemed to me to be more profuse. While the latter stood like oases in the desert, self-contained and compact, the former were scattered all along the way, making up by their profuseness what they wanted in beauty. We reached Gudalur in time for breakfast which I regret to say was not quite in keeping with the place, for it was cold meat amid broiling heat. Richard, my Secretary or Amanuensis, was soon on the look out for a pony to ride about the place in cavalier fashion, and I humoured him a bit, for had he not a heart? In the meantime, I set about my task, and completed it to my satisfaction and the satisfaction also, I hope, of all concerned; and then turned my thoughts in the same direction as my Secretary Richard's. We proposed a visit to the Church and the Parish Priest, good Fr. Gudin. But when we went there, we were disappointed to find that he was away at Neddivattam, having left the place just half an hour before. The Church was closed, and we could not fulfil our pious intentions—we retraced our steps, to rest awhile before we faced homewards.

AND THEN?

Our Parish Priest, the Rev. Father Biolley, began a series of Lenten instructions, on Sunday last. The subject the Preacher dealt with, as the first of the series, was "the price and value of the soul," and the great importance of salvation. He took for his text the words of the Gospel, "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" The greatness of man's soul was demonstrated first by a striking reference to God's dealings with it, especially in the various mysterious stages of the incarnation and death of our Redeemer; and then by directing attention to the efforts made by Satan to destroy it, and carry it with him into perdition. Reference was, in this connection, made to the Gospel of the day, which

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relates how Christ permitted the devil to tempt him, after His holy fast of forty days and forty nights; and it was shown how the tempter attached immense value to the soul, by offering all the riches of the world and all its greatness, as the price of its abandoning the worship of the true God, and offering him the homage of adoration instead. In the course of this instruction, the Reverend Preacher referred to the well known story of the young man whose bright dreams of a prosperous fortune-making life were met by a wise friend with the words which head this note. It is perhaps not as generally known that the young man became a Priest, and that his wise adviser was St. Philip Neri, the Founder of the Oratorians. Well indeed may the worldling, whose thoughts are engrossed in the world and its pleasures —ask himself. "And then?" What is to be the end of all this worldly enjoyment, and worldly greatness? The grave will some day cover it all, and then? Ah! and then, perhaps there will be nothing but wailing and gnashing of teeth, to use language "understanded of by the people," in the great hereafter. It would be well for us, as the good Preacher advised his hearers in the instruction I am referring to, to pause in our daily pilgrimage on to eternity, and occasionally ask ourselves if the affair of salvation receives from us the attention it merits.

SALVATION.

The second Lenten instruction by our Parish Priest, Rev. Father Biolley, was on the diligence and care needed in working out our Salvation. He took for his text the words of the Gospel—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice;" and in a most eloquent and impressive sermon showed how necessary it was that "the Kingdom of God" should be placed above all other considerations, and how assiduously and diligently we should seek it. Refuting with masterly skill the sophistries of the wicked and the indifferent who presume on God's mercy, and live a life of luxury and ease, he quoted the golden words of St. Augustine—God who created us without our co-operation will not justify us without our co-operation. And furthermore various texts of Holy scripture were quoted to prove that Salvation is not the easy affair which some suppose it to be, but that it needs the greatest possible diligence and care. For, the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence. What a

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commentary on the belief of our Salvationist friends, who have but to be carried away by the impulse, often deceptive, of a moment, and are straightway saved! Then to encourage the weak and pusillanimous, the eloquent preacher placed before their mental vision the noble army of virgins and confessors and martyrs, and pointed out in a most impressive peroration how they had to battle with the same infirmities as the rest of the human race, and had won the rich reward of their diligence in the affair of their Salvation. Their example, he concluded, must strengthen us, in our daily combats with the enemies of our soul, and move us onward to a life of perfection.

OUR LIFE, A WARFARE.

"Heaven is worthy of the combat," said the preacher of the third of our Lenten discourses, the Rev. Father Guerpillon, who took for his text the words of Scripture and expatiated on the dangers we have to encounter in the great work of our salvation. It was meet indeed that after having been shown the necessity of Salvation and the means whereby we might secure it, we should be warned of the dangers from within and from without by which we were surrounded. In his earnest discourse, the Reverend preacher pointed out the enemies of our salvation—the world, the flesh and the devil,—and showed how each in its own way was endeavoring to wreck our souls, and undermine the spiritual fabric raised therein. He exhorted his hearers, in the words of the Divine Master, to "watch and pray" that they might not enter into temptation. In a beautifully appropriate application of the words of the Psalmist—"Unless the Lord builds up the house, they labor in vain who build it," he showed how necessary it was that this earnest watching over ourselves and our passions should be accompanied by prayer. "Watch and pray." And then, rising to the appropriateness of the occasion, the preacher set before his hearers the necessity of mortification to combat the enemies of our salvation. "Heaven indeed is worthy of this and bolder combats," said he! and his words had a ring of earnestness about it, which must have entered deep into the hearts of those who attentively listened to his discourse.

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PRAYER.

Last Sunday's discourse was devoted by our Parish Priest to prayer, and right well did he handle the subject. Father Biolley took for his text the words of our Divine Lord at the last Supper: "Amen, amen, I say to you—whatever you shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it to you." The necessity of prayer for salvation was the point insisted upon. Grace, said the preacher, was admittedly necessary for salvation, and according to the Divine dispensation, no grace could be obtained without prayer. As a plant without water would wither and die, as a building unsupported by a foundation would totter, as our bodies without air would perish, so would a soul without prayer languish and die. St. Alphonsus, the great Doctor of prayer, insists, indeed, that prayer is as necessary for a grown up person, as Baptism is for an infant. What a warning to those who are unaccustomed to prayer! Many, indeed, rattle off a few words morning and evening, as an apology for prayer. But do they really pray? "They have honored me with their lips," says our Divine Master, "but their heart is far away from Me." Others again say their morning and evening prayers, perhaps with some degree of devotion, but in the long interval between, not a thought of God enters their hearts. Do these really pray? The command laid on faithful souls is to pray *always*. It is not necessary, said the preacher, that we should be on our knees all day long to fulfil this divine command. We should obey it if we but raise our hearts to God from time to time during the day, with pious ejaculations. We shall pray *always*, if we let our hearts be permeated with the spirit of prayer. Alas! how few there are who are penetrated with this spirit. Take for instance the simplest and shortest introduction to prayer—the sign of the cross. What irreverence, what levity is displayed by many in blessing themselves! It is not unusual to find young men, who make a careful study of the mere outward form of politeness, to raise themselves in the estimation of worldlings, it is not unusual, I say, to find such admirers of the world, and its ways, sign themselves as if they were brushing off something that had settled on their nose. Can such as these ever entertain the spirit of prayer with that ardour which is needed in the interests

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of their salvation? Certainly not. They will do well to remember what was so eloquently insisted upon in the Lenten discourse I am referring to,—that there was no salvation without grace, and no grace without prayer.

THE SECOND PLANK AFTER SHIPWRECK.

Last Sunday, our Parish Priest, the Rev. Father Biolley, discoursed on the Sacrament of Penance with special reference to confession. Taking for his text the solemn words of our Divine Lord to His Apostles: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins so ever ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them," the Reverend preacher in his usual forcible and impressive style, pointed out the precious advantages derivable from a worthy confession of one's sins. Original sin, said the preacher, was washed away in the regenerating laver of Baptism, and a baptized infant was truly a child of God. But, as he advanced in age, confirmed though he might have been in his filial relationship to his Almighty Father, it often happened that the baptismal robe of innocence and purity was soiled, and his heart, once the sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, became a den of iniquity. Was he then to despair of ever finding admission into the celestial kingdom? Were the gates of Heaven to remain ever closed against him? No, there was a second plank by means of which he could cross the gulf that separated him from his Heavenly Father. He was shipwrecked indeed, and floundering in the ocean of iniquity, but this second plank would save him. And indeed it was the only means whereby he could be saved. This merciful aid offered by a merciful God, to save the sinner was the Sacrament of Penance, or an humble confession of one's sins, with the necessary dispositions. Confession was no less necessary to the sinner than to those who were in a state of grace; for it is to us an admirable means of crushing human pride, of gaining that desirable self-knowledge which was so necessary for a soul to advance in perfection, and of obtaining that pure tranquillity which was balm to the soul. All these graces were poured on the soul in the tribunal of penance. Pride was there crushed, for the confession of one's sins implied the humbling of one's self at the feet of the minister of God; and indeed it was a most desirable humiliation to a nature prone to self-sufficiency. Again, self-knowledge was there obtained, in

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a measure adequate with the penitent's wants, for besides the examination of conscience, there was the priestly advice which with God's help would enable him to know himself. Yet more, what was it that the soul experienced when the words of absolution were prounced by him, who in the name of Christ had the power to forgive sins? In the words of Cardinal Newman: "Oh! what a soothing charm is there which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh, what piercing heart-subduing tranquillity, provoking tears of joy is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul—the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it—when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is confession as it is in fact, as those bear witness to it who know it by experience." Father Biolley appealed likewise to the experience of his hearers, and who amongst the number was there, that would not bear willing testimony to the salutary efficacy of a good confession? In conclusion, the preacher reminded his hearers, that this power of forgiving sins was to be found only in the Catholic Church. For, Our Divine Lord's words were addressed to the Apostles and as their successors were met with only in the Catholic Church, that Church only possessed the power thus mercifully granted by the Divine Omnipotence. How thankful indeed must we, children of the Catholic Church, be, for so inestimable a boon!

BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH!

Taking these words of the Gospel of the day as his text, the Rev. Father Biolley delivered another of his instructive discourses last Sunday. He applied these words to the invitation of the Church to her faithful children, to receive our dearest Lord in holy Communion. These were days, he said, when we were all preparing for the coming of our Lord into our hearts, as the Jewish multitude prepared for His entry into Jerusalem by manifestations of unusual splendour. Like them, we ought to be filled with a lively faith if we desire that He should enter our hearts, and pour therein all the riches of His Sacred Heart. In discoursing on this part of his subject, the Reverend preacher placed vividly before his hearers, what faith teaches us with regard to the sublime mystery of the Holy Eucharist. The fulness of Christ's Divinity as well as all

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the perfections of His Sacred Humanity were, he said, poured into our souls by Holy Communion. Enraptured at the thought, St. Jerome, is said to have exclaimed :—"Oh! my God, where am I? Earth does not contain anything more precious than Heaven, and I have Heaven itself within my breast," or words to the like effect, which showed how the Saints were overawed by the infinite majesty of the Blessed Sacrament. But it was not enough to be penetrated with a lively Faith when approaching the Holy Table : we ought moreover to have perfect purity, —as far, of course, as in us lies—, purity of conscience, of will, of intention, and of affection. The preacher expatiated on each of these separately, and showed how necessary it was that we should purify our hearts by a humble confession of our sins. This purity did not consist only in being free from the taint of mortal sin, but even venial sins, which stood like clouds before the soul and dimmed its beauty, should be wiped away by a perfect act of contrition. Then as to purity of will, we had the example of our own dear Mother, who conformed her will to the will of God in all things, and especially when the Angel announced to her that she was to be the Mother of God. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word." This should be the spirit of every Christian who desires to entertain His Lord in his heart, and to receive from Him an abundance of graces. We should moreover have some holy intention whenever we approach the Holy Table. The perfection of all our actions depended upon our intentions; and the simplest action we perform will be acceptable to God if accompanied by a good intention. This was all the more necessary in Holy Communion. And then again, it was necessary that our affections should be wholly given to God. If there was the slightest love of the world lurking in our hearts, our Communion would not be productive of the fruits which we expect from it. This is, alas! but too true. We see many approach the Holy Table perhaps as regularly as the precepts of the Church desire, and yet how little fruit do they derive! Why so? Because they communicate merely from habit, and the love of the world is not rooted out from their hearts. Father Biolley appealed to his congregation to avoid approaching the Sacred Banquet from other than the motives indicated by him. It is not indeed possible for us to be perfectly pure here below; but with

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the help of God, we can do much. It was necessary therefore that we should implore His help and the help of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph and all the Saints to fit up the sanctuary of our hearts for the abode of the King who comes to us with the treasures of His graces open to enrich us. Thus, with all the earnestness of a Father anxious for the spiritual welfare of his children, did the Reverend Father Biolley conclude the last of his Lenten discourses to his congregation.

1890.

HOLY WEEK IN OOTY.

Let me tell my readers how we spent Holy Week here. As usual, we owe much to His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic, and his indefatigable Secretary, for without their presence, our devotions would have been shorn of much of their solemnity. This year, moreover, we had the Reverend Secretary of His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore with us, and he obligingly assisted at most of the functions. Our own dear Parish Priest, the Rev. Father Biolley, and his assistant, Rev. Father Guerpillon, with the Convent Chaplain, were full of the unction of the Lord's anointed on the occasion. On Maundy Thursday, High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Montagnini, and at its close, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession to the Altar of Repose, which was tastefully decorated by some of the Ladies of the Altar Society. Devout adorers could be seen before the Most Holy, all through the day and night. The Tenebræ office was sung in the evening with great effect. Most of the Congregation could not perhaps follow the Psalms and Lessons chanted on the occasion, but it was of course not necessary that they should, for the chanting of the office was the special duty of the Clergy. It was enough for the people to be penetrated with the spirit of the Church's devotion in the matter. His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic was present in the Sanctuary on the morning of Good Friday. The Passion was sung by the Reverend Father D'Souza, Secretary to the Bishop of Mylapore. He has a rich, sonorous voice, and the style of his singing was very impressive. The unveiling and the adoration of the cross were highly affecting. The Tene-

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brae office was sung again on the evening of Good Friday. The Mass on Holy Saturday was celebrated by Rev. Father D'Souza. The sudden unveiling of the High Altar and the prolonged pealing of the Bells, with the joyous Alleluias towards the end of the Holy Sacrifice, foreshadowed the joys of Easter morning. On that happy day, the Church bore a festive appearance which gladdened the hearts of the Congregation. High Mass was sung by the Rev, Father Biolley, assisted by the Rev. Father Terrat as Deacon, and the Rev. Father Guerpillon as Sub deacon. His Excellency was present, with his Secretary, Mgr. Montagnini, and the Rev. Fr. D'Souza. The singing was excellent, and reflected great crdit on Mr. Nicholas. A plenary indulgence was granted by His Excellency, in the name of the Supreme Pontiff, at the end of Mass. In the evening, after Vespers were sung, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency, assisted by Mgr. Montagnini and the Rev. Father D'Souza. It seemed as if on this occasion, our choir was determined to distinguish itself, and so indeed it did. The *Tantum Ergo* was simply magnificent, and the piece sung at the end, in English, was beautifully appropriate to the occasion—the dying christian manifesting his joy that death had no longer any sting for him. "Oh! death, where is thy sting, oh! grave, where is thy victory?" Where, indeed; since, dying, the Lord of life has conquered death.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.

An interesting ceremony took place at the local Convent of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, on the Feast of St. Joseph. Two Novices, Miss Armstrong and Miss Goodsir, received the veil that day at the hands of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic. It was an impressive spectacle, especially when the two young ladies, escorted by the Reverend Mother Superioress and an Assistant, left the chapel in their bridal robes, and returned vested in the religious habit.

His Excellency was assisted by his Secretary Mgr. Montagnini, and the Rev. Father Terrat, the Convent Chaplain. Before the actual ceremony of reception commenced, the Rev. Father Biolley delivered a short but appropriate address to the two brides-elect of the Lord. He showed them how pleasing it was to Him, who said that he would reward a hundred fold those who forsook father

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and mother and everything to them dear for His sake, that they should renounce all things and follow Him in His Virgin footsteps. He pointed out to them their high privilege but at the same time warned them that they would be beset with danger and temptation quite as much in the convent life as outside. The convent, he urged with a deal of impressiveness, was not holier than the celestial Paradise, yet there numberless angels fell from their high estate lured to destruction by the spirit of pride; the convent was not holier than the terrestrial paradise, where our first parents enjoyed the serenity of innocence, yet there the serpent entered with his wiles, and with him, sin; the Convent was not holier than the apostolic college graced as it was with the bodily presence of the Saviour, yet even there, a traitor was found unfaithful to himself and to his holy surroundings. The Reverend preacher admonished his "dear sisters" to be always faithful to the beloved whom they had chosen as their Spouse, and to place themselves under the protection of Mary and Joseph. With Mary and Joseph as their protectors, and humility and obedience as their guides, he said, they would be Spouses of Christ in very deed.

DEPARTURE.

The Reverend Father Guerpillon, Assistant Priest of the local Parish, left Ooty on the 21st instant, to other pastures. During the two years he has been in our midst, he has endeared himself to all hearts—so much so that every one in the Parish has felt the need of possessing a memento of the good Priest, and secured it through his own kindness in consenting to have his photo taken. Father Guerpillon will especially be remembered with gratitude by those, whom his sacerdotal zeal helped to draw into the true fold. For myself, I consider it a privilege to be able to chronicle of him, that a more genial, tender-hearted and sympathetic Priest, I have never yet come across. In his parting sermon to the native congregation, of whom he had special charge, he said he would always remember them in his prayers, and begged their prayers for him in return. Who would deny so good a Priest and Father a favor solicited with such characteristic humility? Father Guerpillon, carries with him our best wishes, wherever he may be. It is said he goes to a parish named after a Priest, who was instrumental in con-

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verting it from Paganism—Sowriarpollium, as it is called. The work he has done here justifies our anticipation that he will perpetuate his own memory there, by drawing many souls from the errors of Paganism into the light of truth. If I may, in conclusion, venture the expression of a hope, it is that Father Guerpillon, will some day come back to us with fresh vigour and health, to utilize both for the glory of God and the good of souls.

AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY.

Here is a poetic effusion for my poetry-loving readers. It is possible the poetry I take the liberty of presenting to my readers, may not be up to the mark in the warmth of its poetic colouring. I must explain also that the lines have been versified by me, from a few sentences written in Italian on the fly-leaf of a book owned by a member of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome, with whom I have the honor and the high privilege of being acquainted—a privilege of which I deem myself wholly unworthy. It is impossible, or at all events very difficult, to attempt in English the charming brevity of the Italian tongue, much less the grace of its poetic diction. I have, however, endeavored to clothe the sentiments expressed in the best style at my command. And I trust the lines will interest my readers, and even prove instructive to them. Here then is what, for want of a better name, I have taken the liberty of styling

THE ACADEMICIAN'S MOTTO.

Hard though the task in long research involved,
  Upon a happy issue be resolved;
In documents be clear, and aye precise;
  Let exposition run in order wise,
And form polite, elucidation wear,
  Then censure or reproach you need not bear;
And let your language always be refined,
  And gently cloth'd, th' expression of your mind:
Thus always work, and happy you will be
  To find your labors crowned successfully.

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THE PONTIFICAL ACADEMY OF NOBLE ECCLESIASTICS.

I must now introduce the book itself to the notice of my readers, and I am enabled to do so through the courtesy of the noble Academician aforesaid. It is called "Historical Memories of the Pontifical Academy," and the author, who is at present a member of the Academy, is Monsignor Ferdinand Procaccini, Count of Montescaglioso, to whose gifted pen the Catholic world is indebted for several erudite Historical and Literary works. It may interest my readers to know something about this Academy of noble Ecclesiastics in Rome, two of the members of which celebrated Institution are well-known to us here in India—viz., the learned Mgr. Ladislaus Zaleski, at one time Secretary to His Excellency the Right Rev. Mgr. Agliardi, who was sent out to India as Papal Delegate to institute the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in these parts, and the Very Rev. Mgr. C. Montagnini, the present amiable and highly esteemed Secretary to the Papal Delegation so wisely and ably presided over by His Excellency the Right Rev. Mgr. Aiuti. This celebrated Academy, it was at one time asserted, owed its origin to a casual meeting of three noble ecclesiastics, who resolved to reside together to pursue their studies with greater quiet than was offered them by the great city with its bustle and confusion and attendant dangers. Sprung into being thus by chance, the Academy is said to have gradually risen in estimation, and proved to be an institution ordained to promote the glory of God and the welfare of His Church. But it would appear also from authentic documents, and from the researches made by the learned author of the "Historical Memories",—to which admirable work I am indebted for the information contained in this article,—that the original inspirer of this idea was the Blessed Sebastian Valfre, the Apostle of Turin, who lived in the 17th Century. This holy man manifested the desire to see an Academy founded in Rome, wherein noble ecclesiastics might meet to attend to their studies, and advance in piety. And he made his desire known to Cardinal Colloredi of the Oratory, who had the reputation of being a wise and zealous Prince of the Church, and was moreover a devoted friend of the Apostle of Turin. The idea was readily taken up, and under the protection of Cardinal Imperiale, and the presidency of Mgr. Sibilla,

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afterwards Bishop of S. Marco in Calabria, the institution was fairly started in 1701. After Mgr. Sibilla was promoted to the Episcopal dignity, the direction of the Academy was given to the Sons of St. Vincent de Paul, and the first of these amiable Directors was Pier Francesso Giordani. Between the years 1701 and 1724, the number of Academicians rose to two hundred. As their number increased, it was found necessary to locate them in a larger House, and the Palace of Gottifiedi was selected for the purpose in 1706. Afterwards the Academical habitation was transferred to the Palace Severoli, in the Piazza della Minerva near the Pantheon, where it now stands. The Sons of St. Vincent de Paul continued to direct the Institution up to 1739. During this first period of the life of the Academy, it had the honor of educating for the Church at least one Pope—Clement XIII—and nine Cardinals, besides fifteen Archbishops and Bishops. This was as it should be; for the institution was specially designed for ecclesiastics of noble parentage who would be required to hold administrative and diplomatic offices in the Church. Its rules, first published in 1701 were framed after the model and in accord with the spirit of the Oratory founded by St. Philip Neri. Clement XIII., (1755-1769)—proved his gratitude for the training he received at the Academy for nearly two years, by showering on it all possible benevolence and kindness. This Pontiff moreover fixed the method of administration, in regard to this important institution. But, as the remedies adopted for improving it, proved abortive for a time, the the Academy was closed in 1764, and continued so during the Pontificate of Clement XIV. It was not reopened till 1775, that is, till the beginning of the Pontificate of Pius VI., who did much to remodel the discipline of the Academy. We have now reached the 2nd period of the life of this institution, which, after undergoing many vicissitudes, was firmly established once more through the generous instrumentality of this noble Pontiff—whose name is written in history in characters of gold,—and who granted to the Academy the possession of the goods of the abolished Order of St. Antony of Vienna, as also an extensive Library, which still exists—not to mention various other privileges. Indeed, the Academy has always recognized the Supreme Pontiff as its Patron. He governs and guides it through its own immediate Directors, and therefore, the cause of the Holy See has always been the guiding principle of the Academy.

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One of the most celebrated of the Presidents of the Academy was Padre Paol Antonio Paoli, appointed to the office in 1775. This holy religious not only performed the duties of his position with incomparable zeal, but also infused into the traditions of the Academy his spirit of piety, his love of the Church, and his fervour in defending the rights of the Apostolic See. He died in Rome in 1798, before his paternal heart was wounded by the fury of the Revolutionists, which obliged the alumni of the Ecclesiastical Academy to be separated for many years. The wave of the French Revolution had found its way into Rome, and its fury was felt by many religious institutions notably among them the Academy of noble Ecclesiastics; who, as we have said, were constrained to leave their beloved Alma Mater for a time. Indeed, for well-nigh 5 years from 1798, it was found impossible for them to reunite themselves. In 1803, however, the Academy was restored somewhat to its original status, under the patronage of Cardinal Braschi, nephew of Pope Pius VI, and himself an Academician; and under the presidency of Mgr. Vincenzo Brenciaglia. During this period of the life of the Academy, another Pontiff—Leo XII—passed through its portals to the supreme seat of Chief Pastor of the Church. Other Eminent Princes of the Church who passed through the Academy on the eve of the French Revolution were Cardinals Consalvi and Pacca, the former created Cardinal in 1800, and the latter in 1809. Cardinal Consalvi is regarded as one of the principal actors in the History of the Church during the Pontificate of Pius VII. He was Pontifical Secretary of State from 1800 to 1806. Cardinal Pacca was Pro-Secretary of State first in 1808 and again in 1814. He was also Cardinal Protector of the Academy from 1820 to 1844. It was when this celebrated Cardinal was Protector of the Academy, and Monsignor Sinibaldi, Archbishop of Damiata, President, that Pope Gregory XVI, deigned to visit the noble Academicians in their Villa at Tivoli. The third period of the life of the Academy may be said to date from 1803 to 1847. And it was no less brilliant than the preceding years, in the services rendered by the Society to the Church. This period, too, in the annals of the Pontifical Academy is resplendent with the lustre shed on it by the great Pontiff Leo XIII, now happily reigning, who was an inmate of the Academy from 1832 to 1837. About the year 1847, Pius IX of glorious memory appointed a Commission

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of Cardinals to revise the Rules of the Academy with the object of more closely adapting them to the requirements of the age. The first who availed himself of the advantages of the new reform was Mgr. Monaco La Valetta, who was created Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. in 1868, and whom the present reigning Pontiff nominated Grand Penitentiary and Arch-Priest of the Lateran Basilica. This eminent and venerable Prince of the Church is now the protector of the Academy, having been nominated in 1884. When the Illustrious Leo XIII. ascended the Pontifical Throne, mindful of the happy years he spent in the Academy, His Holiness deigned to bestow on the institution special marks of his favour, and caused a "programme of the Pontifical Academy of noble Ecclesiastics" to be published with his own special commendation. The present President of the Academy is Mgr. Francesco Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto. This learned Prelate, who is also a Professor and member of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, is the author of several Theological and Philosophical works, justly esteemed for their erudition. While governing the Academy firmly and wisely, he is known to set an admirable example, likewise, of indefatigable activity. This is but a meagre outline of an Institution which counts among its alumni, past and present, three Pontiffs, sixty-nine Cardinals, seventy-three Archbishops and Bishops, and about two thousand noble academicians, in the space of about two centuries. The services rendered to the Church by this useful seat of learning, have been vast and varied. In fact, as its name implies, and the history of its existence for two centuries confirms, the Academy is directly in the service of the Apostolic See, and shares in all its triumphs and sufferings. These eminent academicians who have, by their superior attainments and their virtues, graced the positions of trust filled by them are decidedly bright stars in the firmament of the Church, illumining the thorny paths that beset her children on all sides through the ages ever flowing onwards into Eternity.

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FEAST OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Our Lady of Lourdes! What a picture the words raise up before the eye of the mind! The time, the place, the manner are all vividly brought before it! all the faculties of the soul conspire to do justice to the glorious appellation! It was an apparition, no doubt; but none the less a reality. The infidel scoffs at it, the heretic laughs it to scorn, the sceptic derides it; but who cares for their scoff and scorn? The believing world, unhampered by the prejudices born of error, and free, with the majestic freedom of truth, looks up to the heavenly apparition with the eye of faith, and through the passing years feasts on the lovely sight with ever-growing avidity. Thirty years and more have rolled away since the Virgin-mother deigned to announce to a sceptical generation through the medium of a little child; strong only in Faith and Love, that She was Immaculate in the conception. The church had just defined the dogma, the seal of the Fisherman had imparted to it the infallibility of Truth, and though it needed not a Heaven-revealed demonstration, yet to console the hearts of the cross-burdened Head and the suffering members of the Church, the Virgin mother Herself vouchsafed to embody the truth of the sacred dogma in Her own person, and stood revealed in the Grotto of Lourdes, as the Immaculate Conception! "I am the Immaculate conception," said She to Bernadette the village maiden, who scarcely understood Her. She, the Virgin mother did not say—"I am Mary Immaculate,"—or words to the like effect, which might have been easily understood; but rather mysteriously—"I am the Immaculate Conception." How unnatural the words appear to the short-sighted wisdom of unbelief! Yet they are fraught with the deepest significance. "Behold," says the Mother of God in effect, "behold the dogma of the Immaculate conception revealed in me." What more solid proof can we want of the truth of this dogma than this heavenly approval? But is it true? Is the evidence on which the apparition is founded sufficient to force conviction into the brain of a Huxley or a Spencer or an Ingersoll? They must be men without brains indeed who will not accept the proffered evidence as to the truth and reality of the apparition. It is said that

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it is hard to drive a joke into a Scotchman's head ; it is harder still, I trow, to force conviction into the minds of those who have not the wish to believe. But we will leave the sceptic alone, and find our way among a throng of believers who crowd into the Parish church of Ootacamund on the morning of Sunday the 4th May—the first Sunday of the Month, which a pious custom has dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. May, is truly a glorious month, shadowing forth the never failing glory of Mary ; and this particular May day is radiant with the splendour of an unclouded sun. We enter the Church, and find the scene of thirty years and more ago faithfully represented over a side altar. There is the Virgin-Mother robed in purest white, with a girdle of lovely blue fluttering in the breeze, exactly as She appeared to Bernadette, with a Rosary in her hand ; there is the wondering form of the village maid, kneeling in subdued awe, with eyes upraised to behold the lovely Vision before her, and hands clasped together in a very profundity of devotion ; there is the Grotto with overhanging rocks, to-day garlanded with the rarest flowers and foliage, and beautified by willing hands. We kneel before the shrine with the simple faith of the little shepherdess, and offer a nosegay of *Aves* to our dear Mother. But lo! the silence is broken, the bells peal forth the merriest chimes, and a procession of Bishop and Priests enters to celebrate the Feast of the Mother, by a Sacrificial remembrance of the Son. The familiar form of His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic is missing, for His Excellency has unfortunately been ailing for the last few days. His place, however, is filled by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Lavigne, Vicar Apostolic of Cottayam. The Bishop is accompanied by Mgr. Montagnini, the estimable Secretary to the Papal Delegation, and by the Rev. Father Ricard, his own Secretary. Within the Sanctuary, we notice our dear Parish Priest, the Rev. Father Biolley, as Assistant at the Episcopal throne, besides the Rev. Fathers Gudin of Gudalur and Robin of Wellington ; and the Rev. Father Le Bonzec, Assistant Parish Priest of Ooty acts as Master of Ceremonies. The celebrant is Mgr. Montagnini, and he is assisted by the Rev. Father Ricard as Deacon, and the Rev. Father Terrat as Sub-deacon. Strains of lovely music fill the air as the Holy Srcrifice commences, and continue to the end, repeated at intervals, with unabated freshness. The *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, the *Credo*, the *Sanctus*, the *Agnus Dei*, the "*O*

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Gloriosa Virginum"—all have a peculiar charm to-day, and the singers feel it and exert their best to make the singing effective. Our lady vocalists are at their best to-day, and the voices of the men blend in harmony with theirs. At the solemn moment of Communion, the Bishop rises, and with his own hands distributes the Bread of Life to the happy ones admitted to the Sacred Banquet. At the close of the Holy Sacrifice, the Rev. Father Gudin ascends the Pulpit, and appropriately discourses on the subject of the day to an attentively listening congregation of natives in their vernacular. Then we once more approach the Shrine of our dear Mother, and offer an *Ave* at her feet. Back to a doubting world again, but filled with the fragrance of the incense of prayer, we look forward to the evening procession with joyous hearts. * * * The procession of our Lady of Lourdes, was the crowning event of the Feast. Crowds filled the Church long before the appointed hour, and the Band of the Nilgiri Volunteers was in attendance on the occasion. The Procession left the Parish Church at 4-30 P. M., and wended its way towards the Convent Chapel. His Lordship, the Vicar Apostolic of Cottayam, joined in it, and all the Priests who assisted at the morning Sacrifice were present, the Convent girls dressed in white and blue—Our Lady's own livery—marched in front of the Statue of Our Lady which was borne on the shoulders of four of the parishioners. The road, all along, was decorated with festoons of flowers, and banners innumerable waved high in the air. On reaching the Convent Chapel, the Rev. Father Gudin gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to a devout throng of worshippers kneeling both inside and to a great distance outside the Convent Chapel. Then the procession re-formed and marched back in the same order as before to the Parish Church, where Benediction was again given—this time by Mgr. Montagnini, the celebrant of the morning service. The singing both at the Convent and in the Church was admirable, and the English hymn to Our Lady of Lourdes, sung with great fervour by our Choir, brought the festivities of the day to a close. Some even among our own brethren may object to the manner in which this feast is here celebrated with a procession *beyond* the doors of the Church. It is enough, however, for good Catholics to know that the principle of a processional devotion has been sanctioned by God Himself, who gave express orders to the Israelites to go in procession round

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Jericho, carrying the Ark of the Covenant, as we read in Josue Ch. v. verse 34, for the rest, it is a matter depending upon circumstances, whether a Catholic procession should go beyond a certain limit or not. If we could, we would gladly show our devotion to the Mother of God, by carrying her image round about the town; but circumstances forbid it. Within our own precincts, however, no man dare raise the finger of scorn at us. Heretic or Infidel, Jew or Moslem, may, in the depths of his ignorance, laugh at our simplicity; but he dare not make an unseemly demonstration of his imbecility. Why then should we abandon a Divinely sanctioned mode of devotion, to avoid the impotent derision of an unthinking few? If our Blessed Lord and Master had not taught us to trample such squeamishness under foot, by His own example, we might have adopted the line of argument that would limit processions to within closed doors.

15TH JUNE 1890.

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. J. BARTHE, S. J., BISHOP OF TRICHINOPOLY.

It was on the 11th December 1887, that the local Catholic Church witnessed a scene of unusual splendour, for Ootacamund, in the consecration of His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Medlycott, Titular Bishop of Tricomia, and Vicar Apostolic of Trichoor. It was unusual, because, as I then remarked, "no Consecration was ever witnessed here before" for the past half a century, which may be reckoned as the historic period of Catholicity in these parts. Not more than two years and a half have elapsed since then, and once again, on the 15th June 1890, we were called to witness the clothing of another distinguished prelate with the mantle of Episcopal dignity. The scene was even more solemn and picturesque than before; and it will long remain impressed in the minds and hearts of all those who had the happiness of witnessing it, whether Catholics or non-Catholics. Indeed, the latter mustered pretty strong on the occasion, His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram being conspicuous among the rest. His

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Highness showed himself a model worthy of imitation. High in station, and exalted in dignity, he did not scruple to bend the knee, and show all possible outward respect to the holy place and its sacred surroundings. His Excellency the Governor, and I believe the members of Council, were invited, but they could not accept the invite, owing perhaps to the inconvenience of the hour fixed. It was precisely at 8 A. M., that the bells pealed forth their merriest, to announce the arrival of His Excellency the Papal Delegate and the Assistant Bishops to take part in the ceremony. Soon, a grand procession of Bishops and Priests was seen entering the Church, while the Band of the Volunteers struck up a tuneful march, the echo of which was taken up by the Harmonium at which our excellent Choir-Director presided; and thus, to the stirring notes of the *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, His Excellency, with attendant Prelates and Priests entered the Sanctuary. The decorations within were perfect. Lights and flowers and all that tasteful ingenuity could devise were there in profusion. Nothing was wanting to render the place and the occasion attractive. After being duly vested, the Bishops took their respective seats, and the interesting ceremony commenced. It is not necessary for me to give all the details of the Catholic rite of Episcopal Consecration. Suffice it for me to repeat what I remarked on the last occasion of a similar consecration, that all the functions were appropriate, symmetrical, and beautifully dove-tailed, as it were, so as to form one instructive whole. His Excellency, Mgr. Aiuti, Papal Delegate, was of course the Consecrating Bishop. His presence amongst us throws a halo of splendour over the humble environments of Catholicity in these parts. His Excellency looked remarkably well, and performed the functions, if I may make bold to say so, with admirable earnestneess, dignity and grace. His Secretary, the amiable Mgr. Montagnini, was general Master of Ceremonies, and Special Master of Ceremonies to the Consecrating Prelate, and of him it may be said, that he was literally everywhere. The excellent order and harmony that prevailed in the Sanctuary was in great measure due to the perfect knowledge that Monsignor Montagnini brought to bear on the ceremonies throughout, as also to the general activity he so characteristically displayed on the occasion. He had an eye on everything and every body. The Consecrating Prelate was assisted by our own esteemed Bishop, Dr. Bardou,

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as senior Assistant and Dr. Lavigne and Dr. DaSilva as junior Assistants. Our good Bishop looked a bit older, but quite as hale and hearty as ever. He had for chaplain on the occasion, the Rev. Father Foubert of Wellington. The Bishop of Mylapore was assisted by the Rev. Father McCormick, and the Vicar Apostolic of Kottayam—who was of the same order as the Bishop elect—by Rev. Father Gudin of Gudalur. His Secretary, the Rev. Father Ricard, S. J., was special Master of Ceremonies to His Lordship Dr. Barthe, the Bishop-elect, while the Rev. Father Sewell acted as his chaplain. Rev. Father LeBonzec acted as Master of the functional ceremonies. High Mass was sung by His Excellency Mgr. Aiuti, who was assisted by the Rev. Father Barbier, S. J., and by our Parish Priest, Rev. Father Biolley, and the Convent Chaplain, Rev. Father Terrat, as Deacon, and Sub-deacon, respectively. The singing throughout was effective; and our choir, whose strength was temporarily enhanced through the kindness of some well-known vocalists in Ootacamund, deserves very great credit. Mr. Nicholas once more proved his ability to direct a choir, if proof were needed. The exquisite blending of the Consecration ceremony, with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass must no doubt have struck the observant, as it did me, as peculiarly touching and appropriate. The gradual drawing on of the Bishop elect to the side of the Consecrating Bishop, till at last, both partake of the same chalice, and the former is enthroned in the seat vacated by the latter, appeared to me to be a silent but instructive sermon. One might almost say that the entire ceremony was a sermon from beginning to end. To the outsider, everything may have appeared too highly flavoured with ritualism, and perhaps unmeaning, but it was not so. Everything that was conducted by the "lowly ministry" of God's ministers, "had its completion" in the effectual power of Christ, as was sung after the Collect of the day. The very dignity of a Bishop would be nothing if it were not derived from Him, who is "the crown of all dignities." Whatever attracted the senses had a direct spiritual signification, and led from the senses to the spirit. Take first the glittering robes of the ministers at the altar: Why, asks the sceptic or the infidel, why all this outward splendour? Listen to the prayer of the consecrating Prelate, on the occasion of the ceremony I am here alluding to:—"Upon this Thy servant, we beseech thee, O Lord, abundantly to bestow

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grace that *whatsoever those typical dresses represented* by their glare of gold, by their sparkling of precious stones, and by their foil of embroidery, *may beam forth in his morals and his deeds.* Fulfil in the Priest the ultimate truth of thy ministry, and *having fully arrayed him in the ornaments of all glorification,* sanctify him with the celestial dew of Chrism." Does the sceptic non-catholic now perceive the full meaning of the glittering sheen on sacerdotal robes? Take again, the anointing of the head and hands with chrism. Why is this done? Listen again to the prayers used: "May this, O Lord, rain abundantly upon his head * * * *that the power of thy Spirit may replenish him interiorly, and mantle him all around.* Let there abound in him the constancy of faith, the purity of charity, the sincerity of peace." All other graces and virtues needful for the order of High Priest or Bishop are then invoked on his behalf—, the whole concluding with the prayer:—"Be thou for him authority, be thou power, be thou immoveable strength," to enable him to rule the Church and the flock especially entrusted to him. Once more, the Pastoral Staff is given to the elect, that he may "in the correction of vice, temper punishment with mercy, and hold judgment without anger; that in cherishing virtue he may console the minds of his hearers, but in calmness of mind not surrender the severity of reproof." Is the symbolism apparent now to the minds of our non-Catholic friends? Further on, the Episcopal ring is put on the finger of the Bishop-elect, as a "pledge of affiance, to the end that he may guard without dishonor the Spouse of God, which is the Holy Catholic Church, bearing the ornament of unpolluted faith. The mitre is placed on his head as "a helmet of defence and salvation, to the end that having his forehead decorated and his head safely guarded by the power of both Testaments, he may appear terrible to the adversaries of truth, and may prove a valiant champion against them." The gloves are blessed and worn, as a symbol of "cleanness of heart as well as of works." In all these, we see how the natural and the spiritual man combine to further the honor and glory of God. In all these, we see how natural things are consecrated and rendered spiritual. There is nothing of mere empty ritualism in this. Everything is real and sublimely spiritual. To return from this digression to the programme of the Consecration service, or rather the programme of the day. After the *Te Deum* had been sung, and the Elect led pontifically by

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the assisting Bishops through the Church to bless the congregation, the concluding "Office" was proceeded with, and at its close the newly consecrated Bishop solemnly blessed the congregation, and then expressed his gratitude to the Consecrating Bishop in the thrice-repeated words—"*ad multos annos.*" Then after the last gospel was said, and the Bishops unvested, they proceeded to the Presbytery to partake of refreshments. This occasion was availed of by the newly-consecrated Prelate to thank His Excellency the Delegate Apostolic particularly, for consecrating him, and the Assistant Bishops and Priests generally, for taking part in the ceremony, and he recommended himself to their prayers that "he might be a Bishop according to the Heart of God." In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Rev. Fr. Foubert in the presence of His Lordship Dr. Bardou—the other Prelates being prevented by the weather from being present. The singing on this occasion was more than usually brilliant. Mrs. Green sang "*O Cor Amoris*" with considerable precision, and the "Tota pulchra" was most effectively rendered by the Choir. So too, were the "Lauda Sion" and "Tantum ergo." The hymn at the end "Look down, O Mother Mary" was charming. It was well that the solemnities of the day should end with an appeal to the Mother of Mercy, to look down on her children and cast on them "one only glance of love."

His Lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Barthe, S J., the newly consecrated Bishop of Trichinopoly belongs to the Diocese of Tarbes—a diocese specially favored by the Queen of Heaven, for it was at Lourdes in that Diocese, that Our Blessed Lady, appeared to Bernadette. His Lordship has been in India only four years, and to be raised to the Episcopal dignity within so short a period argues ability of no common order. His reception and solemn entry into his Diocese of Trichinopoly is to take place on the evening of Saturday, the 21st instant. His Lordship, accompained by Dr. Lavigne and Mgr. Montagnini, with the Rev. Fathers Barbier, Richard, and Sewell, is expected to leave this for Trichinopoly on Thursday the 19th instant. His Lordship Dr. Bardou will perhaps leave for Coimbatore on the 18th instant. Our good Bishop is always to the fore in all that concerns the due ordering of affairs with his Diocese. May he be spared to his Diocese for many long years to come.

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23RD AUGUST 1890.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION AT OOTACAMUND.

The glorious Feast of the Assumption—our own special Festival—was, as usual, celebrated here with unrivalled solemnity and splendour. And while writing these lines, the words of an excellent Missionary whose parish is, as he himself expressed it, beyond the pale of civilized life, ring in my ears and make me feel proud of my citizenship in a place so specially favoured as Ootacamund is. He said: "You are always having grand feasts and happy demonstrations of Catholicity, while I and my poor Catholics have nothing but the simplicity of our Faith," or words to the like effect. Evidently he envied us our happy possession, the Fount and source of all the grandeur of our Catholicity—the venerated Apostolic Delegate His Excellency Mgr. Aiuti. To him indeed we owe much of our greatness. From his super-eminent dignity we borrow the effulgence of our celebrations. On the morning of the Festal day to which I refer, His Excellency favoured the local convents with his benign presence, and said Mass there, where everything betokened the joyousness of the spiritual life. Afterwards, precisely at 9 A. M., His Excellency and His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore were received with due honours at the Parish Church. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Gudin of Gudalur assisted by the Rev. Father Robin of Wellington, and the Rev. Father Tesson of Pondicherry, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon respectively. His Excellency assisted pontifically, and His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore was present in the Sanctuary. The assistants at the Pontifical throne were the Rev. Father Biolley, our indefatigable Parish Priest, and the Rev. Father Paillot, of Pondicherry, while the Bishop of Mylapore was assisted by the Rev. Father Terrat, Convent Chaplain, and a clerical student. Monsignore Montagnini, His Excellency's amiable Secretary was personal assistant to His Excellency; and the Rev. Father LeBonzec, our assistant Parish Priest, was General Master of Ceremonies. In the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given Pontifically by His Excellency, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Biolley and Paillot, as Deacon and Sub-

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Deacon. Then the Native Congregation had their usual procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, at which a good deal of piety and of the simplicity of Divine Faith was manifested. The singing both on Friday and on the Sunday within the Octave, when His Excellency again gave solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening, was calculated to inspire devotional sentiments suited to the occasion. Lambilotte's *Quid retribuam* and *Tota Pulchra*, with Mozart's *Tantum Ergo* were splendidly and efficiently rendered on Friday; and on Sunday, the *Laudu Sion, O Gloriosa Domina* and *Tantum Ergo* by Lambilotte were sung with rich pathos and fulness of melody, thanks to the efficiency of our choir. Everything that piety could suggest was done to render the Festival attractive. And the very edifice itself had on an attractively festive garb. There were about 250 Communions on the day of the feast.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

A fortnight previous to the feast, His Excellency had caused invites to be issued in his name to all the Catholics of Ootacamund, to meet him at the Presbytery. Every one gladly responded to the condescending paternal invitation, and after Benediction on Sunday, the Presbytery was literally thronged. All were most affably and courteously received at the entrance by Mgr. Montagnini and were then presented to His Excellency and the Bishop of Mylapore who was with him. Soon were heard the strains of lively music discoursed by the Volunteer Band out in the neat little garden attached to the Presbytery, and a cheerful rush was made to the spot. Young and old, rich and poor were all gathered there around their beloved Father and Friend,—a Father who has endeared himself to the hearts of his children by his never-failing condescension and affability, and a Friend, in the highest and truest sense of the term, who forgetful of his dignity for the moment, shared in the joys manifested all around him. The time, the place, and the occasion were all emphatically soul-elevating and heart-stirring. It was within the octave of the joyous and happy Festival that we had just celebrated, and immediately after we had all, shepherd and sheep and lambs knelt before the Throne of the Divine shepherd of our souls and received His Grace-bedewing Benediction. It was within the very shadow of the sanctuary we had just

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quitted, our souls refreshed with the spiritual dew of Grace, and our hearts light with the invisible, but none the less real, joys of the Divine Benediction. Who would not have envied us our happy portion, when they saw us, clustered in happy groups—men, women, children and all; enjoying the kind hospitality of our revered High Priest, holding familiar converse with him, joying with childlike simplicity and earnestness, revelling in a very luxuriance of happiness and joy? His Excellency was all condescension and suavity. No one escaped his kindly eye—all had a word from his benign lips. Monsignore Montagnini, on whom devolved the entertainment of so many happy guests, was activity and amiability personified. Here, there and everywhere, it seemed as if angelic wings would not have been too much for the display of his earnestness and willingness to please. Our own dear Parish Priest was likewise full of tender solicitude for the happiness of all. And the good Fathers who were present on the occasion did their very best to entertain and to please. At the close of the entertainment cheers rent the air, and His Excellency must no doubt have been greatly moved to witness such an outburst of loyal affection.

THE PERFORMANCE.

Later on, St. Joseph's school room was filled with spectators, who assembled there to witness the performance of Moliere's Miser, by the old pupils of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly—all of them, natives. His Excellency, with the Bishop of Mylapore, and Monsignore Montagnini with all the Fathers, were present. Subjoined is the programme, which was, as will be observed, a very attractive one:—

PROGRAMME.

"THE MISER,"

(In 5 Acts.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. Harpagon (Father of Cleante) G. Adaikalasawmy Pillay, B. A.
2. Valere (Friend of Cleante) T. S. Mathalaimuthu Pillay.
3. Cleante (Son of Harpagon) K. A. Durasawmy Pillay.
4. Master Jacques (Cook and Coachman to Harpagon) C. M. Antonimuthoo Pillay.

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5. Frosine (an intriguing man) S. Raphael Pillay.
6. La Fleche (Valet to Cleante) A. Maria Susai Naidoo.
7. Master Simon (Broker) T. A. Colandasawmy Pillay.
8. Brindavine and La Merluche,—Lackeys to Harpagon.
9. A Police Officer,—Kolandasawmy Pillay.
10. Claud,—Servant to Harpagon.

SCENE—HARPAGON'S HOUSE, PARIS.

ENTREE—*Hail! All Hail!*

EXORDIUM—*Mystical Rose!*

Act I.	Interlude.	Then Hurrah for the Miser.
Act II.	„	Yoh, Yah, Yoh.
Act III.	„	Some folks do.
Act IV.	„	Be kind to thy father.
Act V.	„	Finale Hurrah for Harpagon.

An Address in Latin verse to His Excellency Monseigneur Ajuti.

HURRAH FOR ENGLAND.

The various parts were well sustained throughout, and it was an agreeable surprise to many to see such histrionic talent displayed by our educated natives. The Miser Harpagon was a very personation of miserly habits. His extreme reluctance to part with his money was well illustrated in the various acts of the Drama. Being the central figure in the play, attention was chiefly riveted on him, and Mr. Adaikalasawmy Pillay, who acted the part, did ample justice to it. Never was the misery of a miser more forcibly depicted than in his entire demeanour, when it was discovered that the miser's gold was stolen away from him. Cleante and Velere, as also La Fleche were very interesting characters; and those who represented them did their parts with remarkable precision. Frosine was a perfect picture of an intriguing man, and master Jacques, with his frequent sallies of wit, was ridiculously funny. Every one of the performers, indeed, did his best to be true to life in the representation. The pieces sung at intervals were both pathetic and amusing, especially the Hurrah for Harpagon at the end. An address in Latin verse (a copy of which I am sending you) was sung at the close of the performance, in honor of His Excellency. It was an original composition from the pen of Mr. M. Chinasawmy Modelliar, M.A., who takes a very active interest in all that concerns the Native Community. These old pupils of St. Joseph's College, are indeed a credit to their

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Alma mater. The good Jesuit Fathers of Trichinopoly must be proud to know that the youths trained by them, sustain their reputation, no matter where they may be. The Native Catholics of whom I speak have lately started a "Sodality of Mary" amongst themselves, and every Sunday evening they may be heard reciting the Office of the Blessed Virgin in Church. A noble example, and one indeed worthy of imitation by all. It was 10 P.M., when all our rejoicings terminated, and we wended our way homewards. The feast of Friday the 15th, and the entertainment of Sunday the 17th instant, will long remain impressed in our minds and hearts, and with both will the venerated name of His Excellency Monseigneur Aiuti, be always associated. May His Excellency long remain in our midst to cheer our hearts and ennoble our aspirations!

30TH AUGUST 1890.

ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF H. E. THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

On Saturday last, a variety entertainment was got up, under the patronage of His Excellency Mgr. Aiuti, of whose generous interest in the Catholics of Ootacamund, I have already had occasion to write—Mr. Nicholas, our Choir director, kindly helped to make it a success, with the aid of the members of the Choir, and a few non-Catholic friends. Subjoined is the programme :—

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday the 30th August 1890.

COMMENCING AT 7 P. M.

Part I.

I.	OVERTURE	... By the Band.
II.	GLEE .. *The Happy Peasants*	... Company.
III.	VOCAL DUET... *What are the wild waves saying*	... Mrs. Green and Mr. R. H. Rolfe.
IV.	GLEE...*From Oberon in Fairy Land* ...	... Company.
V.	RECITATION	... Mr. A. T. W. Penn.
VI.	GLEE ... *Children's Cheer*	... Company.

Interval of Fifteen Minutes.

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Part II.

FARCE.

DONE ON BOTH SIDES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. BROWNJOHN	Mr. R. H. Rolfe.
MR. PHIBBS...	Mr. J. E. W. Gorman.
MR. WHIFFLES	Mr. E. Nicholas.
MRS. WHIFFLES	Mrs. C. M. Green.
MISS WHIFFLES	Miss N. Green.

Interval of Ten Minutes.

TABLEAUX VIVANT

FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY.....Mrs. Green, Miss Green and Miss Collins.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The Nilgiri Volunteer Band was in attendance on the occasion, which was graced by the presence of His Excellency Mgr. Aiuti, His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore, Mgr. Montagnini and the Parish Priests. The Hall, which was tastefully decorated by Mrs. Green, (the accomplished lady who helps our Choir with her magnificent voice,) assisted by Mr. P. Nery and his daughter, was thronged "from gallery to footlights"—, but of course we had no gallery. Anyway, the phrase may stand as it expresses my idea better than any other. Precisely at 7. P. M., the Band struck up an overture, which lasted a pretty considerable time, and then the curtain was drawn up, exhibiting the singers on the stage, who poured forth a rich melody in the song of "The happy Peasants." The Lady-vocalists were Mrs. Green, Mrs. Nicholas and Miss Green, Messrs. Rolfe, Hedger, Fewkes, Moriarty, Duarte and Lafleur joined in the glee, and gleefully sustained their parts. A pretty spectacle was presented by the singers, especially the ladies who were attractively attired. Both sight and sound were charming, if I may so express myself. The vocal duet, sung by Mrs. Green and Mr. Rolfe, was very delightful. The song, "What are the wild waves saying?" though old, has always a peculiar charm about it; and it was decidedly charming, as sung on this occasion. In response to a well-merited *encore*, the chorus was repeated. Then followed

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another glee. And shortly after, Mr. Penn, our estimable champion photographer, appeared on the stage, to narrate the story of Shamus O'Brien. Mr. Penn roused the audience to roars of laughter and pathetic sighs by turns, and finished the recital by a good-humoured, though comical reference to our esteemed Parish Priest. Another glee, and then the curtain dropped for an interval of 15 minutes. I may as well avail myself of this short respite to say, that the drop scene was painted by Mr. Rolfe, an amateur artist of considerable talent. When the curtain rose again, a funny sight met the eye of the spectators. Mr. Whiffles, one of the actors, personated by Mr. Nicholas, was discovered kneeling at the fire place, and rubbing a copper coalscuttle, with great energy, and Mrs. Whiffles (Mrs. Green) was seen cleaning the window with a cloth. Your readers would perhaps like to have an idea of the plot of the Farce, "Done on both sides." Mr. and Mrs. Whiffles are a beggarly old couple, desirous of putting on airs of gentility to catch a respectable and wealthy husband, or as the French say, "*trouver un bon parti*" for their amiable and lovely daughter. A fop turns up, in the person of Mr. John Brown. John himself is an impecunious creature, but anxious to make an impression on the Whiffles family for the sake of the daughter. Mr. Phibbs then appears on the scene, an old but wealthy rustic, related to the family. Mr. Whiffles manages somehow to incur his boorish relatives' displeasure, and the latter lets the cat out of the bag, in the presence of the eligible young dude, who soon perceives that his young charmer has nothing but her charms to offer him. At the same time, it transpires that the foppish fellow, who so adroitly won the heart of the innocent Miss Whiffles, is himself a penniless wretch. But the rich country cousin had a heart, though not a genteel appearance; and wishing to make the young people happy, he offers to give them all he possessed. Thus, though *done on both sides*, all parties are in the end made happy. Mrs. Green acted her part admirably well, and her daughter Miss Green looked every bit a bashful young maiden of sweet seventeen. Old Whiffles' get up was comical in the extreme, and Mr. Nicholas who acted this part, showed that he fully appreciated the situation, and like a good old fellow bore the buffets and rejoiced in the favours of Dame Fortune with considerable equanimity. Mr. Phibb's character was excellently well sustained by Mr.

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Gorman. He looked the very personation of boorishness, and displayed in the character thus assigned him, histrionic talent of no mean order. His sallies of wit were received with thunders of applause. Altogether his was a most perfect representation. Mr. Rolfe hit off the dudish character with admirable precision. The crowning event of the evening was a "*tableau vivant*," representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, in which Mrs. Green represented Faith, Miss Green, Hope, and Miss Collins, Charity. There was admirable beauty in the picture. The statue-like setting of the forms and features of the three ladies was highly appreciated. Mrs. Green's attitude, clinging as she did to the Cross, was highly impressive. Miss Green looked buoyant with hope, with eyes upturned. And Miss Collins, with modestly beaming looks, and a serene calmness, pictured gentle charity, which shall remain eternally, while Faith shall be no more and Hope shall end in fruition. The decorations of the Tableau were very neatly and tastefully got up. The performers are greatly indebted to Mr. Parkinson of the Adjutant General's Office, for the success that attended their efforts to amuse. Mr. Parkinson took an active interest in the performance throughout, and helped to develop the latent histrionic skill of the amateurs. Much credit is due also to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas, on whom devolved the entire management, and to Mrs. Green for the admirable taste she brought to bear on the various scenes exhibited in the course of the evening's entertainment. Mr. Nery too, was very helpful, and our kind non-Catholic friends deserve our warmest thanks.

18TH OCTOBER 1890.

SECOND TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

I.

His Excellency left Ootacamund on the morning of the 9th instant, accompanied by His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore, Dr. Montagnini, and the Rev. C. Biolley. At Coonoor, after a short stay of about 15 minutes, the Bishop of Mylapore, bade His Excellency farewell, and then His

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Excellency and suite drove on to Mettapollium, not a little inconvenienced by the tossing about of the Tonga; but the grand and picturesque scenery round about, compensated in some measure for this inconvenience, which made it rather difficult for the distinguished party to keep their hats on their heads, and their heads on their shoulders. The road from Coonoor to Mettapollium is perhaps too well known to your readers to need any description. The scenery, as I have said, is strikingly picturesque. Two European Engineers were seen surveying the proposed line of Railway, about half way between. Here and there red flags indicated the line which the Railway so long talked of and anxiously looked for, was to take up the Ghaut. In about two years, the Nilgiri Railway is likely to be a *fait accompli*, and then adieu to tongas and vehicles that shatter the system, and make travelling so unpleasant. While admiring the beautiful landscape around, our party found themselves at Kalar, and shortly after at Mettapollium, where the coolness and the invigorating freshness of our Olympian heights is unknown. The papers having spread the news that the Madras Railway Company had opened an hotel at the station, for the convenience of travellers, His Excellency and suite drove to the station for breakfast, only to be sadly disappointed. Not a trace of an hotel or a refreshment room could be discovered there, and they had to retrace their steps to Mr. Browne's Hotel. So much for the infalibility of the newspapers. At 1-25 P.M., His Excellency's party comfortably settled themselves in a first class carriage, *en route* for Coimbatore, which place was reached at 3 o'clock. At the station, His Excellency was met by the Venerable and Very Rev. Father DeGelis, Vicar-General of the Coimbatore Mission, the Rev. Father C. Villien, Procurator, and the Rev. Father Baldeyron, who looked as rosy and robust as ever. The party drove to the Cathedral where the Right Rev. Dr. Bardou, Bishop of Coimbatore, assisted by his Secretary the Rev. Father Guerpillon, received His Excellency, with the customary rites. A large crowd of people assembled to greet His Excellency. In the afternoon, Dr. Bardou accompanied His Excellency on a visit to the various institutions of the mission.

The distinguished party left Coimbatore at 8-30 A.M., on the 10th, accompanied to the station by His Lordship the Bishop, the Rev. Father Villien and the Rev. Fr. Baldeyron.

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At Podanur they changed trains, and then the iron horse sped on to Shoranur, which station was reached at 12-30. Here His Excellency met His Lordship Dr. Medlycott, Vicar Apostolic of Trichur, and the Rev. Father Doyle, his Secretary, who were on their way to Calicut, on business connected with the famous Trichur Church case. After wishing His Lordship good-bye, His Excellency and suite got into two tongas which were engaged to carry the party to Trichur. These were tongas in earnest. Browne's tongas were nothing in comparison. Both vehicle and horse were in as dilapidated a condition as they well could be. The harness had to be mended and remended at least three times. At last however Trichur was safely reached at 7-30 P.M. His Excellency was received under a nicely decorated pandal, by the Vicar-General of the Mission. The following address was read in Malayalam, and translated into English.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE MOST REV. ANDREW AIUTI, D.Ph., D.D., D.C.L.,
ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA, DELEGATE APOSTOLIC
IN THE EAST INDIES, &c., &c., &c,

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

We the Students of St. Thomas' College, under the jurisdiction of the Right Rev. the Vicar Apostolic of Trichur, respectfully beg leave to approach your Excellency with this humble address, expressing our devotedness towards your exalted person and we are exceedingly grateful to your Excellency for the privilege kindly accorded to us to render this humble expression of our deep loyalty and veneration for your Excellency.

The fact that your Excellency is pleased to admit us to your gracious presence fills our young hearts with joy and delight together with mingled feelings of no small pride, as we have the happiness of greeting this day an eminent dignitary of the Church, the Representative of our Holy Father. While we are contemplating the fatherly features of your Excellency, we feel as if we were gazing on the venerable lineaments of our Holy Father himself, and this calls forth our warmest feelings of devotion blended with a deep sense of reverence and loyalty to the Holy See.

We feel we cannot be silent regarding the many blessings our Bishop is conferring upon us, and we are exceedingly thankful to him for the fostering care with which he watches over our interests. We are conscious we owe this to the paternal forethought of our Holy Father.

Finally we beg your Excellency's blessing upon us and our studies.

We remain,
Your Excellency's most obediently and humbly,
The Students of St. Thomas' College.

ST. THOMAS' COLLEGE,
Trichur, 10*th October* 1890.

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After an appropriate reply, His Excellency left the place for Elthruth Convent in a boat, placed at his service, accompanied by half-a-dozen smaller ones, with lights and torches, presenting a most imposing sight. His Excellency and suite reached the Convent at 8-30 P. M., and were received by all the Monks, the Seminarists, and the children of the schools, with songs and demonstrations of joy; and then led to the church, which was beautifully illuminated on the occasion, and was filled by a large concourse of people. After the *Te Deum*, sung in Syriac by the Monks, His Excellency ascended the Altar steps, and addressed a few words to the assembled congregation, and then gave them his benediction. At the convent, His Excellency was presented with a beautiful address in Latin.

Mgr. Montagnini, His Excellency's Secretary appears to have enjoyed the journey very much, being particularly struck with the enthusiastic style of His Excellency's reception. The singing, and the music of the natives and their other demonstrations of heartfelt joy, were all new to him, and they were consequently all the more enjoyable.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

II.

On the morning of the 12th instant, His Excellency left Elthruth Convent, to celebrate Mass at Olloor. He was accompanied by Mgr. Montagnini and the Rev. C. Biolley, and was carried in a Palankeen. The streets leading to the Church of Olloor were beautifully decorated with festoons of flowers and evergreens, and triumphal arches spanned the way. At the entrance to the village, His Excellency was met by the Vicar-General of Trichur, the Parish Priest, and all the leading members of the Parish, with banners, and royal umbrellas and Crosses. Music, too, was not wanting to enliven the scene. Then a push-push was placed at His Excellency's service, and he drove on to the Church, where His Excellency celebrated the Holy sacrifice at 8 A.M., assisted by his two Secretaries. The sacred edifice was thronged. After Mass, His Excellency was entertained at breakfast in a room

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gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Then His Excellency received the visits of some among the Priests of the surrounding parishes, who had come there, as also of the leading inhabitants of the place. At 11 A.M. His Excellency, seated on a royal chair gave his ring to be kissed by those present. It was a charming spectacle to see the joy of these Christians, as they knelt before the august representative of the Holy Father. The children were particularly amusing. Some having their eyes fixed on the purple robe of His Excellency, like stern philosophers, and others bashfully screening themselves behind their mothers. Afterwards at 4 P.M., Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency assisted by Dr. Montagnini as Deacon and the Reverend Father Biolley as Sub deacon. During the holy rite, a few hymns were sung in Syriac to the accompaniment of a violin and a flute. Benediction over, His Excellency paid a visit to the Village School, and then started back to Elthruth in a palankeen. On his way, he visited the Church of Ernatucaray, where a grand reception awaited him. It is here that the Taragon family reside, one of the oldest and noblest families of the Trichur Vicariate. The title of Baron was conferred on the oldest member of the family, by the King of Cochin, several hundred years ago. Since then, the members of this distinguished family have always remained staunch Catholics. During the various schisms that raged over the Church of Trichur, this family always sided with the right, and aided the good cause with unrivalled generosity. To this day, the Taragan family are of great help to the Churches and monasteries in these parts. All the expenses incurred on account of His Excellency's reception were borne by them. There are now two brothers, who own between them immense Estates, and houses and paddy fields.

On the 14th Mgr. Montagnini who was anxious to see the town of Trichur, paid that place a visit, accompanied by the Rev. Father Biolley—they first visited the Cathedral of His Lordship Dr. Medlycott, then his Palace, situated at one end of the town, on an extensive piece of ground lately purchased by His Lordship. Father Doyle, His Lordship's Secretary, took them round the town, and showed them the various public institutions and buildings. There was nothing grand or imposing about them. The streets of Trichur are very wide and always full

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of busy feet; the houses are generally built on an elevation of about 3 or 4 feet from the ground; they look shabby, and the people themselves are by no means cleanly. On the 15th, His Excellency and suite left Elthruth for Ambalakat, at 8 A. M., in a large cabin boat, belonging to His Grace the Archbishop of Verapoly. It is of very large dimensions, and has two large cabins, one used as a dormitory and the other as a saloon. It was in this identical boat that His Excellency the Governor of Madras journeyed when he visited the Malabar Coast some years ago. His Excellency the Papal Delegate was accompanied to the boat by Rev. Father Doyle, the Monks and the Pupils of St. Aloysius' School, amid repeated cheers. His Excellency and suite then moved on towards Ernatucaray, on reaching which place His Excellency, at the special request of the brothers Taragan, paid a visit to their family, with the object of imparting His blessing to their sister, who has been an invalid for a long time. Great was the joy visible on the faces of all the members of this Christian family, at His Excellency's presence among them. And, in token of their gratitude, they offered His Excellency a beautifully carved box, containing some ancient coins of the Trichur State, of more than a thousand years ago; as also some Cadjan books of more than a century ago. His Excellency gladly accepted these relics of the past, and having blessed the family, took his way Southward, accompanied by one of the Taragan brothers. As the boat glided along the lake, many Christians belonging to the villages, round about the lake, knelt on the banks to receive His Excellency's blessing, under the shadow of the wayside Churches that dotted the margin of the lake. At about four the distinguished party passed Cranganore, the famous place where the first Synod of the Bishops of India took place, and from which His Lordship the Bishop of Damaun derives the title *ad honorem*. The landscape from Elthruth along the way was charming; but it is strange to see so much poverty in a country to all appearances rich in produce of the soil. At 6 o'clock His Excellency and suite arrived at Mala where the representative of the Holy Father was received with demonstrations of joy. From the landing place to the Church, the long street was carpeted with flowers, and garlands waved high up in the air. At the Church, His Excellency gave the Apostolic Benediction, and was then taken in a palankeen to the Ambalakat Convent, two miles distant. At the Con-

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vent, the good monks received their Superior General with right regal pomp. The booming of petards and the gaiety of music combined with a display of lights, and floral decorations, manifested the joy of the monks on the occasion. After the blessing given in the Church by His Excellency, he was conducted to the Convent, where the following Latin address was read by one of the novices:—

EXCELLENTISSIME PRAESUL!

Felices nos putamus hodie quod excellentiam Tuam, tantum Dominum tamque dignum Praesulem, atque a nobis licet indignis filiis avide expectatum patrem in hoc nostro humili eoque angusto cœnobio, recipere, Tua dulci suavique praesentia perfrui verbisque jucundis delectari meruerimus.

Tu autem Venerande Praesul, qui Sanctissimi Pastoris vices gerentis officio exornatus, nostramque hanc humilem Congregationem regendi arduum onus ferre dignatus es, permagnam variamque molestiam pro nobis sustines. Neque vero contentus absens, filios Tuos alere, tantam itineris difficultatem tamque temporis incommoditatem, amore erga filios contemnens, in hanc humilem atque angustam domum venire dignatus es, ut nos pastorali Tuae tutelae commissos, multisque malis afflictos paterna Tua visitatione consolares, nec non et verbis exemplisque Tuis excitares ad vitae religiosae perfectionem et eternae felicitatis acquisitionem.

Pro tanta benignitate tamque singulari Charitate, nos certe non possumus condignas gratiarum actiones persolvere. Itaque Deum O. M. ex intimo corde rogamus ut benedictionibus tum cœlestibus cum terrestribus cumulatum diu sospitem ac incolumem Te servet ad majorem sui nominis gloriam, ad exaltationem Ecclesiae suae sanctae, nec non ad augmentum bonorum hujus nostrae Congregationis.

Tandem enixe supplicamus Excellentiam Tuam ut pastorali ac paterna Tua benedictione nos filios Tuos ditare digneris.

Humillimi et obsequentissimi filii

Tui religiosi Conventus

AMPALACATT.

In reply His Excellency said that he was glad to find himself once more in Malabar, and that his visit to them was like that of a Father to his children.

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TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

III.

The Ambalakat Convent, where His Excellency and suite arrived on Wednesday the 15th, the feast of St. Teresa is built on a hill. The spacious grounds around are planted with fruit-trees,—the Plantain, the Cocoanut, the Mango and the Jack fruit. At the foot of the hill, the Convent owns an extensive paddy field. This splendid property was given to the Monks by Conichoy; whose liberality to the Churches in general; and the Convent in particular, is well known, and beyond all praise. He has also endowed the Convent with a sum sufficient to maintain 12 monks. His Excellency was pleased to receive a visit from the members of his family, and to accept from them a handsome present of a nicely wrought wax candle, and a peacock-feather fan, which is likely to be highly prized in Europe.

The Convent itself consists of a large building, with an upper storey, from which a magnificent view can be had of the surrounding places. When His Excellency first visited the Malabar Coast, it was decided that Ambalakat should form the Central Novitiate for the entire congregation of the monks. A substantial addition, consequently, is being made to the convent building, for the accommodation of the novices, who now number fourteen. The Convent can boast of a large Church dedicated to St. Teresa. It is 162 feet in length by 52 in breadth, and has seven altars. It is in fact a very substantial building, the existence of which is in great measure due to the munificence of the surrounding Christians. The monks are greatly liked by them; and it is a well-known fact that during the troublous times when Malabar passed through various phases of Schism, the Christians of the Churches round about the Convent, never became Schismatics. Here, as in all the other Convents, there is a school for Native children, most of the boarders among whom are admitted free of charge. They are taught Malayalam and English. The monks give also occasional Missions in the neighbouring Churches, and thereby do a great deal of good to souls, both by word and example. This Convent having been opened in 1868, on the last day of the octave of St. Teresa's

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feast, that day is celebrated as a titular feast in the Convent Church. High Mass is sung on the three previous days. On the first day of the triduum this year, the 19th instant, High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Montagnini, and during the celebration, three native musicians with violins and drums accompanied the chant, which was rendered in Syriac. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given immediately after Mass. In the evening, prayers were offered before the relics of the Saint. On the evening of Tuesday the 21st, solemn vespers were sung; and on the Feast day High Mass was sung by Father Chrysostom, assisted by a deacon and a sub deacon, besides two novices. Then followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by His Excellency and a beautiful little procession, the statue of St. Teresa being carried in a car decorated by the novices. Needless to say, that during the triduum, every day, the powerful echo of petards used to deafen the ears of the worshippers. While about this Convent, I should not forget to refer to the Parish Church of Ambalakat, one of the surrounding Churches from which the Convent bears its name. This Church was visited by His Excellency on the 20th instant. At 4 P.M., His Excellency, accompanied by Mgr. Montagnini and the Rev. Father Biolley, left the Convent, the christians following in an almost unceasing stream, across paddy fields and plantations, and forming in their gaudy attire a most picturesque scene. On arriving at the Church which was about 2 miles away from the Convent, His Excellency, after a short prayer before the Blessed Sacrament ascended the Altar steps, and expressed the joy and satisfaction he felt at the grand reception accorded him, as representative of the Holy Father. His Excellency's address was translated into Malayalam by the Rev. Fr. Georges. The Church was decorated as on festal occasions. After a while, His Excellency seated in front of the Church, allowed the Christians present to approach him and kiss his ring. The Church of the Ambalakat Parish is one of the most ancient of the Churches in these parts. Some three hundred years ago, at the time of the Council of Cranganore, and when the Jesuit Fathers were working here, it was the residence of the Bishop of Cranganore. Near this place, about a mile distant, there is a church where the blessed John DeBritto celebrated Mass. The ruins of this Church can still be seen, buried in an over-growth of shrubs and creepers. There was also a College in these parts, but nothing re-

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mains of it, except the name. His Excellency returned to the Convent at 6 P. M. the same day, amid the glowing of lights, emitted from torches that were carried in front.

His Excellency has already received several visits from persons of distinction in these parts; among others from the Conichoy family (whom I have already mentioned) and the Collector of the District a Pagan gentleman of distinction. This gentleman was very proud to have had the honor of visiting His Excellency, as he expressed himself to Mgr. Montaguini, with whom he kept up a long conversation, which it is to be hoped was keenly enjoyed, precisely because of the little difficulty both were in, of understanding each other. On the 21st, His Excellency received Paray of Puthampally, who, as you are already aware, is a Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester. He is said to be the richest Christian gentleman in the Malabar Coast. On the 23rd, Taragan of Ematucaray, of whom I have already spoken to you, arrived at the Convent, to pay his respects to His Excellency.

8TH NOVEMBER.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE

IV.

His Excellency and suite left Ambalakat Convent for Verapoly on the 23rd, accompanied by His Lordship Dr. Marcellino and the Rev. Father Bernardo, who had arrived the previous day. The distinguished party set out at 5 A. M., and at 8 A. M., they landed at Palipuram, where, as usual, a grand reception awaited His Excellency. The landing place, the Church and the Presbytery were all nicely decorated with banners and festoons of flowers. After breakfasting at the Presbytery, His Excellency and suite started again; and on the way, they could not help admiring the beautiful landscape presented by the surrounding country. As they passed Cranganore, memories of what the historic place was at one time, ages ago irresistibly rose before the mind. The ancient Council held here is still the basis, on which rest the laws of the Church of Malabar. Long before reaching

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Verapoly, His Excellency was met by about fifteen boats, all of them gaily decorated, and lustily cheering away with the music and song. Verapoly was reached at 11-30 A. M., and His Excellency was received on landing, by His Grace, the Venerable Dr. Leonardo, Archbishop of Verapoly, under a beautiful pandal surmounted by the Delegatial Coat-of-Arms. The presence of the Priests of the Archdiocese, the Professors and pupils of the Tuttanpully Seminary, and a large gathering of Christians, made the scene very impressive. A procession was formed towards the Cathedral, where His Excellency was received according to the rites of the Church. Then His Excellency was taken to the Presbytery, where the following Latin address was read by one of the Priests on behalf of the Latin clergy of the Archdiocese, and His Excellency made an appropriate reply:—

EXCELLENTISSIMO AC REVMO. DNO. DNO.,

ANDREAE AJUTI, ARCHIPRAESULI ACRIDANENSI

SEDIS APOSTOLICAE DELEGATO IN INDIIS ORIENTALIBUS,

Humillimus et addictissimus Clerus Archidioecesis Verapolitanae.

ARCHIPRAESUL AMPLISSIME,

Felicem sane maximeque exultabilem hunc diem reddit cunctis Christiani nominis populis, hanc Malabariae oram incolentibus, optatissimus idemque faustissimus Amplissimi Praesulis adventus atque auspicatissimus Excellentiae Tuae ad hunc locum ac veluti ad nostrum domicilium accessus iteratus. Quae enim quemadmodum Almae Romanae Sedis personam nobis, sub alio propé sole locatis, exhibet atque repraesentat, sic eximias divinasque Ejusdem irrefragabilis veritatis Sanctitatisque immarcescibilio Magistro dotes ac talenta in Excellentia Tua cunctisque Ejus actibus eminenter praefulgere ac redundare merito sit credendum.

In hac communis laetitiae atque applausus occasione jucunda nos Sacrorum cultores, ritus latini, nil antiquius habuimus quam et nostra qualiacumque exigua reverentiae obsequia sincerosque sensus amoris Excellentiae Tuae offerre atque perpetuam testari devotionem, quam verbis et exemplis Praeclarissimorum Pastorum nostrorum probe edocti et excitati semper erga Augustam B. Petri Sedem fovere consuevimus. Quidquid autem honoris ac reverentiae erga colendam Excellentiae Tuae Personam a nobis exhibitum fuerit, id ad ipsam specialiter Summi Pontificis Personam referri ac dirigi nullatenus est dubitandum.

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Deum O. M. bonorum omnium Auctorem ac Largitorem suppliciter exoramus ut, hic Excellentiae Tuae repetitus ad loca nostra adventus, omnibus multorum bonorum gratiarumque fons et origo existat, atque desideratissimae pacis et tranquillitatis beneficia affatim conferat ac permanenter stabiliat; utque Divina Providentia Excellentiam Tuam omnibus bonis et charismatibus uberius cumulatam, firmam Ecclesiae columnam, multos per annos conservare dignetur.

Complacita tandem solitaque benignitate haec vota nostra atque obsequia suscipere digneris, quibus sinceram exprimimus devotionem, qua strictissimo velut vinculo Almae Romanae Sedi in Excellentiae Tuae Persona devincimur; paternaque et pastorali benedictione, quam multorum auspicem bonorum credimus, hos supplices ditare ac munire digneris.

Amplitudinis Tuae Reverentissimae,

Humillimi et obsequentissimi servi,

Clerus Latini Ritus Archidioecesis,

Verapolitanae.

23*rd October* 1890.

Verapoly is an island-town with about 400 Catholics. The Cathedral, which is more than 300 years old, is built in the style of St. Peter's at Rome, on the bank of a large river, about 100 yards away from the waters. On its right there is a large steeple with two bells, and a little further stands the Presbytery, with a number of Cells, on the doors of which may be read sentences from the Book of Proverbs in large letters. The compound is planted with fruit trees, besides other ornamental trees. At 4 P. M. His Excellency left for Magnemy accompanied by His Grace the Archbishop, Dr. Marcellino, Rev. Father Eliseus and Rev. Father Bernard, with his Secretaries Mgr. Montagnini and the Rev. Father Biolley. In about half-an-hour, the party reached the landing place, where the good monks of the Latin rite were assembled to welcome the Papal Delegate. There was also a large crowd of Christians. His Excellency got into a push-push, with His Grace and the procession wended its way towards Magnemy which is situated about a mile away from the landing-place. The road all along was beautifully decorated with plantain trees and garlands of flowers, and the booming of petards indicated the joy of the Christians. Magnemy, as you are aware, is the residence of His Grace the Archbishop of Verapoly. The Palace is an

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imposing building, with two upper stories containing endless rooms, and corridors 200 feet long. It is also the Mother House of the Congregation of the 3rd Order of Carmelites who belong to the Latin rite. There are now 12 novices in this Institution, which seems to be very popular, and well established. Attached to the Archiepiscopal Residence, there is a Dispensary, which His Excellency visited on the morning of the 24th. This building is by no means a pretentious one, but it is well stocked with medicines and kept in perfect order. There is also a Library attached to the Dispensary, containing many useful works of reference. The work of charity done by this humble institution is no doubt precious in the eyes of God. At its head, there are two Brothers: Brother Nicholas, who is greatly renowned here as the benefactor and friend of the sick, and Brother Isidore D'Costa, who graduated in Medicine at Madras. The number of out-patients for the last month was 800. A little further on, His Excellency visited the Hospital lately built by the efforts of Brother Nicholas, whose charity seems to know no bounds. It is a very spacious, well situated and comfortable storied building, and can hold 40 beds. Everything here was clean and in order, and gave great pleasure to His Excellency. The cost of this building is said to have been about Rs. 21,000, the whole of this sum being raised by subscriptions. On Saturday the 25th, His Excellency started for Puttanpully, accompanied by Dr. Marcellino, Mgr. Montagnini and Father Eliseus. At the landing place, His Excellency was received by the pupils of the Seminary, 75 in number. After the usual reception in the Church, His Excellency was conducted to a spacious Hall, where a well-written Latin address was read by one of the Seminarists. The Seminary at Pattanpully is built, with all desirable accessories to comfort in the centre of a spacious compound covered with trees. This establishment is now under the control of the Propaganda and is common to the Dioceses of Verapoly, Cochin, Cottayam and Trichur. Two young Carmelite Fathers have just arrived from Germany to strengthen the staff of Professors. Father Boniface is the Superior. The Seminary is open to both rites; and there are now 24 Pupils of the Latin rite, and 50 of the Syrian. On the morning of Sunday the 26th His Excellency, Dr. Marcellino and suite visited the Parish Church of Puttanpully, close to the Seminary. There was a grand reception, and an address was read by

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one of the Syrian Priests. On leaving this Church, the party started towards Cunamao, two miles distant, a large and animated crowd following the whole way. His Excellency was received at the entrance to the Church compound under a beautiful pandal where a throne was prepared for him, and an address was delivered in Latin. Dr. Marcellino answered in Malayalum, in the name and on behalf of His Excellency. Then His Excellency and suite proceeded to the Church, and afterwards visited the presbytery and partook of refreshments. On leaving the place, His Excellency paid a visit to the Convent of the Syrian Carmelite Sisters, first visiting the Chapel, and then the School, where after a song one of the Sisters read an address in Malayalum. The good Nuns are dressed in white, and according to the European fashion. There are fifteen of them. The visit over, His Excellency and suite returned to Puttanpully, the short journey being enlivened with the music of *tambour et trompette*. On Monday evening—the 27th—His Excellency returned to Magnemy. The weather is charming, the rain it raineth every day, and is very welcome to the distinguished travellers, as well as to the inhabitants of the place.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

V.

On the morning of the 28th October (Tuesday,) Mgr. Montagnini, the Secretary to the Delegation accompanied by the Reverend Fathers Camillus and Candidus of Cochin, and Ernacollam respectively, left Magnemy on a trip to Cochin, the Paris, as it has been styled, of the Malabar Coast. Mgr. Montagnini returned to Magnemy in the evening, delighted with all he saw in historic Cochin. On the 30th (Thursday) the Very Rev. Father Nidiry, Vicar-General of Cottayam, and Rev. Father Aloysius, Secretary to the Bishop of Cottayam, arrived at Magnemy to accompany the Delegate to Cottayam. At 8-30 A. M. His Excellency took leave of the good Carmellite Fathers, whose venerated Order has for upwards of two centuries worked

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indefatigably for the good of the Church in Malabar, and through whose instrumentality, the Malabar Church can now boast of eight large Monasteries, besides several excellent Seminaries and large Churches. His Lordship Dr. Marcellinus, the beloved Co-adjutor of the Veteran and Venerable Archbishop of Verapoly, together with the Novices, accompanied His Excellency to the boat, and there wished His Excellency a hearty God-speed. As His Excellency and suite passed the Cathedral, the bells began to chime away their merriest, and the Christians could be seen kneeling on both banks for His Excellency's blessing. At 10-30, the Boat reached Ernacollam, where the Churches were all *en fete*, presenting a magnificent spectacle, with their gay exterior decorations. The sound of bells could be heard mingling with the deafening boom of petards; and the banks of the back-water were as usual full of kneeling crowds, awaiting the refreshing dew of the Archiepiscopal blessing. Cochin with all its glories lay to the right, as the Boat scudded along, and the magnificent buildings of Ernacollam, half-hidden behind a wealth of cocoanut trees, and beautiful plantations and gardens, charmed the sight of our distinguished travellers. At 4 P. M., His Excellency's boat, which was followed by a dozen others nicely decorated, reached Vaikam. The landing place looked as if it was buttressed by a wall of human heads. In the centre stood His Lordship Dr. Lavigne, Vicar Apostolic of Cottayam, and at his right hand was Parai the distinguished Knight of the Order of St. Sylvestre. His Excellency was received under a spacious Pandal, and from thence taken to the Church in procession, during which the song of children cheered the way. After blessing the people who had gathered there, His Excellency retired to the Presbytery. The next day, His Excellency and suite left Vaikam at 3 A. M., for Mananam, and as they boated along, the rising sun tinged the landscape around with a heightening colour, imparting additional lustre to its beauty. Small patches of habitable land could be seen here and there on the way, with just a hut on it, surrounded by a dozen cocoanut trees. People evidently lived here in pristine simplicity. At 8 A. M., the party reached Mananam, and His Excellency was received at the landing place, with joyous welcome, by the monks and seminarists, after which the party proceeded up the Hills to the Church; here, His Excellency blessed the Congregation, and was then conduct-

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ed to a large and nicely decorated Hall, where the following address was delivered :—

EXCELLENTISSIMO DON. A. AJUTI,

ARCHIEP. ACR. DELEG. APS. I. ORIENT, AC

Priori Gen. C. D. ritus Syr. hoc humile homagium offertur

O diu expectata dies salve ; vere tu ter quaterque beata, quæ superna luce nostros oculos irradiasti, diuturnæque nostræ expectationi finem afferens nos tandem aliquando voti compotes fecisti. Tibi dignas grates persolvere tuamque claram lucem laudibus concelebrare non opis est nostræ : tu enim pium nostrum parentem necnon clementissimum Superiorem Generalem, qui est tam nostrorum oculorum verum lumen, quam spes sola et consolatio nostræ congregationis, ad nos inopinato perduxisti nostrumque coromnium prosperorum spe erexisti.

Vehementi sane eodemque ineffabili gaudio, dignissime Domine, perfruimur omnes eoquod hodierna diem Exæ Væ adventus, comitante etiam Revmo. Domino C. Lavigne pastore nostro et inclytis viris missionariis Pbus illustravit; atque ita desiderato Exæ Væ conspectu gaudere ac nostri filialis affectus et obsequii signa manifestare nobis feliciter datum sit. Mirabilis omnino providentia divina, quæ inspiravit suo in terris vicario Leoni Papæ XIII beamo Patri, ut in Indiis Orientalibus suam vicem gerentem institueret atque ad illud sublmum munus duos primum selecmos ac dignmos viros, quasi pretiosissimas inter gemmas micantes in ecclesia Christi, nempe Exmum D. A. Agliardi optmum patrem et Vam Excellentiam pium nostrum parentem eligeret: quorum admiranda ac prudenti rerum moderatione illud consilium quam saluberrimum fuerit, omnibus nunc late patet. Sed nos præsertim majores gratias Beatmo. Patri agere, imo et maximas habere debemus, qui Exam. Vam. nobis licet indignis Superiorem concesserit ; atque iterum ejus Sanctitatem vehementer rogamus, ut sub tutela tanti Patris per multos amplius annos nos conservare dignetur.

Ergo benigne Domine, cujus super nos maxima sollicitudo semper existit, quales Exæ. Væ. gratias pro singularibus tum in nos paternis studiis tum etiam innumeris laboribus propter nos susceptis, agamus! quibus laudibus tantum in summa potestate rerum omnium modum tam denique incredibilem prudentiam ac romano nomine dignam constantiam, quam in variis rerum eventibus perbelle experti sumus, efferemus! quo studio tam benignum Patrem prosequemur, qua benevolentia complectemur! Scimus hoc esse majus votum animi ejus nec non dignam satisfactionem, ut nos seduli alacresque simus in monasticæ vitæ curriculo ac regulæ observatione, quod nos toto corde ei promittimus. Sed valde angit nos, qui tanto patre meruimur, talis unquam beneficii immemores, aliquo humano errore benignum ejus animum forte tetigisse.

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Postremo nosmetipsos nostramque societatem Exæ Væ paterna curæ committentes supplicamus, ut ejus bono progressuique studeat: hæc enim congregatio Exæ Væ laboribus ac legibus stabilita atque radicata ejus laudabile nomen gloriamque solidam inter S. Thomæ Aps. Christianos memorabit atque in æternum tuebitur.

Tandem adm. enixe precantes Exam Vam ut hos filialis amoris ac gratitudinis sensus ex sincero corde depromptos libentissime accipiat, nosque paterna ac apostolica benedictione præmuniri dignetur.

Nos. filii hummi. religiosi, C. D. T. O.

MANNANAM CONVENTUS,
Die 31 *Oct.* 1890.

The Convent of Mananam was built 59 years ago. It is situated on a Hill, and commands a good view of the surrounding country. The Church has a nice large altar, high above which in the centre is a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a niche, and angels are represented as holding in their hands the instruments of Our Lord's Passion. Near the Church there is a large double-storied Seminary for Syrian clergy, in which there are now about 80 seminarists. This institution was visited by His Excellency, accompanied by Dr. Lavigne, on the 1st November. His Excellency was received at the entrance, and conducted to a large Hall decorated for the occasion with a profusion of natural and artificial flowers. An address was read in English, and was followed by a few songs in Syriac. Then the pupils of St. Ephrem's College, about 60 in number, welcomed His Excellency with another address in English and songs in Malayalam. The seminary has a press attached to it, where works in Latin, English, Syriac, Tamil and Malayalam are printed, as also a bi-monthly newspaper called the "Nassram Dibika," which counts 550 subscribers, all natives. Then there is a small shop, attached to the Printing office for the sale of books, rosaries, images, and other articles of interest to the Christians of the place. "All Saints" and "All Souls" Days were celebrated here with great solemnity. On both days High Mass was sung, followed by the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Office of the Dead was very solemn, chanted as it was according to the Syrian Rite, which, as is well known, presents many attractions, especially to those who witness it for the first time. There are

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now at Mananam two Jacobite Priests, who have lately renounced their errors and entered the Fold. Their example, so very consoling as it is, will it is hoped, be followed by their fellow-priests. Many of these have already laid their doubts before His Lordship the Vicar Apostolic of Cottayam, and there can be no doubt that the presence of His Excellency the Papal Delegate will be productive of great good to these Schismatic souls, and draw them towards the true Spouse of Christ. The children of St. Ignatius of Loyola are here, as elsewhere, indefatigable in their work for the Church of God, and here as elsewhere do they earnestly work up to the golden motto of their Saintly Founder—"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

VI.

His Excellency, accompanied by Dr. Lavigne and suite, left the Mananam Convent, at 4 P. M., on the 3rd November, for Cottayam, where he arrived at 7 P. M. That evening being the Eve of St. Charles, the Patron Saint of Dr. Lavigne and Mgr. Montagnini, greetings and congratulations were offered them before parting; and the next day, the two Vicars General and the Bishop's Councillors were invited to a dinner. Cottayam, though small and insignificant in itself, is the centre or Head quarters of all the Christian denominations of Malabar. It is actually the seat of four Bishops. There is no public building worthy of note. The houses of the leading residents and officials are scattered about, and offer comfort enough, perhaps, to their occupants. The native Bazaar is anything but a pleasant resort. During His Excellency's stay at Cottayam, the Secretary of Mar Dyonisius, the Jacobite Archbishop, paid him a visit, and many other persons of distinction made it a point to pay their respects to His Excellency. His Excellency left Cottayam on the 7th instant at 4 P. M., and was accompanied to the boat by Dr. Lavigne, Father Ricard, His Lordship's Secretary, and Very Rev. Father Nidiry,

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Vicar General. Early in the morning of the 8th, His Excellency and suite reached Ibicca, where they were received by good Father Dominic of the Most Holy Trinity, and the Parishoners. After the usual blessing, the following address was read by Mr. Mellos, late Inspector of Police, Trevandrum.

To His Grace Monsignor Andrea Ajuti,

Archbishop of Acrida and Delegate Apostolic

in India, &c., &c., &c.

May it please Your Grace,

We the parishoners of the Ibicca Church, availing ourselves of this precious occasion of your Grace's coming to this Christian village, and condescension to visit us, respectfully greet and welcome your Grace with feelings of unfeigned pleasure and sincere gratitude, only second to that which would animate us did the Father of all the faithful appear in our midst, and take the liberty of approaching your venerable person and offering this address as a token of the high esteem, respect and veneration which we entertain for your Grace's exalted person.

It is about 27 years since we had the honor to receive under this humble roof another High Dignitary of the Church. Now after the lapse of so many years, we have the same or greater honor by receiving your Grace in the same place and we regret to say that on account of the shortness of time we have not been able to accord your Grace a befitting reception.

We are acquainted with the accomplishments of your Grace. We have read some things about your Grace's delegations in other parts of the world but it is not our intention at present to make mention of them, we intend only to tell your Grace that we are dutiful children of His Holiness whose name we have learned to pronounce with respect, veneration and devotion from our infancy.

This visit will be recorded as a happy and great event in the history of our Church, and we shall make mention to our children of your Grace's condescension to us that they may keep well impressed in their hearts the kindness of His Holiness in sending His Representative to assist and comort us.

Your Grace, we should be ungrateful if we pass this occasion without making mention the zeal of our good Bishop in ruling this vast Diocese committed to His care and in promoting our well-being both spiritual and temporal.

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In conclusion be beg most respectfully and heartily to thank your Grace for this visit and soliciting from your Grace the Apostolic Blessing,

We respectfully subscribe ourselves,

Your Grace's most humble servants,

the parishoners of the Ibicca Church.

The Church and Presbytery of Ibicca, are situated near the shore. It appears, some 14 years ago, a large island close by was submerged, and the people fear that the sea is likely to swallow up the bit of land on which their Church stands. During the Monsoons the waves roll up to the very entrance to the Presbytery. After a stay of about an hour here, His Excellency and party started for Palitope, and were met on the way by His Lordship Dr. Ferdinando, Administrator of the Diocese of Quilon, whom His Excellency invited over to his boat. At 11 o'clock the party arrived at the Parish Church, and were met at the landing place by the Christians. A nice Pandal had been erected here, bearing high above it in golden letters the words *"Pasce oves meas, Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini;"* here on thrones prepared for them sat His Excellency and Dr. Ferdinando, while a Malayalam address was read, and ably translated into Latin by the Rev. Father Gonzalves, Dr. Ferdinando's Secretary, who was also the interpreter of His Excellency's reply. The party then proceeded to the Church in procession, along a road beautifully decorated for the occasion. There were present some of the neighbouring parish priests, who had come to pay their respects to His Excellency. The Church and presbytery of Palitope are like those at Ibicca, built by the sea shore, in a lovely position. His Excellency and suite left this place at 2 P. M., for Quilon, accompanied by 20 boats. On both banks of the canal through which the boats had to pass, people could be seen running in crowds to catch a glimpse of the venerable face of the Papal Delegate. An hour before reaching Quilon, more than 50 boats decorated with flags of various hues, with Royal Umbrellas and large silver crosses, appeared on the waters and offered a most delightful spectacle, while the sound of music ravished the ears. On nearing Quilon, the Palace of H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore could be seen to the right, small in dimensions but commanding a lovely position. A little

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further on, to the left, stood the Residency, on extensive ground, overtopping a Hill. At 4-30, the party arrived at the landing place, where the Very Rev. Father Ambrose, Vicar-General, and Rev. Father Columbinus were awaiting the arrival of His Excellency. The Band of the Native Regiment struck up, as His Excellency left the boat. Under a nicely decorated Pandal, His Excellency received the following address of welcome, which was read by Mr. Vanspall :—

TO THE MOST REV. LORD ARCHBISHOP

ANDREW AJUTI, D.D., D.PH., D.I.C. &c.,

Archbishop and Delegate Apostolic,

in the East Indies.

&c., &c., &c.,

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We the Catholics of Quilon, most respectfully beg leave to approach Your Grace, on this occasion of Your Grace's visit to our town, with our humble address of welcome. Our veneration of the Holy See, and our obligations to the Holy Fathers, that have sat on the throne of St. Peter, for the innumerable blessings we enjoy with the rest of Christendom, make Your Grace's visit to us doubly welcome.

We are deeply thankful to Your Grace for Your Grace's condescension in visiting us; and we sincerely trust that this visit of Your Graces will not be without special blessings to our Diocese.

It must indeed be very gratifying to witness, during Your Grace visits to the various Dioceses and Arch-Dioceses in this country, the seed of our holy religion sown in this land, in years gone by, by faithful hands, bearing fruit and to learn that the prayers of the Saints for the conversion of sinners have not been in vain and that the bosoms of all Catholics great and small are full of love and loyalty to the Holy Father.

It is but simple truth, therefore, to say that words fail us to express adequately, our joy, in welcoming Your Grace to-day, as the representative of our Holy Father.

We trust it will not be out of place here to state, that during the quarter of a century we have been under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Carmelite Prelates we have derived no few benefits from their loving care and guidance. The Holy Sacraments have been uninterruptedly administered to us in the orthodox manner; Schools and Orphanages have sprung

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up throughout the dioeese for both sexes, and they have been expanded and strengthened, as much as possible, to meet the ever increasing thirst for knowledge, and above all a theological Seminary for training youths of this country, to be preachers of the Gospel, has been implanted in our midst. And it is but reasonable, we trust, to hope that these institutions will in good time be productive of much good, in dispelling the darkness that now rules this land.

In conclusion we pray to Your Grace to convey to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, our expression of loyalty to his sacred person and throne, and to grant us Your Grace's Benediction.

We beg to remain,

Your Grace's

Most obdt. and humble servants & Children,

M. APPAVOO PILLAY & 19 others.

QUILON, *8th November* 1890.

After an appropriately gracious reply, the procession moved towards the Church, the Seminarists singing the *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*, and the Band playing the whole way. The road was beautifully decorated, with triumphal arches at various points, and could hardly contain the crowd that flocked to see the Pope's representative, so that some had to get on trees to watch His Excellency passing. At the Church, His Excellency was received by Dr. Ferdinando with the usual ceremonies, and after the blessing, the procession wended its way to the residence of the Venerable and most Rev. Ildephonsus, the Bishop of Quilon, who received His Excellency with great affection. His Grace is 73 years of age, and looks like a venerable Patriarch, with flowing white beard ornamenting a saintly face. The next day (9th) His Excellency said Mass at the Cathedral, the Band being in attendance; and at 11 A.M., he paid a visit to the Seminary where he received a Latin address. There are twenty-two Seminarists in this institution just now. In the evening His Excellency with Mgr. Ferdinando, Very Rev. Father Ambrose and suite went to Tangacherry (in British Territory)—a mile away—to visit the Parish Church. His Excellency was received by the amiable Parish Priest, Father John of the Cross, and his assistant, under a beautiful Pandal. The Band of the Regiment was present. Then the party moved on to the

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Church, where His Excellency gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with mitre and crosier, Mgr. Montagnini being Master of Ceremonies, and Very Rev. Father Ambrose and Rev. Father Biolley, Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively. After Benediction, the party proceeded to the Presbytery to partake of refreshments prepared by the good Parish Priests. After an hours' rest His Excellency and suite returned to Quilon. Quilon has some excellent buildings and institutions—among others, the District School, Civil Hospital and Victoria Hospital for women, a large Spinning Mill, etc. The *champ de Mars* is vast and well situated. Roads are spacious and lined with trees on either side, reminding one of the beautiful roads of Pondicherry. But the medal has a dark side, and we find it in the native houses along the seashore, which look quite the reverse of comfortable. On Monday, the 10th November, at 10 A. M., His Excellency, Mgr. Ferdinando and all the Carmelite Fathers went to the Convent, where a variety entertainment was given by the good Nuns and their pupils, in a large and nicely decorated Hall. The following is the Programme:—

"Welcome"... ... (Song.)
Address ... ... Miss Millicent LaBouchardiere.
A Dialogue. { Butterfly ... ... Miss Anney Lumsden.
Child ... ... Master Ignatius Rodrigues.
Song... ... "The Sunny Hours of Childhood.
Music... ... Violin.
Poetry. ... "Monk Felix"....Millicent La'Bouchardiere.
Song... ... "The Strolling Musicians."
Poetry ... "The Little Fish"....Miss Anney Lumsden.
Song... ... "The Cuckoo."

DRAMA—In Four Acts.

Dramatis Personæ:

Countess Errard ... ...Miss Caroline Leiton.
Isabel... ... Her daughter ... ...Miss M. La'Bouchardiere.
Madam Morville...Governess to I. ...Miss Delphy Leiton
Phillipps ... Maid to the Countess ...Miss A. Lodge.
Ellen... ... House Maid ... ...Miss Mary Lumsden.
Mother Alarum...Farmer's Wife... ...Miss F. Croning
Jane... ... Her little Shepherdess...Miss G. Martin.

God Save the Queen.

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The Drama of the "Countess" was well acted. Your readers are no doubt aware of the plot, which is briefly this: the daughter of the Countess being dissatisfied with her position exchanged it with that of a Shepherdess; but after a few days, both of them finding their new state of life unbearable, obtained permission to revert to the position in which God's Providence had placed them, and were happy ever afterwards. The young lady actors distinguished themselves remarkably well; special praise is however due to Miss La-Bouchardiere, Miss Croning, and Miss Martin. The nuns of the 3rd Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel deserve great credit for the pains they take with their young charges. They have a large School and an orphanage, where English, Tamil and Malayalam are taught. After the performance, His Excellency thanked the nuns and the children for the entertainment he had received, and expressed his entire satisfaction. Before leaving, he was presented with a beautiful surplice, the work of the convent; and was also shown some excellent needle-work and painting. In the evening at 4 P. M., His Excellency Mgr. Ferdinando and Suite, with all the Carmelite Fathers went again to Tangacherry to visit the Convent of the Religious of the Carmelite order. The Hall where the distinguished party were received was splendidly decorated. After an address in English, and another in Malayalam, the children sang some songs, and were then blessed by His Excellency, who allowed them all to approach him, and kiss his ring. The visit over, His Excellency and suite returned to Quilon.

TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

VII.

His Excellency and suite left Quilon, on the 12th instant, accompanied to the boat by His Grace the Archbishop Dr. Ildephonsus, Dr. Ferdinando, the Reverend Fathers Ambrose and John, and the seminarists. After having blessed the people present, His Excellency got into the boat, which glided along in full view of the Maharajah's Palace, the Residency and other places of interest, and

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passed pleasant landscapes which charmed the eye of the distinguished travellers. At 5 A. M. a halt was made at a Traveller's Bungalow, where a *champetre dejeuner* was prepared for them. Starting again, after partaking of this rural repast, they met the Rev. Father Almeida, Parish Priest of Allepey, who had come to escort His Excellency, and whom His Excellency kindly invited over to his boat. At 9 o'clock, the party entered the canal leading to Allepey. The banks were crowded with people anxious to see the Papal Delegate, and their eyes followed the boat, in which His Excellency was, with unmistakeable pleasure. His Excellency was received at the landing place by the Rev. Father Candidus and some Native Priests. A few of the Eurasian Residents of the place were also present. At the Church, Dr. Ferreira, Bishop of Cochin, received His Excellency with the usual rites. After the blessing, the party proceeded to the residence of the Bishop, preceeded by the Band of Sta Cruz College, which was in attendance from the time of His Excellency's landing. The Catholics of the place lost no time in coming forward to pay their respects to the Papal Delegate, at the Episcopal residence. On the 14th His Excellency visited the Convent of the Carmelite Nuns. He was received by the Reverend Father Candidus and conducted to a spacious Hall. Here on a nicely decorated platform His Excellency and Dr. Ferreira took their seats and were treated to some excellent music and singing. The following was the programme :—

"Welcome" accompanied by the Harmonium.

Address.

"Dew Drop Waltz"...By Miss D'Lima.
A Fable ... ..."The Oak and the Reed."
A Dialogue ... ."The Child and the Butterfly."
A Dialogue... ... ..."The idle Child, the Sparrow, the Bee and the Ant."
A Song ... ..."The Village Bells," accompanied by the Harmonium.

The Infant's Drill.

The Kindergarten March.

"The Answer of the Delegate."

"God Bless the Pope."

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Afterwards the party were conducted through the Institution, with which His Excellency was well pleased, everything about it being simple but in good order. The past year's examinations appear to have produced very good results here. Dr. Ferreira has established at Alleppey an excellent Industrial School where children are taught handicrafts of various kinds and of great utility. The pupils have already turned out articles which indicate good workmanship, and speak highly in their favour. The press publishes the *Catholic Union*, a bi-monthly paper. Alleppey is a pretty town, traversed by a Canal in two different directions, the banks of which show a number of houses built in a perfectly straight line. About ten curiously constructed bridges span the canal. Of course, as you are aware, Alleppey is a commercial town—and the people therefore find employment in trade. Among the principal warehouses may be mentioned that of Mr. Smail, which His Excellency and party visited. Here they turn out a deal of excellent coir-matting, which is shipped to America. The houses of the Europeans are generally built along the sea shore, and have neat gardens. Alleppey can boast of a Light House and a pier. His Excellency left this place on the 15th, accompanied by Dr. Ferreira, and the Secretaries. The following day the party arrived at Erevine. Here His Excellency had an interesting function to perform—that is, to decorate the two Brothers Parai with the insignia of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. His Excellency was received by Dr. Lavigne, Vicar Apostolic of Cottayam, and conducted to the Church where he said Mass, at 10-30. Mgr. Lavigne said the Mass for the ceremony of installation, and at 11 His Excellency was carried in a chair from the house of the Knights Parai to the Church, accompanied by Dr. Lavigne, Dr. Marcellinus, Dr. Ferreira, Fathers Ricard, Candidus and many native priests. Arrived at the Sanctuary, His Excellency put on the mitre, and with the crosier in his hand sat on a throne with his face turned towards the people. Then Dr. Marcellinus read the following brief from the Holy Father :—

DILECTO FILIO MARCHIONI
ORMISDAE PARRAI
LEO P. P. XIII.

Dilecte fili salutem et Apostolicam benedictionem. Cum nuper significatum sit Nobis te fratremque tuum, ejusdem laudis aemulum statutum

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habere, Gymnasium Pontificio nomine Nostro vocandum ad rectam adolescentium institutionem condere, conditoque proventum uttribuere, ut Nostrae in te benevolentiae, et quinquagesimi Sacerdotii Nostri Natalis memoria extet, Nos grata officiorum vicissitudine, te, quem nuper inter Equites Commendatores auratae militiae adscivimus, ad ampliorem dignitatis gradum evehendum censuimus. Quare te a quibusvis excommunicationis, et interdicti aliisque ecclesiasticis sententiis censuris, et poenis quovis modo vel causa latis, si quas forte incurreris, hujus tan, tum rei gratia absolventes, et absolutum fore censenteshisce litteris Equitem a Magna Cruce Ordinis S. Gregorii Magni classis civilis facimus, constituimus, renuntiamus teque in lectissimum hujusmodi Equitum coetum cooptamus. Propterea tibi, dilecte fili, concedimus, ut propriam Equitum hujus Ordinis, et gradus, vestem induere, ac praeter grande numisma argenteum sinistro vestis latere innexum, magnam Crucem auream octangulam rubra superficie imaginem S. Gregorii Magni in medio referentem, quae praelonga fascia serica rubri coloris extremis oris flava dextero humero sustineatur, gestare libere, liciteque possis, et valeas. Nequod vero discrimen tam in veste quam insignibus gestandis contingat, appositum schema ad te perferri jussimus.

Datum Romae apud Sanctum Petrum sub Annulo Piscatoris die XII Februarii MDCCCLXXXIX Pontificatus Nostri Anno undecimō.

Pro Dno Card : LEDOCHOWISKI,

T. Arch. el : Selucien : Subtus.

Dr. Marcellinus explained in Malayalam the greatness of the Order of St. Gregory, which counts only thirty members in the whole Catholic world. After the reading of the Brief, two prettily wrought boxes containing the decorations were placed on the Altar, and the Delegate, after a few prayers, sprinkled them with holy water. During this time, the Brothers Parai were kneeling at the foot of the Altar, the Cross of the Order of St. Sylvester glittering on their breasts. After the blessing, His Excellency passed a large ribbon across their shoulders, and pinned the new decorations on their breasts. His Excellency then turned towards the Altar, and blessed the two swords placed there, after which he gave them to the Brothers, and bade them rise. Thus the two Brothers Parai have, by their own merits, and through the munificience of the Holy Father, won the coveted distinction of Knights of the G. C. O. S. G. G., (Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.) They are also, as I have already said, Knights of

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the Order of St. Sylvester. After the ceremony, His Excellency accompanied by all the Bishops and Priests returned to the House. Here the children of the two Knights—a boy and three girls—approached His Excellency, and read addresses on behalf of their Fathers, thanking him, and through him the Pope, for the great honor conferred on them. An English address was also presented to His Excellency on behalf of the Brothers by one of their relatives. His Excellency replied through Dr. Marcellino. In the exening, the newly created Knights showed their thankfulness by feeding about three hundred of the poor. At 4 o'clock, the Ladies of the House with all the children received His Excellency's blessing, and were allowed to kiss his ring. At 5 P. M. His Excellency and suite, with Dr. Msrcellino, Dr. Ferreira and Fr. Candidus started for Cochin, which place was reached at 8. Mr. Cavendish, the popular Agent of the Madras Bank was with many others, on the jetée to receive His Excellency. So too, were Father Camillus, Everrett and others. The next day His Excellency accompanied by Dr. Ferreira, the Secretaries, etc., paid a visit to the Sta. Cruz College. The Band was in attendance on the occasion. Two addresses, one in English and the other in Syriac were presented to His Fxcellency in a beautifully decorated Hall. After an appropriate reply, His Excellency went round the Institution, and witnessed also some gymnastic exercises. The College has 220 pupils, under 13 teachers. After leaving the College, His Excellency and suite went to the Convent, where the following programme was gone through, with marked ability, by the Convent school pupils :—

PROGRAMME.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE'S VISIT

TO ST. MARY'S CONVENT SCHOOL, COCHIN.

Welcome Song...	...By the Pupils.
Recitation, " A Child's Wishes".....	...Misses G. Winckler and M. Lafrenais.
Duet " Il Furioso" Galop ...	...Misses Lafrenais and G. Winckler.
Good Wishes	...Miss M. Padua.
Italian Song	...By the Infants.
Solo " Martha Valse" ...	...Miss Lafrenais.
Short Speech	...Master R. Lafrenais.

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Dialogue ... ...By three little ones.
Song " Fairie Voices Waltz" ...By the Pupils.
Address ... ...Miss A. Vieyra.
Duet " La Cara Venezia" Polka ...Misses Lafrenais and G. Winckler.

The Kindergarten March and Song.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Many outsiders, amomg whom were Mrs. and Mr. Cavendish, were present, and evinced a lively interest in the various performances. Before leaving the Institution His Excellency gave the pupils leave to relax their studies for two days, and the announcement was received with cheers. The Reverend Mother deserves great credit for her exertions to please the illustrious visitors, and thanks for her thoughtfulness in offering refreshments to all who were present, on the occasion. Dr. Lavinge arrived here on the 17th morning to meet His Excellency.

On the 18th instant, His Excellency visited the College at Cochin, which is under the direction of Father Camillus, the Parish Priest. Here he was received with due welcome, and was presented with an address. After witnessing the various performances of the pupils, to which was added some excellent native music, His Excellency went to the Parish Church, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. in the afternoon of the same day, accompanied by Dr. Lavigne, and the Secretaries, His Excellency started in a boat to Ernacollum, where a goodly number of people were assembled to welcome him. At the Convent, which is under the Archbishop of Verapoly, His Excellency received an address of welcome and the children poured out their joy in song. Afterwards a very interesting ceremony was performed by His Excellency—the reception of a Nun ——, which with its many interesting details well known to Catholic readers, was very impressive and solemn. Dr. Marcellino, with some Carmelite Fathers of the Diocese of Verapoly were also present on the occasion. On the 22nd instant, His Excellency with Dr. Ferreira, Dr. Lavigne, and their Secretaries left Cochin, in the Steam ship " Java," at 12 noon, the Port Officer accompanying the distinguished party to the steamer. His Excellency intended going on to Mangalore; but at night, feeling unwell, he determined to land at Calicut the next morning. His Excellency had, in fact, been ailing since

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the 20th, but thought nothing of the illness till he was on board and felt symptoms of a rather serious attack of fever. Accordingly, on the morning of the 23rd, His Excellency, with Mgr. Montagnini left the steamer, and landed at Calicut. The same day, they started for Ootacamund, and arrived here on the morning of the 24th. His Excellency, I am glad to say, is progressing favorably.

30TH NOVEMBER 1890.

RECEPTION OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE AT OOTACAMUND.

The 30th being the feast of St. Andrew, whose name His Excellency bears, it was resolved to felicitate him on the occasion, which was also availed of to welcome him on his return from tour. Accordingly, the necessary preparations were made; and His Excellency kindly condescended to receive the proposed welcome and felicitation on the evening of Sunday the 30th November. A nicely decorated pandal with a temporary altar, was put up a short distance away from the Church, and here His Excellency was received in accordance with the ceremonial of the Church, by the Rev. Father LeBonzec, Assistant Parish Priest—(Father Biolley being away for the Exposition Ceremony at Goa)—and by the Rev. Father Terrat, Convent Chaplain. The place was thronged, the entire Catholic congregation, and a few non-Catholics, having turned out to welcome His Excellency. The road leading to the Church was lined with banners all along. Under a canopy, His Excellency, with his amiable Secretary, Monsignor Montagnini, preceded by the Parish Priests and followed by the congregation, marched in procession to the Church the choir chanting the *Te Deum*. Arrived at the Church, His Excellency knelt for a while before the Blessed Sacrament, while the following responses were sung by the Parish Priest, and the choir alternately :—

V. Protector noster aspice Deus.

R. Et respice in faciem Christi tui.

V. Salvum fac servum tuum.

R. Deus meus, sperantem in te.

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v. Mitte ei, Domine, auxilium de Sancto.
R. Et de Sion tuere eum.
v. Nihil proficiat inimicus in eo.
R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere ei.
v. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
v. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

After which, followed a short prayer; and then His Excellency vested for Benediction, with mitre and crosier. Mgr. Montagnini acted as Deacon, and Father Terrat as Sub-deacon. During the holy rite, the choir sang the *Lauda Sion*, followed by the hymn *Alma Redemptoris*, and the *Tantum Ergo*. These pieces were very efficiently rendered—indeed, the rendering was delightfully harmonious and intensely devotional. After the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Excellency was conducted to the Presbytery, where, after the singing of the "Vivat Pastor Bonus," he was presented with the following address, which was read by Mr. F. Lemerle:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

MGR. ANDREW AJUTI, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA, AND DELEGATE APOSTOLIC IN THE EAST INDIES.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,—

An untoward event, painful though it has been to Your Excellency, and no less painful to us your Children, has helped to hasten our joyous welcome on Your Excellency's return to Ootacamund, in a manner altogether unexpected.

Your Excellency's presence amongst us to-day dispels the gloom which had fallen upon us when the tidings of your illness reached our ears. Need we say that we welcome your Excellency on your safe return with an exuberance of filial joy which only those can feel who have had the happiness of constantly receiving proofs of your Excellency's tender concern towards them. In other places your Excellency has, no doubt, been received with the respect due to your exalted dignity; but we welcome you with the tenderest possible affection, for we are in a special manner your very own.

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Availing ourselves, therefore, of this great privilege we approach your Excellency once more on this Anniversary of your Patron Saint's Day, and renew the expression of our attachment to your Excellency's person, and our loyalty to the Holy Father, whom you continue so worthily to represent in these parts. We wish your Excellency all possible happiness, and pray that your precious life may be spared for many long years to come for the greater honor and glory of God, and of His Holy Church, wherein your Excellency shines with the bright lustre of piety and erudition.

Prostrate then at your feet, we beg your Excellency to receive the assurance of our profound respect and affection for you, and imploring your Apostolic blessing, we beg to remain your Excellency's most humble Children.

THE PARISHIONERS OF OOTACAMUND.

In reply, His Excellency thanked the good people of Ootacamund for their demonstration of affection, and said that it seemed a dispensation of Providence that he should be brought back to them before his Patron Saint's Day, to receive further proofs of their attachment to him, and of their loyalty to the Holy Father. They were perfectly right, he said, in calling themselves his own, in a special manner, and he, on his part would always regard them with affection. Concluding, His Excellency begged his hearers to have a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to Saint Joseph,—a devotion to which an impetus has been given of late by Our Holy Father Leo XIII. His Excellency's words were listened to with great attention, and when he had finished, all present knelt to receive his episcopal blessing. The Hall in which this audience took place was tastefully decorated through the exertions of the Rev. Father LeBonzec. I am glad to say that His Excellency has quite recovered his health. He is now, in fact, looking all the better for the short change he had.

10TH DECEMBER 1890.

HIS LORDSHIP DR. BARDOU.

Our good Bishop passed this way last Friday, on his return from the Wynaad. His Lordship's stay in that sickly region extended over a month and a half, the Churches there being scattered about, and not being conve-

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niently situated, for visitation. Dr. Bardou has a physique which many a younger Bishop might envy. Even were it otherwise, His Lordship's tender concern for the souls entrusted to his episcopal care would have induced him to set aside all obstacles in the fulfilment of his duty. May God spare him to his diocese for many more years to come.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. EDWARD GASNIER.

This distinguished Prelate, who, is the Bishop of Malacca (res. Singapore,) arrived here on Monday the 8th, at 3-30 P. M. His Lordship was met at Charing Cross by Mgr. Montagnini, and escorted to Shedden House, the residence of His Excellency Mgr. Aiuti, whose guest he is likely to be for a week or so. Dr. Gasnier, took part in the Exposition Ceremony at Goa, on which occasion His Lordship's splendid physique stood him in good stead, during the enthusiastic rush in the Church to venerate the glorious Body of St. Francis Xavier. Indeed, much of the good order that prevailed then was owing to the exertions of His Lordship in aiding the venerable Patriarch Archbishop of Goa. Dr. Gasnier left Goa on the evening of the 3rd December for Bangalore; after a short stay here, His Lordship proceeded on to Coimbatore, where he arrived on Saturday the 6th. He left this place after Mass on Sunday, arriving at Coonoor in time to meet His Lord ship Dr. Bardou, who had just returned from his pastoral tour, to take part in the celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception,—the titular feast of the Church at Coonoor. Dr. Gasnier left Coonoor on Monday afternoon and arrived here, as stated above, the same day. The Bishop of Singapore is 57 years old, and looks remarkably noble and venerable. His Lordship landed in India in 1857, and served for 20 years in the Bangalore Mission. During the early years of his missionary career, one of his Confrères was the celebrated Orientalist Pére Dubois, whose work on the people of Southern India was so highly appreciated by the Government of the day that they offered him Rs. 32,000 for that splendid monument of literary ability and erudition. His Lordship was consecrated Bishop in 1878, and has ever since been in charge of the Diocese of Malacca—which is just now in as flourishing a condition as it well can be. His

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Lordship has to deal with Malayese, Chinese, and even Tamilians of whom there are now 4,000 in the Malayan Peninsula. These have had free grants of land from Government for purposes of cultivation, and His Lordship looks forward to the day when they will form a model Christian Colony, with interests rooted, as it were, in the soil. His Lordship's well known ability and activity will certainly hasten the realization of his desires. After leaving Ootacamund, His Lordship intends going to Madras, and thence to Pondicherry whence Mgr. Gandy, the Co-adjutor Archbishop, will accompany His Lordship to Singapore, to recruit his health, which has been failing for some time.

1890.

OUR CHRISTMAS.

Christmas in Ootacamund was shorn of much of its usual solemn splendour, in consequence of the absence of His Excellency the Papal Delegate. However, we did our best to throw around our celebration the halo of solemnity which befits the Feast. The Parish Church was beautifully decorated in spite of the obstacles presented by the fewness just now of the ladies of the Altar Society. Light and flowers, emblems of truth and beauty, combined to render the lowly manger of the Infant Jesus, doubly dear to the hearts of the faithful assembled to adore Him—the King of angels, and of men. The music of the Mass seemed to soar high above the prosaic realities of this busy, bustling world, with its jarring cares, and in harmonious cadences, float over the incense laden air, blending its rich melody with the sweet perfume of the burning dust that encloses odour rarer than the roses. What a sweet musical meditation was the *Gloria in excelcis* of the day! Never did its deep and intense meaning touch the chord of the heart with greater unison, than on Christmas day. And then, the fervent communions of the day, though fewer this year than in other years, yet none the less fervent and edifying. One family especially edified me, when in the cool of the morning, rising with the sun, I hastened to the Parish Church for the *second* Mass. There were barely a dozen worshippers *then*,

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tired nature having perhaps asserted its sway over those who assisted at the Midnight Mass. But Oh! how edifying to behold a whole family—father, mother and daughter—approach the Holy table unseen by few, save by the ever-watchful eyes of the angelic host above. Why linger longer over such scenes? They are, thank God, by no means rare, even in these infidel regions, and they are like the refreshing dew that moistens the arid earth. Our spiritual aridity requires many a dewy shower like this to fertilize it into freshness.

1891.

THE NEW YEAR.

We are just entering into another year; and whether for weal or woe, we know not. At all events, the balance may be inclined one way or the other, according, as we wish it, and act up to our wishes. Who is there, however, that does not wish that the coming year may be laden with happiness to all? Even worldlings, with hearts as chill as the frost around us, have the wish ready on their lips, if not in their hearts. With Christians, the wish must be something more than a mere cold formality. For they know and understand wherein true happiness consists. A *happy* New Year, then. A *happy* New Year to friends and foes alike,—to friends that their friendship may be still further solidified, and to foes, that they may be drawn into the charming circle of friendship, forgetting all differences in the happiness vouchsafed to them. A thrice—happy New Year to all.

10TH JANUARY 1891.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

I.

His Excellency, left Ootacamund on the afternoon of the 18th ultimo, for another extensive tour towards the north. He was accompanied by his two Secretaries, Mgr. Montaguini and the Rev. Fr. Biolley. At Coimbatore, His Excellency was met by the Right Rev. Dr. Bardou, the

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Bishop of the Diocese, and by the Right Rev. Dr. Gasnier, Bishop of Malacca, and several Priests. At Arconum, which was reached the next day at 7 P. M., several of His Excellency's Ooty friends were waiting, some to go on to Bangalore and others to Secunderabad. Among them were General Kenny-Herbert and Sir Arthur Collins. After a few hours' rest here, His Excellency and suite started for Poona, and after 30 hours of discomfort, added to many a *contre-temps*, in the train, the party reached Poona on Sunday the 21st at 2 A. M. At 6 A. M., the Vicar General, the Very Rev. Father Daling, having heard of His Excellency's arrival, came over to the Railway hotel (which, by the way was anything but a model of cleanliness) to take His Excellency and suite to the Episcopal Residence, where they were received by the Right Rev. Dr. Beiderlinden, Bishop of the Diocese. On the 22nd, His Lordship the Bishop, took His Excellency to St. Vincent's High School, where 220 Day scholars are instructed by the good Fathers of the Institution. The building is a spacious one, with very large and well-ventilated class rooms. His Excellency was afterwards taken to St. Joseph's Convent, where upwards of 190 girls receive a first class education. The girls are under the care of 12 nuns of the Order of Jesus and Mary. They have also 42 orphans, and attached to the Convent there is a school for poor children. It is delightful to see the charity and self-denial of these good nuns; in their dealings with the destitute and the poor. The Convent building is a splendid one, very comfortable, and kept perfectly clean. In the evening His Excellency attended by His Lordship ascended the brow of a Hill from which a magnificent view of Poona and its environs could be had. The town resembles Bangalore, but it is much larger. Poona is 1849 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is delicious. It is the seat of the Bombay Government, during the hot season, and the Head Quarters of the Army. The Governor's residence is at Kirkee, about three miles away. On the 23rd, His Excellency received a visit from Dr. Pagani, the Bishop of Mangalore, who had just arrived from Europe, with a few Jesuit Fathers for His Lordship's Diocese. Dr. Pagani, looks remarkably well, and quite capable of carrying on his arduous labours in India for some further decades of years. His Lordship left the same day for Goa, where he spent Christmas. At 12 o'clock, His Excellency took leave of Poona, and left the Station at 12-30, *en route* for Bom-

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bay. Many of my readers have perhaps had the good fortune to visit this part of India, but for the benefit of those who have not, I must say that the whole way from Poona to Bombay is charmingly picturesque. The Railway, at first passes the foot of many hillocks covered with verdant shrubbery and shady bowers of trees—then, all at once, the scene changes, and one finds oneself on the top of the ghauts with deep precipices on either side; a moment later, the slope of the Hills is descended, and in less than two hours one has to pass through 26 tunnels. The landscape all along is varied and imposing. His Excellency and suite arrived at Bombay at 7 o'clock and were met by the Very Rev. Father Dalhoff, Administrator of the Archdiocese and many other Fathers, who accompanied the distinguished party to the Fort Chapel. His Excellency spent Christmas and New Year's Days at Bombay, and left for Lahore on the 2nd instant.

10TH JANUARY 1891.

GREETINGS.

We were not happy this year, as in former years, to have His Excellency the Papal Delegate with us, on New Year's Day. However, we were determined not to let the day pass without giving vent to the feelings of respect we entertain towards the Holy Father's representative in India. Accordingly, after a preliminary meeting of the Catholics of Ootacamund, at which all details were arranged we sent His Excellency the following greeting on New Year's Eve:—

"The Fathers and Catholic congregation of Ootacamund, respectfully wish your Excellency health, happiness, and many happy returns of the day." We had not long to wait for a reply, which His Excellency condescendingly telegraphed on New Year's Day, in the following terms:—

"Most cordially accept wishes of Fathers and Catholic Congregation, Ootacamund, and implore from God every blessing and happiness upon you all."

At the meeting aforesaid, it was also resolved to send a New Year's greeting to our esteemed Parish Priest, the Rev.

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Father Biolley, who has accompanied His Excellency the Papal Delegate on tour. This was what we telegraphed to our good Pastor :—

"Please accept hearty felicitations from your Parishioners, with best wishes for many happy returns of the day." And Father Biolley replied in the following affectionate terms :—

"A thousand hearty thanks and wishes to Fathers and beloved Parishioners."

Thus did we begin the New Year with greetings reciprocated by blessings.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

II.

I omitted some particulars of His Excellency's visit to Bombay, in my last; and must therefore do myself the pleasure of supplementing the remarks I then made, by some further notes. His Excellency and suite arrived at Bombay, on the 23rd December. At the Byculla station, some Jesuit Fathers were awaiting His Excellency's arrival, and they accompanied him to the Terminus, where the Very Rev. Father Dalhoff, Administrator Apostolic of the Bombay Archdiocese, received His Excellency, and conducted him to the Fort Chapel. The next day the Bishop of Damaun, accompanied by his Secretary, paid an official visit, in due style, to His Excellency, who returned the visit the following day. On Christmas day, His Excellency celebrated his Masses at the Cathedral, where he met with a suitable reception. His Excellency was then met by the Bishop of Damaun, who drove him to his Cathedral. Here another grand reception was given to His Excellency by the Seminarists. Afterwards, His Excellency gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Bishop himself helping. Then His Excellency imparted his Apostolic blessing to those who were present, and particularly to the Seminarists who were starting for Goa. He also allowed all present to approach him and kiss his ring; among others

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who availed themselves of this privilege being the Portuguese Consul, in uniform. Retiring to the Presbytery, the Bishop of Damaun thanked His Excellency for his visit, and gave expression to sentiments of attachment to the Holy See, concluding with an ardent hope with regard to His Lordship's Seminarists, who were being trained for the Missionary life. His Excellency replied in appropriate terms. After this exchange of cordialities, many of the residents were introduced to His Excellency. The Seminarists then marched to the station, displaying their Rosaries round their necks, and with banners flying, headed by their good Bishop. A band accompanied them, discoursing sweet music along the way. The following days were partly spent in returning visits, and inspecting various Catholic Institutions of the Archdiocese of Bombay. The College of St. Francis Xavier and St. Mary came first in the list of these Institutions. These buildings are simply splendid in every respect. Built in the Gothic style under the able supervision of two Jesuit Brothers, they stand unrivalled. The spacious rooms and verandahs, the immense refectories and dormitories, not to speak of the rich libraries, afford to the happy children received within their walls, a comfort which they certainly will not find in any other kindred institutions in India. Nothing indeed is spared to make the inmates comfortable. St. Xavier's is intended for Day-Scholars only, and gives instruction to some 1,400 boys of all creeds and colours, coming from almost every part of India. It teaches up to the M. A. Standard. St. Mary's is intended for European orphans. This institution has 210 boarders and 269 Day-Scholars. These two Colleges receive a Government Grant of about 30,000 Rs. a year, which I am sure cannot be spent for a better purpose. His Excellency was very much pleased to see all the good done by the Rev. Fathers. The girls are cared for quite as well as the boys, in this Archdiocese. There are in Bombay two orders of nuns: that of Jesus and Mary, and the daughters of the Cross. Their charity and self-denial are truly admirable. Girls of all conditions, the favoured and the rich, as well as the poor and the destitute, are all alike educated by them, and trained in the fear and love of God. His Excellency was particularly delighted on the occasion of his visit to St. Joseph's Foundling Home, kept by the daughters of the Cross. The children were then having a treat offered

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them by a well-to-do and truly a Catholic gentleman. There were two large tables groaning under the weight of cakes, and all manner of delectable sweets, round which, the children, after the bigger ones had recited some pieces to thank His Excellency and their benefactors, soon seated themselves, to do justice to the good things laid before them. It was a real treat to the visitors to witness the joy depicted in their countenances. The children were, of course, attended to by the good nuns. In an adjoining room were 25 infants with their nurses. These little creatures are likewise under the care of the nuns, the only parents some of them are ever likely to know on earth. There is also an orphanage for Native children at Bandora called St. Stainslaus' Institute, where there are now 100 boys. This Institution had also the honor of a visit from His Excellency the Papal Delegate. Many other Institutions which speak well for the exertions of the Jesuit Fathers, and their religious helpers, may here be mentioned—such as St. Vincent's Home for poor women, and St. Elizabeth's Home for widows, &c., &c., but, I must proceed. On the 31st, the last day of the year just past, His Excellency gave solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church, attached to St. Mary's College. It was richly decorated for the occasion, and a most impressive service here was attended by a large European congregation. On New Year's Day, His Excellency and suite were entertained at dinner by the Very Rev. Administrator Apostolic and the Professors of St. Francis Xavier's College. The Very Rev. Father Dalhoff proposed the health of His Excellency in an excellent postprandial speech in Latin, to which His Excellency made an appropriate reply. In the evening, the distinguished party were taken to the *Rubattino* where the Commander of that beautiful Steamship, an Italian himself, as also all the other officers, gave a grand dinner in honor of His Excellency the Papal Delegate. Some other Italian gentlemen were also present on the occasion. The vessel was illuminated with electric light. During the day, His Excellency was pleased to receive a telegram from the Catholics of Ootacamund, wishing him many happy returns of the day. His Excellency replied at once, thanking them, and imparting his blessing to all. At 9 P. M. on the 2nd instant His Excellency and suite left Bombay for Lahore. The Very Rev. Father Dalhoff, accompanied them to the Colaba Station.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

III.

His Excellency and suite left Bombay, at 9 o'clock, on the 2nd instant, for Lahore. At Abu Road, a few East Indian Catholics congregated at the station to receive His Excellency's blessing. They were admitted to an audience with His Excellency, and from them many interesting particulars were gathered regarding the Aravulli Hills, where there is a Sanatarium for British Soldiers. These Hills divide Rajputana into two parts, one of which is pretty well cultivated but the other, the north western plateau is but a sea of sand and is known as the Indian desert. The climate here is rather pleasant at this time of the year, but very hot from May to September. On the 5th, His Excellency and suite arrived at Lahore at 7 A.M. Doctor Vanden Bosch, the Bishop-elect of Lahore, with several other Capuchin Fathers were at the station to receive the Papal Delegate. There were also present a good number of Catholics. His Excellency drove at once to the Cathedral, at the entrance to which he was received with the customary honors. The Church and the road leading to it, were beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the evening there was a grand reception, at which His Excellency was presented with an address, which was read by one of the members of the congregation; and a very handsome vase of Punjab manufacture was offered to His Excellency. Afterwards, His Excellency paid a visit to the Convent of the Nuns of Jesus and Mary. On the 6th, Doctor Vanden Bosch said High Mass, *presente episcopo*. The singing was very good. The two following days, His Excellency visited the various places worth seeing, in company with Mgr. Vanden Bosch. At the Fort, the Officer in charge very kindly took the distinguished party round, and showed them the Armoury where are exposed to view, the Coat-of arms of the former rulers of the Punjab, with numberless trophies of its ancient glory, which command the admiration of visitors and clearly point to the fact that the people of India were once a civilised nation. Within the Fort stands the Palace occupied by the ancient rulers of the Punjab, which even in its ruin,

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tells of the riches and power of its princely occupants. The greater part is covered with beautifully enamelled designs. A kind of kiosk is seen there, entirely built with marble. On returning from this beautiful spot, His Excellency's party passed through the native town, called the city, which is walled all round, and has thirteen gateways. Its greatest length is a mile and a quarter. Its streets are long, irregular and narrow, but always thronged with busy feet. The houses have all of them flat roofs and are irregularly built with unplastered bricks, which gives them the appearance of buildings in a town just burnt down. The quarters occupied by the Europeans are outside the city, and are built in handsomer style, with large compounds and boulevards. University Colleges, the Municipal Office, High Court Hospital, &c., are well worth seeing. On the 8th, His Excellency accompanied by Dr. Vanden Bosch and Secretaries paid a visit to Meean Meer a Military Station, six miles from Lahore. On their return, they visited the Shalimar Gardens which if kept in good order would bear comparison with the best parks in Europe. It has more than one fountain within its enclosure. In the evening His Excellency and suite started for Sialkot, another Military Station, 71 miles from Lahore. His Excellency was received at the Station, by the Rev. Fathers. The main object of this visit being to see the newly started Native Mission at Ada, His Excellency drove to that place at 8-30. The Christians, numbering a few hundreds, received the Papal Delegate with great joy in their humble village. The Catechist, read an address to which His Excellency replied, his words being translated into Hindustani, by Mgr. Vanden Bosch. At 10 o'clock, the party started on horseback to Danki, to visit another mission post, and then returned to Sialkot late at night. On the 10th, the European congregation, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by His Excellency, paid him their respects. The European Band was in attendance on the occasion. From Sialkot, a good view could be had of the Himalayas, the tops of which pierce the skies, and are covered with snow. After a sojourn in the South of India, for a length of time, it is more than a treat to see such beauty and grandeur. His Excellency left for Amritsar on the 12th. Here he was able to see the great Manufactory for Cashmere fabrics, and visited also the Government School, the Golden Temple,

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and the Fort built in the beginning of the last century by a French General. The Golden Temple is in reality a marvel of architecture. Its walls are of marble, studded with precious stones. Its columns and domes are all covered with gold, and its floor paved with marble. In the centre of the principal Hall, the Book containing the maxims of the Founder of the Sikh religion is carefully kept, and around it six musicians are constantly playing. Hundreds of people visit this shrine every day of the year. The great Guru of the Sikhs lives opposite the temple in a house, the dome of which is also covered with gold. He is said to be the richest man in the Punjab. The temple is considered so holy that visitors have to take off their shoes before entering it. Its wealth baffles description.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

IV.

On the 18th instant, His Excellency consecrated the new Bishop of Lahore, Dr. Van den Bosch, who has been selected to fill the place of the late lamented Dr. Mouard. The Cathedral was beautifully decorated on the occasion, conspicuous among the decorations being the Papal Coat-of-Arms. At 9 o'clock, the Clergy left the Church, duly vested and proceeded to the Episcopal Palace to escort the consecrating Prelate and his Assistants. His Excellency the Delegate, the Right Rev. Dr. Pesci, Bishop of Allahabad, the Bishop elect, the Very Rev. Dr. Brouwer, Prefect Apostolic of Kafristan and Kashmir, with all the assistant Priests then marched in procession to the Church, where the solemn and imposing consecration ceremony was gone through with the usual fidelity as to details. His Excellency looked particularly grand and venerable. He had as Deacons of honor the Rev. Father Michael Angelo, Chaplain of Ferozepore and the Rev. Father Damasus, representative of the Archdiocese of Agra. The Rev. C. Biolley, was Assistant Priest at the Throne. The Assistant Bishop Dr. Pesci, was assisted by the Rev. Father Clement, Chaplain of Amritsar and the Very Rev. Father Godfrey, who had just been appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese. Mgr. Montagnini and the Rev. Father Dominic acted as Masters of the Ceremonies. The

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Bishop elect was quite affected during the ceremony and appeared to *feel* the weight and importance of the great honor he was about to receive from the hands of the representative of Leo XIII. The Church was densely crowded, and there were many distinguished Protestant gentlemen present. The choir did their part to perfection: the singing of the Reverend Fathers Philip and Désiré was sublime, and Sister Justine's rich and melodious voice was heard to great advantage. Sister Clare presided at the Harmonium, and her practised hand sent the chords vibrating in sweet harmony. After the ceremony the cortege returned to the Palace, where the new Bishop of Lahore received the congratulations of his faithful children. Surrounded by Priests, and Brothers and Students of the Seminary, His Lordship thankfully accepted their felicitations. He might well rejoice in the testimony of affection shown to him. May this newly consecrated Prince of the Church live long for the good of his large Diocese, and the glory of God.

On Monday evening His Excellency and suite left Lahore for Rawalpindi, all the good Capuchin Fathers and Brothers accompanying him to the Station. The distinguished party arrived at Pindi at 7 A. M. the next day. His Excellency was met at the Station by the Very Rev. Dr. Brouwer, and the other priests stationed at Pindi. A few Catholics were also present to welcome the Papal Delegate, and escort him to the Cathedral where His Excellency said Mass at 11 o'clock. During the day, Dr. Brouwer took His Excellency and suite round the principal parts of the town. Pindi is one of the most important Military Stations of India, with three Catholic Chaplains. The Cantonment is simply immense. The native city is also large, but by no means neat. A fine avenue leads to the Government Gardens, and all the main roads are similarly lined with trees. The aspect of the place is indeed lovely. In the evening, the Catholic community of Pindi received His Excellency at the Temperance Hall, and presented him with the following address:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We the members of the Roman Catholic congregation of Rawalpindi beg to approach your Excellency with sentiments of the deepest respect to wish your Excellency welcome.

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We most gladly avail ourselves of your Excellency's presence amongst us to-day, to give expression to the sentiments of fidelity, loyalty and love which we entertain and, with the Grace of God, always hope to entertain towards the Sovereign Pontiff of whom you are the estimable Representative.

It is not in our power to point out to your Excellency any enterprises of very great magnitude that we, the Roman Catholics of Rawalpindi, have undertaken for the sake of Religion, but we are happy to be in a position to say that, notwithstanding the many difficulties we have had to encounter, the great cause of Catholicism has made sure, if not rapid and great, strides.

During the course of the year which has just elapsed, a new Church has been erected at Westridge, for the accommodation of the troops located there during the winter months.

We have likewise witnessed the opening of two new native missions; the one at Harrupur, in the Hayara district, the other at Leh, in Ladakh. We hope also, in the near future, to see a mission opened in the city of Rawalpindi itself, where a house has been secured for the purpose, and another mission at Baramulla in Kashmir.

The great work of Catholic education is also developing. We may point to St. Thomas's College at Murree which, for the last two years, has obtained most satisfactory reports from Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. We trust that before long, important additions will be made to the College buildings.

The Convent day-school of this place has likewise given H. M.'s Inspector great satisfaction. The same may be said of the Convent boarding-school and Orphanage at Murree.

This then is the little sketch of the various undertakings of this mission, which we venture to place before your Excellency, and we dare to hope that the Almighty, who has inspired the commencement of these undertakings, made for the glory of His name, will assist us to bring them unto completion.

The difficulties we have had to encounter at every step, were many and great, the labours, arduous and tedious, but with the grace of God and the blessing of the Apostolic See, we trust we shall find no sacrifice too great to make in order to spread Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

And in conclusion, we would beg Your Excellency to allow us to express our heartfelt gratitude for the pleasure Your Excellency's visit has afforded us, and we pray the Almighty to reward you with abundant graces for the kind consideration you have always extended towards this Mission.

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His Excellency replied in appropriate terms, thanking the good Catholics present, and expressing his joy to see so many of them around him. Afterwards, he went to the Church, where he gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The next day, His Excellency accompanied by his Secretaries and all the priests paid a visit to the Convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, where the distinguished party were entertained with music and song. An address was also presented to His Excellency, accompanied by a Souvenir. Then all present were allowed to kiss the Episcopal ring.

On the 21st evening His Excellency and suite left Rawalpindi for Peshawar.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

V.

His Excellency accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Brouwer, and his two Secretaries left Rawalpindi, on the 21st January and arrived at Peshawar the next morning. The Rev. Chaplain of the place was at the station with a few Catholics, the severe cold and heavy rains preventing many from being present. After Mass His Excellency was taken round the native city, and in the evening to Jumrud, a frontier station ten miles beyond Peshawar, and two miles from the famous Kyber Pass. The native officer in charge very kindly conducted His Excellency and suite round the fort. His Excellency was greatly interested in all he saw there. On the 23rd morning, our distinguished travellers left Peshawar crossing the far-famed Indus on the way. At Lahore station His Excellency met the Right Rev. Dr. Vanden Bosch, Bishop of Lahore, and the Very Rev. Fr. Godfrey, Vicar-General. His Lordship accompanied His Excellency. as far as Amritsir. Before reaching Umballa, the Papal Delegate visited Jellandur, another Military station. On the 25th January His Excellency and suite arrived at Umballa. The Very Rev. Father Genesius, Vicar-General of

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the Archdiocese of Agra, and the Rev. Father Damasus, Chaplain of the station met and welcomed His Excellency. Umballa is a fine Military station, with five Regiments On the 26th, accompanied by the Very Reverend Father Genesius, His Excellency and suite left Umballa for Simla 96 miles distant; travelling by tonga from 10 P. M. till 4 A. M. the next day, as the Railway to Kulka at the foot of the Hill has not yet been opened to passengers. After breakfast, the party began to ascend the Hill in phaetons. As the sun rose, the magnificent scenery around was simply ravishing to the view. First tall forest trees, then high grass with little or no trees; low-lying valleys, with corn fields on the sides of the Hills; then higher up, as Simla was neared, tall cedars and gigantic oak trees, clothing the Hill with nature's wild, yet charming majesty. Simla stands on the slope of the highest mountain. It is a picturesque place, no doubt; but Ooty surpasses it in point of comfort. The Government House, built in the Egyptian style, looks imposing. It can boast of the electric light. On the evening of His Excellency's arrival, the Catholics of Simla presented him with the following address:—

To His Grace Monsignor Andrea Ajuti,

Titular Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

May it Please Your Grace,

We, the Catholics of Simla, in bidding you welcome to the Summer Capital of the Indian Government, hasten to express our reverence and veneration alike for our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, whose Representative you are, and for Your Grace personally, and to assure Your Grace of our attachment and fidelity to the Holy See. We regret, owing to the short notice of Your Grace's intention to visit us, that we cannot receive Your Grace as we would wish, especially as a large majority of our Congregation are absent, as is their wont at this time of year.

This beautiful edifice in which we have the gratification of receiving Your Grace is an eloquent monument of the noble work of the late Father Polycarp and the Reverend Fathers Patrick, O'Dea, and Callistus, as well as of the generosity of Dr. Jacopi, our much-esteemed Archbishop, and both Protestants and Catholics. It is however no exaggeration to say that since the opening, in June 1889, of this Church by Dr. Pesci,

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the Bishop of Allahabad, and the late lamented Dr. Mouard, Bishop of Lahore, the number of Catholics has, by Divine grace, increased so sensibly, that the present building is already felt to be too small.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity of again expressing our regret at our late Pastor, the Reverend Father O'Dea, having left us just when he had endeared himself to his flock by his zeal and eminently Christian spirit. We feel however that we cannot but be grateful to our Archbishop for having sent us such a good and zealous priest as the Reverend Father Callistus, who has already won the goodwill and esteem of us all. We are also happy in having among us the Reverend Father Amphian, who so ably seconds our good Pastor and is quite an acquisition in our Schools.

We are deeply thankful to Your Grace for having included Simla in your tour of visitation, and cordially hope that Your Grace's progress through the country will prove as well a happiness to yourself as a blessing to the Catholics at large.

Again offering you a hearty welcome, we humbly ask Your Grace's blessing, and beg that you will convey to Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. the expression of our deep loyalty and devotion to the Chair of St. Peter.

We remain,

Your Grace's most obedient and humble servants,

THE CATHOLICS OF SIMLA.

SIMLA, *January 27th*, 1891.

After this, His Excellency gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The next day was devoted to a pleasant visit to the Convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, two miles away from Simla. The good Nuns have a boarding school with 70 pupils. They have also a large number of orphans in their charge. A grand reception awaited the Papal Delegate here. And the following address was presented :—

TO HIS GRACE MONSIGNOR ANDREA AIUTI,

TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

YOUR GRACE,

The tidings of Your ecclesiastical visit to the Punjaub were hailed, with universal joy by the Catholics of that widely-extended Mission; but which we, who are also "Punjabees," heartily rejoiced with our

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more fortunate brethren who had the honour of seeing and greeting Your Excellency, we never dared to hope that such a favour would have been conferred on us in the snows of the far off Himalaya.

It is now 27 years since this establishment was founded, under the direction and supervision of our venerable Archbishop the Most Rev. Dr. M. A. Jacopi, whose Missionary labors and zeal during half a century of Indian life, are too well known to need comment here.

Many are the generations of young girls, who in these three decades of years, have found a comfortable home under the shelter of these walls, wherein they were trained to virtue, and then sent forth to fight life's battle and disseminate the word of God, that had been planted in their tender hearts, thereby producing the "Fruit a hundred fold" of that "seed, which fell on good ground." And yet, we alone of all these thousands of children, have been privileged to welcome to Simla a Delegate Apostolic—the representative of our Holy Father, Christ's Vicar on earth.

The occasion calls forth from our grateful hearts a fervent "Magnificat" of praise, mingled with expressions of deep filial love and devotedness to our Holy Mother the Church, who ever watchful and solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her children, has given this new impetus to our faith, by affording us an opportunity of proving our respect and loyalty to our Most Holy Father Leo XIII, whom, in the person of your Grace, we now salute with feelings of profound veneration.

One only regret we have on this joyful occasion, viz.: That your Excellency has come at a time when the majority of our number are absent for the vacation, thereby depriving them of receiving your Apostolic benediction, and ourselves of the satisfaction it would undoubtedly have given your Grace to see both Schools full.

During the past year St. Francis' School, consisting mostly of Orphans and destitute children, numbered over 120, with 155 on the rolls. The Boarding School pupils who are kept and educated principally to help in the maintenance of the Orphans, averaged from 60 to 94 on the rolls. This flourishing state of a Roman Catholic Institution, would surely have interested your Grace keenly, and have given you an idea of the untiring devotedness with which the Nuns of Jesus and Mary carry on the work of zeal and charity, under the spiritual guidance of the good and holy Capuchin Fathers.

We have ventured to expatiate thus far on our own little Mission. Our "Convent Home," and we feel sure that your Grace will not think we have done amiss, in speaking with child-like confidence and simplicity of what alone we well know can gladden the heart of a Delegate Apostolic,

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Renewing our protestations of fidelity and devotedness to the Holy See, and greeting once more with filial love and respect, our Holy Father the Pope, in the person of your Excellency, whose Apostolic blessing we most humbly solicit,

We have the honour to be,

Your Grace's most obedient and

humble servants and Children

of the Simla Convent.

GREETING SONG.

The Advent of your Grace To-day
Doth fill our hearts with bliss,
And worlds of thanks can ne'er repay
A favour such as this.

Our Holy Father's Delegate
Has hither come from Sacred Rome,
To visit e'en His humblest Sheep
On this our far-off Mountain home.

Then let our hearts with one accord
Ascend in hymns of praise;
And to our Sweet and loving Lord
Be this the prayer we raise:—

CHORUS.

"God bless the Pope our Pontiff King,
"God bless the bark he nobly steers,
"God bless the faithful hearts that cling
"To Leo in these stormy years.
"God bless the Pope our Pontiff King,
"God bless his Delegate we sing."

It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that this Institution is highly appreciated by Lady Roberts, as also by the Upper ten round about Simla. Before leaving this important station, and Head Quarters of the Government of India, His Excellency administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to ten candidates. On the 31st His Excellency got back to Umballa. And the Catholics of the place who had but a short intimation of His Excellency's arrival before, *now* welcomed Him with demonstrations of great joy.

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On Sunday morning, the "King's Own Scottish Borderers," presented His Excellency with the following address:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY ANDREW AIUTI,

ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA,

and Papal Delegate of India.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We the undersigned Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the "King's Own Scottish Borderers," members of the Roman Catholic Church at Umballa, humbly and respectfully beg leave to approach your Excellency, and offer our hearty welcome to you as the Delegate of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, assuring you of our sincere devotion to the Holy See.

We thank God for the great mercy, bestowed on us, in having brought us to the True Faith and with His Grace and Blessing we hope to continue to the end.

We Soldiers of the Kings Own Scottish Borderers, assure your Excellency that the bond of affection and devotion to the Holy See, has been greatly strengthened by this your advent amongst us, and we sincerely thank His Holiness for having sent you.

We wish your Excellency may live to enjoy a long life, and beg that you will convey to His Holiness the Pontiff, our sincere heartfelt wishes, and deep sympathy for him and pray that he may enjoy a long life, speedy restoration to His Temporal Power and a deliverance from his enemies.

We beseech your Excellency's blessing and prayers in our behalf, and beg to remain

Your Excellency's most devoted Servants,

FR. DAMASUS, O.C., Chaplain to

H. M.'s Troops, Umballa.

JOHN CONNELLY, Lieut., Qr. Mr. to K. O. S. B.,

and 87 others.

More than 300 Soldiers were present, and a good many Officers. Then the civilians expressed their joy in a similar address. Afterwards, His Excellency confirmed some 15 candidates; at which ceremony, the Church was thronged. On

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the 1st, His Excellency and suite started for Saharunpur, a small, but nice civil station. The good Catholics of the place welcomed His Excellency the Delegate, with the following address:—

To His Grace Monsignor Andrea Aiuti,

Titular Archbishop of Acbida,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

May it Please Your Grace,

We, the Roman Catholics of Saharunpur, beg most respectfully to approach your Excellency, with deep feelings of our hearts and to offer you a warm and loyal welcome. This is the first time our small community has been honoured with so illustrious a visitor and representative of the Holy Father, the Pope, and we warmly thank you for your kindness in coming among us. We need hardly say that we, though few, are loyally attached to the Holy See, and sacred person of Leo XIII., the present reigning Pontiff. We deplore the troubles with which he is afflicted at present by the enemies of the Church and sincerely hope and pray that they will very soon be at an end as we positively know that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

We cannot sufficiently prove our gratitude and thankfulness to his Grace the Archbishop of this Diocese for his interest in our spiritual welfare as also to Reverend Father Julius of Roorkee, of whose zeal in our regard we hope always to prove worthy.

In conclusion we beg you will accept this our poor endeavours at giving you a hearty reception. We beg your Excellency's blessing.

We remain with every sentiment of respect,

Your obedient and humble Servants,

The Roman Catholics of Saharunpur.

Saharunpur, 1*st February* 1891.

His Excellency gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to a devout gathering of Catholics. The next day, being the Feast of the Purification, His Excellency blessed and distributed Candles to the Congregation assembled in the Church on the occasion.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

VI.

His Excellency, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Genesius, Vicar General of Agra, and his two Secretaries left Saharunpur, on the 2nd February, *en route* for Mussoorie. At 4 P. M., the party reached the foot of the Hill, and after a short lunch, commenced a tedious ascent in tongas. A storm was brewing overhead, and soon made its fury felt amid thick clouds, and thunder and lightning. His Excellency's tonga reached Dehra-Dun safe, but those that conveyed his Secretaries were not so fortunate. Their ignorance of the Hindustani language made matters worse for them, and *mirabile dictu*, they were even mistaken for Protestant Ministers, and supposed by their thick-headed drivers to be on the look out for a refuge from the storm in Protestant Churches and in the bosom of cheery Protestant families. After a good deal of misadventure, they found themselves in the Convent of the Nuns of Jesus and Mary at Dehra-Dun, drenched to the skin. Mgr. Montagnini had to don the Cassock of a Capuchin, and the mantle of a Nun—a costume which he bore with becoming gravity. The next day, the 3rd—His Excellency was received at the Church, with due honors; and presented with the following address, which was read by Colonel Law, an excellent Catholic gentleman :—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,

THE MOST REV. ANDREAS AJUTI,

DOCTOR IN PHILOSOPHY, THEOLOGY, CANON AND CIVIL LAW,

ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA, AND DELEGATE APOSTOLIC IN EAST INDIA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We the Catholics of Dehra Dun, in the Archdiocese of Agra, welcome you with feelings of joy, and tender you our warmest thanks for honouring us with a visit in this isolated locality.

Though few in number we have every opportunity afforded us of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and of approaching the Sacra-

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ments, for which blessings we are indebted to our Venerable Archbishop, the Most Reverend Doctor Jacopi, o. c., who is ever mindful of our spiritual welfare.

Though far way from the Apostolic See, we yield to none in devotion to the Successor of St. Peter, and we see and honour in Your Excellency the Representative of the Roman Pontiff, whom we believe to be the Vicar of Christ on earth, and the infallible ruler of His Church.

We tender to Your Excellency our deep respect for your exalted position, and for the learning and many virtues which adorn it, and in conclusion, we would beg that, when next addressing the Holy Father, you would implore His Holiness to send us His Apostolic blessing.

On behalf of the Catholics of Dehra Dun,

VICTOR EDWARD LAW, Colonel.

DEHRA DUN, 2nd February 1891.

Then at 9 o'clock, the Convent children presented His Excellency with the following address, in a Hall tastefully decorated for the occasion :—

ILLUSTRISSIMO AC REVDMO. DMO. DMO. ANDRAE AJUTI,

DOCTORI IN PHILOSOPHIA, THEOLOGIA, JURE CANONICO CIVILI,

DELAGATO APOSTOLICO, A SANCTA SEDE

INDIIS ORIENTALIBUS.

Sorores Congregationis, Jesu et Mariae Dehra-Dhun,

Indiis Orientalibus, degentibus fausta cuncta,

ac felicia précant a Domino.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD,

Your Excellency's august presence, in the midst of us, in the quiet and retired Convent of Dehra is an honor which far exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and fain would we do justice to the occasion;— but simple though our greeting may be and inadequate our demonstrations; yet our Catholic hearts, warm not the less sincerely to our Holy Father's representative whom we recognize in your revered person and our thanks are more than doubled, at your Excellency's visiting this small portion of the Vineyard of Our Lord. Oh! how deeply penetrated are we not, with the loving solicitude of Our Good Shepherd, Our Glorious and Illustrious Pope Leo XIII., whose fatherly care extends

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to the remotest and most obscure parts of the Catholic world; and as our universal prayer ascends to Heaven for graces and blessings on our venerated Pontiff, that He may be spared long to rule and govern His Church, it also implores long life and happiness on you, His worthy representative.

Thanking your Excellency once more for the honor of your appreciated visit, and craving your blessing,

We beg to remain,

the pupils of the Convent of

JESUS AND MARY.

MUSSOORIE.

Dehra is a large plateau below Mussoorie. It bears the enviable name and fame of "a smiling garden," and in truth it richly deserves both, for its varied and beautiful flora. The Nuns of the order of Jesus and Mary have here a beautiful Convent, where they stay during the winter, after which they go to Mussoorie with their young charges, about eighty in number. The good Rev. Father Patrick, an Irish Capuchin, is their Chaplain. Dehra-Dun has the honor of giving the late Amir of Cabul—Yakub Khan—an abiding place, after his many vexations and troubles. The Government allows him 5,000 Rs. per mensem. Though a State prisoner, he lives in grand style with a large retinue, and numbers of Elephants and Horses and Carriages. On the 4th, His Excellency and suite started towards Razepore, where he was met by the Rev. Father Doogan, Principal of St. George's College, Mussoorie. After a few minutes' rest here, the party began the ascent to Mussoorie, some in palankeens and others on horseback. On His Excellency's arrival at the College, the Church bells rang out a joyous peal. After the usual reception at the Church, His Excellency was conducted to the College, where he received the address. St. George's College is an extensive building consisting of 4 blocks. There is a School for European lads and an Orphanage. The boys of these two Institutions number close upon 300. The standard of education here reaches up to the B. A. The College is situated half-way between Mussoorie and the foot of the Hill. A little below, on another hill, there are two Protestant schools for the children of the Railway Employés. The

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climate is delightful. The next day, our distinguished travellers went up to Mussoorie, a town built on the top of a range of Hills, very much like Simla. Not a carriage could be found here, because there is not a road fit for a carriage to go over. The top of the range is called Landour, a military station. From the Catholic Chapel, a good view could be had of the Himalayas, and particularly of the Gangootry, where the Ganges has its source. The scene was very much enjoyed by His Excellency and party. They then proceeded on to the convent, three miles away at the other end of the range. This convent is used by the nuns of Dehra-Dun during the summer. It is large, and admirably well situated. As to the work done by the good nuns, it may be sufficient to say that there are 33 princes in their institution. In the evening His Excellency and suite went back to the College, a little tired, but delighted with all they had seen. I forgot to mention that attached to St. George's College is a Seminary where 8 novices are preparing for the Missionary life. On the 6th, back to Dehra which was reached at 6 P. M. The good nuns entertained His Excellency at a grand picnic improvised for the occasion. The thing was done in right regal style. Eight elephants were lent by the Ex-Amir of Cabul, and what with the Clergy, the nuns and the children, the procession was really grand. After spending the day out in a charming spot, in the midst of a large forest, and enjoying the beauties of nature, the party returned, happy and delighted with the day's pleasurable exploration. On Sunday, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Excellency received the Catholic inhabitants of Dehra-Dun, for each of whom he had a kind word. Later on, taking leave of the good Nuns, our travellers started in Tongas at 9 o'clock, and after a wearisome journey arrived the next morning at 6, at the Saharunpur station, and started immediately for Meerut—a large military station, where, as readers of Indian History know, the Mutiny of 1857 first broke out. In the evening His Excellency and suite visited Sirdhana, 13 miles distant. This is altogether a Native mission tract, containing about 600 Native christians. The Orphan boys and girls of the Convent gave His Excellency a grand reception, and a dramatic piece was played in Hindustani, in honor of His Excellency. The Church of Sirdhana was built by the Begum Sumroo, the widow of the celebrated French adventurer, Walter Reinhard, who rose to distinc-

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tion in Meer Cossim's service, under the name of Sumroo. The Church is said to have cost 4 lacs of Rupees. The High Altar which is entirely white marble brought from Jeypore, is beautifully chiselled and ornamented with mosaic laid in cornelians, jaspers and other valuable stones. The sanctuary too, and floor of the centre aisle are paved with slabs of marble. A graceful dome surmounts the altar, while two smaller ones open over two side Chapels; and the east end of the Church is finished off by two lofty spires, containing a clock and chime of bells. There is also a splendid monument here to the memory of the Begum, executed in Carara marble at Rome, and erected in 1842. All the figures are life size. The Begum, in her rich Indian dress, is seated aloft on a chair of State, holding in her right hand a folded scroll, the Emperor's firman, conferring on her the Jaghire of Sirdhana. On her right stands Mr. Dyce Sombre, her grandson, in a mournful attitude, and on her left the Dewan Rae Sing her Minister. Immediately behind are Bishop Julius and Innayat-oollah, her Commandant of Cavalry and Aide-de-Camp in waiting. There are three panels in bas relief. The front one represents an incident at the consecration of the Church. The Bishop robed in pontifical vestments and supported by Deacon, Sub-deacon and Acolytes, is seated on the fald-stool. The Begum, attended by her chief European officers, advances, bearing in her hands a golden chalice, which she presents to the Bishop. The panel on the right of the throne, represents the Begum holding a Durbar; that on the left, a triumphal procession, the Begum mounted on an elephant. There are besides, six emblematical figures: the first represents Courage and Fortitude—a female, firm and undaunted with her foot set upon a crouching lion; the second, Prudence—a woman heavily shrouded and in deep meditation, holding a serpent in her right hand; the third is Time—an Angel holding an hour glass with the sand run down, and with his right hand extinguishing the torch of life. On the left of the monument, the first figure represents maternal and filial affection—a young female with an infant at the breast, and a boy offering in return an apple, the fruit of affection. The Second is Plenty—a woman with joyful countenance bearing the Cornucopia or horn of plenty, well filled with various kinds of fruit and ears of corn, and presenting a bouquet. The third is Grief.

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On the 10th His Excellency and suite returned to Meerut, and the next day, the Catholics of the station presented the Papal Delegate with the following address :—

TO HIS GRACE MONSIGNOR ANDREA AJUTI,

TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We the Catholics of this station, in offering our congratulations bid you welcome to the station and hasten to express our reverence and veneration alike for our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, whose honored Delegate you are and for Your Grace personally, and to assure your Grace of our deep attachment and fidelity to the Holy See.

Meerut, where Your Grace now is, unlike Agra, Delhi and other ancient cities of India, is famous for no architectural remains, or other evidences of India's former greatness. It offers literally nothing to inspire the mind, or, to invite the admiration of the traveller or the research of the Savant, but the station is still not an unimportant one, and has acquired an historical fame—or rather, an unenviable notoriety, as being the spot where the great Indian Mutiny of 1857, first broke out, wringing many hearts and carrying desolation to many hearths and homes.

As an instance of the early teachings and influence of the Catholic Religion in this part of India, we may state that, the edice within which Your Grace now stands to receive our loyal address, was originally the gift of an Indian Lady of eminence, a convert, the late Begum Sumroo of Sirdhana, who, in 1834, after having founded the splendid Cathedral and Schools at Sirdhana, built the Chapel at Meerut, bequeathing it as evidence of her piety and devotion to the Catholic Religion, and as a monument of her munificence in the cause of God to future generations. In 1862, the Chapel was given over to Government, at whose expense and under whose auspices the building was enlarged so as to accommodate the large Garrison always located here : the Chapel was first constructed in the form of a Cross, but received its present shape from the extensions and improvements made by Government.

Among the Chaplains who occasionlly visited Meerut from Sirdhana, special mention may be made of Julius Cæsar Caldroni, who, as a Bishop residing at Sirdhana, officiated frequently within this edifice, and after him, that is to say, from the year 1849-50, our present Archbishop the Most Rev. Dr. Michael Angelo Jacopi, who was then Curate of Sirdhana, had charge of Meerut also. Under the late Rev. Fr. Veralli, who was chaplain from June 1856 until his lamented death in 1886, or for 30 years, the Church

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was re-roofed, the steeple built at his own expense and the bells which were got out from "Pistoia" added, also at his own expense, those bells which—ringing their clear melodious peal in the early dawn and closing eve—summon the congregation to their duty.

Last, though not least, to our present Chaplain Rev. Fr. Bruno, who has been our Pastor for the last 5 years, and who, by his zeal, devotion to his duties and fatherly care of his flock, which has won all hearts, may be ascribed the inner decorations of the Church; it was at his instance the Stations of the Cross which adorn the interior were purchased, as well as the altar and other oil paintings which adorn the walls and embellish and beautify the place. His last endeavour was to have had the High Altar in marble, as a fitting companion to the other adornments, though unfortunately owing to his approaching departure from the Station, an event we all deplore, the intention could not be carried out.

We are deeply thankful to your Grace for your most welcome visit and cordially trust that, your Grace's advent in the North Western Provinces of India will further the cause of Catholicity and prove a source of happiness to yourself as an inestimable boon to the Catholics at large. Offering you again a hearty welcome and in remembrance of your Grace's visit begging your acceptance of the accompanying Photo of the Church, we humbly ask your Grace's blessing and beg you to convey to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., the expressions of our deep loyalty and devotion to the Chair of St. Peter.

We remain,

Your Grace's Most

Obedient and humble Servants.

The band was in attendance on this occasion. After a suitable reply, His Excellency blessed and distributed ashes to a large Congregation. The Church was beautifully decorated, and the singing was very good. After mass His Excellency received at the Presbytery many of the Catholics, who seemed happy to have amongst them such an amiable and distinguished visitor. His Excellency and suite left Meerut at 6 P. M., for Delhi.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

VII.

His Excellency arrived at Delhi on the 11th February and the next day before saying Mass, he was presented with the following address from the Catholics of the place :—

To His Grace

The Most Reverend Archbishop Aiuti, d. d.,

Papal Delegate.

My Lord Archbishop,

We, the Catholics of Delhi, bid Your Grace a hearty welcome on the auspicious occasion of your visit to this historic city. To-day, with feelings of joy we approach you, the representative of our Holy Father, to ask for your blessing on us, and to assure you of our attachment to the only true Church, the Church that, by the exertion of our Priesthood, has gained such a splendid footing in this Empire which even has planted its banner in the capital of the Moguls. We regret we are unable to offer you a worthy tribute, but my Lord, we could not let the occasion of your visit pass without testifying in a humble way to the honour you have conferred upon us, and showing our gratitude for it.

May every blessing attend Your Grace.

We remain,

Your Lordship's most devoted children.

There was a large congregation, both military and civilian, and the Band was in attendance. The same day His Excellency and suite visited the various historic monuments of this famous city, amongst which in point of importance were the following :—(1) the fort which was built by the Emperor Shah Allum in 1638, at a cost of 50 lakhs. It has two splendid entrances, and its walls are of red sandstone, extending over 1½ miles.—(2) the Hall of Public Audience, which opens on three sides, and is supported by rows of pillars adorned with gilding and stucco works. The throne is 10 feet high, and is covered with a canopy supported on four pillars of white marble,

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enriched with designs in Mosaic. The entire Hall is covered with Mosaic painting in precious stones, of flowers, fruits, birds and beasts of Hindustan. The work was executed by Austin de Bordeaux, who was in high favour with the Emperor—(3) the Dewankhas, a palace set apart for the reception of the nobility. The building is of white marble, with Mosaic decorations, very splendid and very beautiful. The top is ornamented with four pavilions surmounted by gilt cupolas. In the cornice is sculptured in letters of gold, the words, "if there is a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this." In this Hall was the famous Peacock Throne, the whole of it inlaid with sapphires, rubies, pearls, emeralds and other precious stones. This wonderful Throne is said to have cost some 6 millions of pounds sterling, and was, like the Hall of Public Audience, erected under the supervision of Austin de Bordeaux. There is now nothing left of it. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* —(4) the Pearl Mosque and King's Baths, small, but beautifully built with white marble, and well worth seeing. —(5) the Jumma Musjid, the most famous Mosque in the East. It is built on a rocky eminence, and has three entrances. The interior is paved throughout with slabs of white marble 3 feet long, decorated with black borders. The Mosque is flanked by two minarets 130 feet high from which extensive views can be obtained. It is said to have taken six years in building, during which period 5,000 workmen were daily employed. On the 13th His Excellency and suite visited old Delhi, the ruins of which surround the modern town, and cover an area of 45 square miles. This historic city was built about 57 B. C., and was the residence of the sovereigns of India for about 700 years. It is still covered with magnificent tombs, many of which are falling into ruins, but still speak of their former grandeur and magnificence. The most famous building in old Delhi, is the Kootub Minaret. It is an isolated tower 234 feet high, built in a peculiar style. It has six stories with as many galleries. In the lowest story it is alternately angular and circular, in the 2nd circular, in the 3rd angular, and so on. Many verses of the Koran and other historical records are inscribed on this historic structure, said to have been built in 1206. Visitors may daily be seen here. His Excellency visited also many other historic places, such as the camp where the Viceroy proclaimed Queen Victoria Empress of India; the Hill where the Eng-

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lish Soldiers fought against the rebels in 1857—7,000 against 70,000—; the gate by which the English entered after the Victory; the beautiful tower built as a souvenir of the mutiny, in which the names of the principal officers and soldiers who were killed are inscribed on slabs of white marble.

Our distinguished party left Delhi, at 12 o'clock, and arrived at Bandikoi at 7 P. M. The next day, the following address was presented:—

TO HIS GRACE MGR. ANDREA AJUTI,

TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We the Catholics of Bandikoi, in cordially offering Your Grace a hearty welcome to our little Chapel, hasten to express our deep reverence and attachment to our Holy Father Leo XIII, and to your Grace his representative.

The fostering care and tenderness of the Holy Catholic Church, for her children in past ages is well known and it is a source of sweet gratification to us of the present age to know that this care and tenderness is unabated. Our Holy Father has given us, here in India, an undisputed proof of this, by establishing the Hierarchy.

This gracious act has stirred up in our hearts, that filial love and reverence for the Chair of St. Peter which our fathers had taught us, but which many of us, led astray by the false allurements of the boasted enlightenment of this age, had let get cold.

Since the flickering flame is now re-kindled can we, Your Grace let the atrocious insults flung at the venerable occupant of that venerated seat pass unnoticed? We cannot,—but where will we seek for words that would adequately express our utter detestation and abhorence of these acts; our only resource is,—as our Holy Father lovingly advises—in unceasing prayer to the Almighty, imploring Him to change the hearts of the enemies of our Holy Mother the Church and to give peace and tranquility to His afflicted Spouse.

Your Grace's presence amongst us, induces us to lay before you a want which we greatly feel.

It is on very rare occasions, that we get Mass on Sundays; though our good pastor Father D'Almeida visits us regularly twice a month, but he cannot spare us Sunday, as his congregation in Ajmere is larger than ours.

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May we then beg that some arrangement may be made to give us the happiness of having Mass, at least two Sundays in the month.

We humbly thank your Grace for having included us in your tour of visitation and we hope that your Grace's progress through the country will prove not only a happiness to yourself but a blessing to the Catholics of India. Again, offering you a hearty welcome we humbly crave your Grace's blessing and beg that you will convey to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, the expression of our deep loyalty and devotion to the Chair of St. Peter.

We remain your Grace's most obedient and faithful children in Jesus Christ.

Signed by 67 persons.

BANDIKOI, 15*th February* 1891.

A few candidates for Confirmation were admitted to the Holy Sacrament by His Excellency the Papal Delegate. The day was spent in visiting the Native State of Ulwar. The City, Palace and Fortress were all worth notice; so too was the Maharajah's stud, comprising hundreds of horses of all kinds. The trip was greatly enjoyed on the 16th. His Excellency and party arrived at Jeypore, the chief city of the State of that name, and by far one of the best cities in India. It has been called the *Paris des Indes,* on account of its spacious well-kept streets. The principal buildings here are the Palace, which is a town in itself, the Museum, a splendid architectural work, and one of the richest in the world. It is wholly built of white marble, and has three storeys.

On a Hill above the town stands the Fort, which His Excellency and suite visited, making the ascent on two huge elephants, kindly lent by the Rajah. The Catholics of the place were not slow in welcoming His Excellency. Their address is given below :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

The Catholic Congregation of Jeypore, prostrates itself with the deepest sense of veneration before your Excellency as the Representative of the Holy Vicar of Christ, the Supreme Pastor of the whole christian world Leo XIII, to express our warmest feelings of gratitude to self for having undertaken so long a journey to pay us such an honorable visit, and bestow upon us and our families, from the part of His Holiness the Apostolical Blessing, one of the most valuable gifts of our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. We all look on this as a most gracious and rare act, of which there is no record since the formation of this Christian Colony.

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It is an event, no doubt, which will entitle us to a stronger attachment and tender devotion to the Holy See, which will be handed generation by generation to our future families. If in our life time there was any occasion on which we felt fully gratified and happy, this present one has the first claim since we are made worthy to stand before one, who represents a person, whose rank and office supersedes every other earthly rank and office, linking Earth to Heaven, through whose hands pass all celestial Blessing, Order and Oracles.

Time has arrived when we can boast and say to the enemies of Our Creed, that we have seen personally the acting of one who can settle all scriptural difficulties, whose judgment, and decision is infallible, we cannot err by abiding with this order.

Your Grace ought to know that this Christian Colony of Jeypore, is one of the most ancient colonies. We had been persecuted for sake of the Roman Catholic Faith by our Christian neighbours; They offered money to allure our children educated in their College, but thanks to God and thanks to His Lordship Dr. Jacopi, who, through the zeal and energy of the Very Rev. Father Symphorian *alias* Bishop Mouard, *requiscat*, built us this Chapel, and a house for our Pastor. We have renounced money and every other of their promise; Our children are educated in St. Peter's College and feel quite satisfied of the care of our Pastors. We want their prayers, Yes, we all prostrate before your Grace and make a full profession of the Roman Catholic Faith, and hope to die therein. We crave for your Apostolical Blessing upon us and upon our families, and beg of you to accept this very small offering, and to have a Mass for the whole Congregation.

From Jeypore His Excellency and suite went to Ajmere, one of the principal towns of Rajputana, surrounded by a stone wall, and situated at the foot of a hill on which stands the fort. The Mayo College is a very beautiful edifice, intended for the education of the Princes of the Rajputana State, the surrounding garden is a thing of beauty. The students are provided with quarters which can well be called princely. The Catholics of Ajmere presented His Excellency with the following address:—

To His Grace, Monsignor Andrea Ajuti,

Titular Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

May it Please Your Grace,

It is with feelings of mingled pride and pleasure that we assemble to-day, to welcome among us your Grace, as the Apostolical Delegate whom His Holiness, Leo XIII, in his tender solicitude for our spiritual

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welfare, has so kindly sent to us. The very short notice we have received, however, of your Grace's intention to visit this city, has, we are grieved to say, left us but little prepared to welcome you in a manner more befitting your exalted character as a representative from the throne of St. Peter. But, with all the warmth of devoted hearts, we come together to express our sincerest veneration and unfaltering love for our Holy Father. We cannot but feel the deepest sorrow for the many troubles which beset the Holy See, and the cruel indignities to which the Vicar of Christ is subjected, in Rome, by the disobedience and base treachery of his own children. The waves of disorder have surged round the Church before, but the Rock has remained unshaken, and we know that, yet again, when God wills, the storm will be lulled, and the ship of the Church of the Son of God will ride out safely and more triumphantly than ever.

We have heard with no little joy, that Ajmere is likely to be made the seat of a Bishopric in Rajputana, the creation of which, we believe, the Holy Father has under consideration. But as this may not be done, for some time to come, we beg to ask Your Grace's generous attention to the present urgent needs of this parish. Our chapel was built at a time when the Catholic community of this station was very small. It has, since then, so greatly increased, that the need of a more spacious building is felt by all. Scarcely less needed than this is a Catholic school, where the little children of the Church might be early taught the tenets of our Holy Faith. This want, Your Grace will agree with us in thinking, cannot be too early supplied.

We beg also to bring to the notice of Your Grace, the untiring zeal displayed by our reverend pastor, the Reverend Father D'Almeida, in the care of this parish. Though with little means, he has, by unremitting care greatly improved the condition of the little chapel which he found in rather a neglected state. During the two years and a half that he has been with us, we have been fortunate in having, for our pastor, one, of whose gentleness, generosity, and unaffected devotion to his charge we cannot speak too highly.

We humbly ask Your Grace's blessing, and beg of you to convey to our Holy Father, Leo XIII., the expression of our sincerest sympathy with him, in his trials, and of unswerving allegiance to the Pontifical Throne.

We beg to remain,

Your Grace's most humble and obedient Servants,

Signed by 62 persons.

An address was also presented by the Portuguese Catholic community. Ajmere was left on the 18th, and at Musseerabad, a large military station, His Excellency and

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suite spent 24 hours. Here His Excellency administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a poor soldier lying at the Hospital. From Ajmere to Neemuch, the country has a wild aspect: villages are few and far between, there is hardly any vegetation, the ground is flat and rocky. Our travellers arrived at Mhow, on the 20th. After Mass, His Excellency went to Indore to visit the British Resident, who received him with great kindness. In the evening His Excellency and suite returned to Mhow. And then, the Catholics of the place presented the following address:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We, the Catholics of Mhow, have met together this evening to offer a most hearty and affectionate welcome to the honoured representative of our Holy Father the Pope.

We much regret that the various important duties devolving on your Grace, and the many places you have to visit, will prevent your making a longer stay among us. But short as your visit is to be we rejoice exceedingly that you have been able to come to Mhow, so that we now have the opportunity of personally paying our respects to your Grace, and of asking you to convey to His Holiness the Pope, the sentiments of love and veneration with which his faithful Children at Mhow, regard the Vicar of Christ.

We Catholics of Mhow, are also glad that your Grace has been able to see the beautiful Church which we owe to the zeal, devotion, and energy of our good Priest, Father Pius, whose unwearied efforts for our spiritual welfare we are proud to acknowledge: and we rejoice to have among us so many worthy representatives of the noble Order of St. Francis. We are sure Your Grace will be pleased to see how well cared for the Catholics here are, in all that pertains to our Holy Faith.

In conclusion, we ask Your Grace to bestow upon us your blessing, and to accept the assurance that our most sincere good wishes and regards go with you in the journeyings you have undertaken for our good and that of the other Catholics of this vast country.

We beg to remain with profound respect,

Your faithful Children in Christ,

P. GREIG, & others.

MHOW, 20*th February* 1891.

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At the Confirmation Service, which was held at Mhow, there were 68 candidates; and the Church was beautifully decorated. Mhow is a military station, very healthy, with large and comfortable barracks for the soldiers. From Neemuch to Mhow, one sees immense fields of opium and corn. From Mhow, our travellers passed through Khandwa, Itarsi and arrived at Bhopal on the 22nd. The town has nothing remarkable about it. Here however there are still to be found some descendants of the Bourbon family. It is said that towards the end of the last century one of the Bourbons landed at Pondicherry, and from thence proceeded to Agra, where he was in great favour with the Rajah. Having settled himself down in India, he married a princess of the Indian blood royal, and the issue of this marriage still pride in calling themselves Bourbons. His Excellency visited Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal who is of Italian descent. The distinguished lady received her distinguished visitor with due honors, and spoke very kindly from behind a purdah, enquiring about His Excellency's mission, &c. On leaving the royal presence, presents were exchanged, and sweet scents sprinkled on the visitors. On the 23rd, the Papal Delegate and suite arrived at Gwalior, where they were the guests of the Felose family, who treated them with princely hospitality. This family was about a century ago, of great help to the Rajah. As a mark of gratitude, they have since then been held in high esteem by all the Rajahs of Gwalior, and many of their members have occupied posts of distinction in the State. But the best praise that can be bestowed on them is that they are earnest practical Catholics and munificent in their charities. The young Rajah of Gwalior was pleased to receive His Excellency and suite with great kindness. He looks very intelligent, and his manners are altogether European. His palace is built in the European style, and is beautiful. The audience Hall it is said cost 3 lakhs of Rupees. The Fort of Gwalior, is one of the best in India. It is three miles in circumference. In the rock on which it is built there are numberless images carved, one of them being 60 feet high. His Excellency visited also an interesting Jain temple within the Fort. It is a gigantic structure.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

VIII.

His Excellency and suite arrived at Agra on the 25th February. I need say no more than that a joyous welcome was accorded to the "Ambassador from a still more glorious Court than that which once sat glittering with jewels in the gilded hall of Akbar's red-stone fort." The next day was one of great rejoicing to the good Catholics of Agra. It was the day selected for the celebration of the Missionary Jubilee of Archbishop Jacopi. At 8 o'clock there was a High Mass sung by the Venerable Archbishop, at which His Excellency the Delegate, the Bishops of Allahabad and Lahore and 25 priests were present. The Church was nicely decorated, and the Choir, helped by an excellent organ did remarkably well. After Mass, the *Te Deum* was sung ; and then the Venerable Archbishop received the felicitations of his clergy and people, and replied in all humility to the addresses presented, that the success of his 50 years' Missionary work was due to the Grace of God, without which no exertion on his part would have availed. Agra possesses a Church of very imposing structure, which is said to have cost 3 lacs of Rupees: its belfry is splendid, and an ornament to the town. Around the Cathedral stand three other imposing buildings, the Episcopal House, the Convent and St. Peter's College and Orphanage. The Convent is an extensive one, having three different Schools, one for Native children, where there are about 100 girls, one for European orphans with over 100 girls, and one for Boarders with about 50 pupils. There is also an Hospital for out-door patients. On His Excellency's visit to this Institution, he was entertained with Amateur theatricals, and some good singing. St. Peter's Orphanage has about 100 inmates. There is a priest in charge of it with two Brothers and some lay teachers. A small School for native boys, numbering about 25, is attached to this Institution. The town of Agra is an ancient one, built by Akbar on the banks of the Jumna. Amongst its principal monuments of antiquity may be mentioned the world-renowned Taj, built in the 17th century by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in honor of his wife. It is erected in the

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centre of a spacious and most beautiful garden. The whole structure with its four minarets, and the platform on which it stands is of marble, richly ornamented with designs in mosaic. Inside are two tombs surrounded by a balustrade of marble, inlaid with precious stones. There was a Flower Show in the garden on the occasion of His Excellency's visit. It was a treat to see the numberless species of really beautiful flowers and vegetable of all kinds and sizes exhibited. In the Fort, which is one of the largest in India, His Excellency was shown the palace of the ancient Moghul Kings. At Secundra, a small village a few miles from the city, could be seen the tombs of Akbar, and his Minister Abdul Fazil.

On the 6th instant, His Excellency and suite left Agra for Bareilly, where the Catholic Congregation assembled to welcome the Papal Delegate, presented him with the address given below :—

HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REV. ANDREW AJUTI, D. D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA AND DELEGATE APOSTOLIC

of East India.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We the congregation of Bareilly in the Archdiocese of Agra, respectfully beg to approach you with feelings of joy, and tender you a hearty welcome for deigning to visit us. Though few, we are deeply grateful for the honor granted us.

We may mention that our spiritual welfare receives the kind care of our illustrious Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Jacopi, o. c.

We would respectfully beg Your Excellency will convey to the Holy Father our sincere devotion and loyalty to the Holy See, and though far away, we are ever mindful of his solicitude for us.

In conclusion, we tender to Your Excellency our humble duty and respect and pray for the Apostolic Benediction.

On behalf of the Catholics of Bareilly,

PATRICK J. HANRAHAN,

MARCH 7TH, 1891.

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His Excellency afterwards gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the 8th, left Bareilly for Naini-Tal, the Sanitarium of the N.-W. Provinces. Here there is a magnificent Convent and an excellent Seminary, both newly built. On His Excellency's arrival, the congregation welcomed him with the following address:—

To His Excellency Mgr. Andrea Ajuti,

Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic of India.

May it please your Grace,

We hail with pleasure the opportunity now afforded us of expressing our feelings of devotion and affection for Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. who is endeared to us, as Vicar of Christ, by the noblest ties of veneration,

Cordially now do we welcome you, His Delegate to India, and sincerely do we tender you our warmest gratitude for the honor you have been pleased to confer upon us by your visit to Naini-Tal.

To the noble and self-sacrificing efforts of His Lordship, Dr. Francis Pesci, already well known to your Grace, and not better known than esteemed, we owe the beautiful institutions which you have done us the honor of visiting to-day. The deep and lasting interest he has ever evinced in promoting Catholic education, merits the highest esteem and appreciation, while his virtues and kindness of heart have won for him from all classes feelings of deepest respect and affection.

In these institutions a large number of children are maintained and every element of a good education is afforded them while endeavoring to develop their mental and physical capacities, their hearts are trained to virtue from early youth. The able manner in which they are respectively conducted and the devoted manner in which all those engaged in this good work acquit themselves of their arduous duties command the highest praise. All honor to those who share in this good work. Long may they continue to promote this noble cause. Permit us once more to express our grateful appreciation of your goodness and kindness in being pleased to visit us and for the kind and sympathising interest you have evinced in our humble labors to promote the cause of truth, religious piety and happiness.

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

The Catholic Community of Naini-Tal.

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This was followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The next day, the children of the Convent exhibited their histrionic talent before His Excellency, after presenting him with the following address of welcome in verse—

CONVENT OF NYNEE-TAL.

O golden summer hours! The light
That shines upon our home to-day,
Seems like a smile of joy to tell
The words of welcome we would say.

Welcome, Your Grace, dear Ramnee's heart
Beats warmly for the Guardian given
To watch, to guide with pastoral care,
His children's steps to peace in heaven.

Yet, ere that glorious rest is gained,
How stern the conflict with the foes
Who cluster round, to bar the way
To the eternal, blest, repose.

Dark days are these, and faith divine
Is earnest in the life-long strife,
Not for a transitory gain
But for the dear, immortal life.

Oh! by conflicting forces torn,
Surrounded by besieging sin
Without Thine aid, Almighty God!
We cannot conquer, cannot win.

Your Grace! Be yours the task
To raise the heavenly Standard high,
While consecrated hearts and hands
To aid your toil, are standing nigh.

Nor power, nor wealth, nor earthly lore
Shall lure us from the olden love,
The olden trust in those who seek
Only to raise our thoughts above.

Our priests, our prelates and our shrines,
The hallowed altars where we pray
These, in our inmost souls, we'll prize,
And guard them fondly, come what may.

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List Reverend Friends, one moment while
My childish lips repeat a tale,
A simple one, and yet it shows
Confiding hope shall never fail.

One even, the summer sunbeams kissed
The waters of a lovely sea,
And gloriously the billows shone,
With calm, untroubled brilliancy.

Rich purple, glowing crimson, decked
The clouds that pressed the radiant sky,
All, all was there that nature gives
With calm, untroubled brilliancy.

And then, as if a voice of praise
The wild sweet carol of a bird
Meet homage to a scene so fair,
In rapturous melody I heard.

It sang, in ecstasy of peace,
When lo! the storm-clouds hastened on,
And, ere an hour had passed, the light
And music of the waves were gone.

The angry tumult of the sea,
Its vengeful roar was all I heard,
I sighed, that stilled for aye should be
The tender warbling of the bird.

But, as the tempest, spent with rage,
Subsided calmly o'er the sea
A faint, sweet trill of quiet song
Was wafted, once again, to me.

All through the fury of the storm
It did not falter, did not cease,
The little chorister sang on
Fit emblem of a heart at peace.

For through the billows swept the shore,
And warred upon the trembling strand
"Thus far, no further" might they come
Touched by their heavenly Master's hand.

So we, who rest in power divine
Who dwell beneath our Father's eyes
With faith fast anchored to the Rock,
Behold, unmoved, the tempest's rise.

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We, like the bird, in childhood's hour,
We must learn a canticle of joy,
An echo of the angel hymn
That earthly sorrows ne'er destroy.

We'll look, beyond the sea of life,
To him who rules the waters wild,
And daily pray that He may give
The heart of a confiding child

To all we love, to all who dwell
Within these walls, until the ray
Of cloudless sunshine opes to all
The portals of eternal day.

The next trip was from Naini-Tal to Lucknow which was reached on the 11th. Here the Rev. Father Bartholomew, who for some time acted as His Excellency's Secretary, helped to make his reception a most splendid affair. The Church, the Presbytery and the compound were all illuminated. Unfortunately the rain that kept persistently pouring, marred much of the brilliancy of the display. After the usual reception in the Church, His Excellency, accompanied by Dr. Pesci, Bishop of Allahabad and a good many priests, went to a large Hall beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the following address was read :—

To His Grace the Most Rev. Andreas Ajuti,

Doctor of Philosophy, Theology, Canon and Civil Law,

Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies.

May it Please Your Grace,

It is with filial reverence that we the Catholics of Lucknow beg to approach your Excellency, for in your Grace we behold the representative of our Holy Father Leo XIII, the *Locum tenens* of Jesus Christ on earth.

The motto of our Holy Father is "*lumen in coelo*," "the light of heaven," and from St. Peter's Chair he has spread his light all over the world; and no wonder, for according to the expression of St. Chrysostom, the Supreme Pontiff, is the mouth of Jesus Christ (hom. II. in Sivers serm.) and Jesus Christ is the "light of men" . . . . . The true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." (St. John ch. II.

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v. 4th and 9th.) Yes, our Holy Father has spread his light over the whole world, by his Encyclicals and their teachings. But he has in a special manner spread his light over us by establishing the Hierarchy in India, and sending your Grace to us, His children. With your Grace among us, we have nothing to fear, for if our Holy Father is the mouth of Christ, your Grace is the mouthpiece of Him who occupies that exalted place. Therefore we are ready to receive your Grace's teaching, to receive the light that your Grace brings us, and to follow it.

We the happy children of the true Church cannot but welcome your Grace among us; for in the midst of such confusion, in the midst of so many sects, your Grace's presence takes us back to Apostolic times, when our Lord pronounced these words ".Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church. (Math. 16-18 v.) Your Grace's presence here makes us feel that we are standing upon this rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. (Math. 16-18 v.) When your Grace will speak of us to our Holy Father, we trust you will inform His Holiness that in this distant land your Grace has found children, dutiful to Him, whose chief glory is to have deserved from Him on the occasion of His Sacerdotal Jubilee a diploma and gold medal; children who are always prepared to follow Him both to Tabor and Calvary, and who are always eager to receive the light that comes from Him. We beg of your Grace to bless us instead of His Holiness and let this be a token of our perpetual fidelity to the Vicar of Christ—the "Light of Heaven."

Your Grace's devoted children in Christ,

The Catholics of Lucknow.

February 1891.

The attendance, in spite of the weather was very good. The next day His Excellency and suite paid a visit to the Convent. Here the children entertained His Excellency with a performance, and presented him with the following Address:—

To His Excellency Monsignor Andrea Aiuti,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

May it please Your Grace,

We, the inmates of the Loretto Convent, bid you welcome to the old historical capital of Oude, Lucknow—the beautiful city of such melancholy interest, whose every stone can tell its own tale of past woe. And thrice welcome too, Your Grace, to our Convent in particular.

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We thank you very gratefully, Monsignor, for giving us an opportunity of expressing our devotion and loyalty to our most Holy Father Leo XIII, whose glories fill our hearts with enthusiasm, and gratitude to Heaven, for having chosen the *Lumen in Coelo*, to guide the Church in such troublous times, while deep is our sorrow also, that the enemies of Holy Church so immeasurably afflict our revered Pontiff. While we bow in profound admiration at the supernatural wisdom and heroic courage of the Holy Father, winning triumphs amongst Princes not of the Fold, and overcoming difficulties of the greatest magnitude, we would express our devoted, filial homages to His Holiness in your illustrious person, Monsignor.

You have come a great distance, Your Grace, to confer on us this supreme honor and pleasure. We only regret our inability to give Your Excellency a fitting reception such as we desire, but our School has not yet filled, the majority of the pupils being still away enjoying the Christmas vacation, and we are only a few representatives of the Ninety on the Rolls at the closing before Christmas. This is the 19th year of the foundation of the house, and the 10th under the kind fostering care of our good Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Pesci, Bishop of Allahabad.

We trust, however, that Your Grace has found compensation and consolation as well as pleasure, in the varied Indian scenes you have passed through, while at the same time you have gladdened thousands by sight and intercourse with the venerated Papal Delegate.

In conclusion, your Excellency, we thank you again for the esteemed privilege of your visit, and beg you to assure His Holiness of the sincere devotion of

The Nuns and Pupils of the

Loretto Convent, Lucknow.

LUCKNOW, 12*th March* 1891.

On the 13th His Excellency and suite were taken round the town on a visit to the principal institutions. Among them may be mentioned the College named "La Martiniere," after the Founder, General Martin, a Frenchman who rose from the rank of a private soldier to that of a Major General and died in 1800. His large fortune was demised towards the establishment of three large Catholic institutions, one in Lucknow, one in Calcutta, and the other at Lyons, his birthplace. These institutions were intended for Catholics, but by a singular interpretation of his will, were diverted from their original purpose. La Martinéré has about 300 boys and girls, whose bearing and demeanour does

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not impress one very favourably. The next place His Excellency visited was the British Residency, where during the mutiny, an asylum was offered to the refugees. The marks of shot and shell can still be seen on the walls. At Cawnpore, where our distinguished travellers arrived on the 14th, many places, historically famous, were likewise visited—viz. :—(1) the place where over 300 Englishmen, women and children were shot by the mutineers who had promised them safety in Allahabad, but shamefully revoked the solemn assurance: a memorial Cross marks the spot; (2) the memorial Church where the names of the principal victims of the mutiny are engraved on slabs of white marble; (3) the memorial garden well, into which over 400 victims were mercilessly thrown: over this spot stands a large marble statue representing the Angel of Pity! The Garden is very neatly kept—when one visits these scenes of sorrow, one cannot help shedding tears over the fate of the hapless victims of inhuman hate and treachery. I forgot to mention that when at Lucknow, there was an entertainment in honor of His Excellency, the day after his arrival. The ladies and gentlemen who took part in it deserve great credit for the success that attended their efforts. His Excellency was greatly pleased with everything, and had a kind word for everybody. The following addresses were presented, the first by the pupils of St. Francis' Boys' School, a new Institution started by Father Bartholomew; the second, by the Military Congregation; and the third by the Native Congregation of Lucknow.

To His Excellency

Monsignor Andrea Ajuti,

May it please Your Excellency,

We the pupils of St. Francis' School convened here, humbly beg permission to approach your Excellency with profound and lively sentiments of esteem to bid your Excellency a warm and hearty welcome in our midst and to manifest our fidelity, obedience and filial devotion to you—knowing that by doing so, we render our dutiful homage and allegiance to our Most Holy Father Leo XIII., whose estimable representative your Excellency is.

Aware of, and encouraged by the zealous interest your Excellency takes in the progress and success of Missions and their undertakings, we most gladly avail ourselves of your august presence to give your Excellency a brief account of our school.

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Our small institution owes its origin and existence to our most revered and much regretted, departed Pastor, the Rev. Father Norbert, who was so soon after its establishment in November 1884, summoned to receive the everlasting reward of a long and fruitful missionary life.

His successor, Rev. Father Emmanuel, now the Right Rev. Dr. Van den Bosch, Bishop of Lahore, following in the footsteps of his worthy predecessor, took an energetic and active interest in the cause of the education of Catholic youth; and under his good and able administration, the school throve and evinced hopeful proofs of a brilliant future. The accommodation however proved insufficient for the increasing pupils; and as a consequence, admission had to be refused to many applicants.

Rev. Father Emmanuel having been transferred to the Punjab in January 1890, Rev. Father Bartholomew, the present incumbent of St. Joseph's parish and Rector of the Institution—a no less zealous and ardent advocate of the spiritual and secular instruction and welfare of poor Christians, seeing the requirements of the school, shortly after his accession, with the kind approval and sanction of His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Pesci (who rendered material help in the arduous undertaking) set on foot a subscription to raise funds for the construction of a new school building for the better accommodation of the classes; and thus furnish a desideratum much needed.

His anticipations have thus far been realized, that we have been able this year to open our school in the spacious and airy rooms of the new building.

The school which was till last year a Primary-School has this year been raised to the standard of a Middle School, thus affording us ample advantages to advance in our studies to the high Standard of education so much needed at the present day.

Further we have reason to believe that our good Rector in his untiring fatherly concern for our spiritual welfare proposes to establish a Seminary for Native Christians in connection with the Institution.

May he remain our spiritual father and Rector many a long day to witness the realization of his ardent hopes, and reap the fruits of his arduous enterprise.

We now beg your Excellency to permit us to give expression to our heartfelt gratitude for the blessing vouchsafed us by your Excellency's visit amongst us, and in conclusion we beg the privilege of your Excellency's Archiepiscopal blessing and subscribe ourselves,

Your Excellency's dutiful Children
in Christ, the Pupils of
ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

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To His Excellency Monsignor Andrea Ajuti,

Delegate Apostolic of India.

May it please Your Grace,

We, the Catholic Congregation of Lucknow (Dilkusha), have the pleasure of meeting together this evening, in order to welcome your Excellency amongst us, whose lot it is to live in this distant land We much regret that the short notice received of your arrival amongst us does not allow us to welcome your Excellency with the honors due to your exalted dignity as a representative of Our Most Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. Our hearts, however, rejoice for the honor Your Grace has conferred on us, and we take this opportunity to give expression to our heartfelt thanks. We trust Your Excellency will be glad to learn that we have established amongst us the Third Order of St. Francis, as also St. Joseph's Total Abstinence League, which is at present in a flourishing condition, for which Institutions we ask Your Excellency's blessing. In conclusion, we ask Your Grace to convey to His Holiness the Pope, the sentiments of our filial love and devotion towards His Sacred Person. Finally, asking Your Grace's blessing,

We beg to remain, with profound respect,

Your most faithful Children in Christ,

THE CATHOLICS OF LUCKNOW.

Lucknow, 13*th March* 1891.

AN ABSTRACT TRANSLATION OF THE ADDRESS FROM THE DESCENDANTS OF THE ANCIENT CHRISTIANS AND NATIVES OF THE CITY OF LUCKNOW, TO HIS EXCELLENCY DR. ANDREA AJUTI, D. D.

After the usual Vernacular expressions suited to the dignity of the personage addressed, the following recital occurs :—

That we the Roman Catholic Christians of the City who are, from the olden times, members of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, do hereby approach Your Excellency with this our humble address, and state that ever since the period of more than one hundred years past when the Nawab Asif-ud-dowla Bahadoor, ruler of Oudh, removed his Capital from the City of Fyzabad to this City, there existed a Roman Catholic Church in Lucknow,

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The first Church was built at the expense of the State at Jhawai Tola, one of the parishes of this city, and a Christian cemetery was also attached thereto. After his demise the Nawab Asif-ud-dowla was succeeded by Nawab Saadat Ali Khan Bahadur, who removed his palace to the Eastern division of the Capital and with the other influential servants of the State, the Roman Catholics also removed their residence to the eastern side and they were therefore obliged to abandon the old Church building, being at a considerable distance and constructed a new one in Jhao Lal-Ki-Bazar in the eastern side, exhuming the bones of their dead and deposited them in the graves of the new cemetery.

It is said that Father Antonio was the Priest when the Church was at Jhawai Tola.

The Christian community in the city of Lucknow consisted of different European nationalities, such as French, Portuguese and some of the members were of Armenian origin. Many held offices in the military service of the Rulers of the country and some of the descendants of these continued in service till 1856 A. D. when this country was amalgamated with the British territories.

Father Deodatus was our old Priest and continued to be our pastor for a period of more than 35 years, he died after the rebellion of 1857.

The Priest of the former times was not only the religious guide of the Christians, but his assistance was also resorted to for secular purposes as they referred their disputes and differences arising from conflicting claims in matters of succession and inheritance to their priests, by whose decisions they abided without any further contentions.

Our Church had been under the Diocese of Agra.

We congratulate ourselves on the visit of your Excellency, being the Delegate of our Holy Pontiff and your Excellency's arrival and a very short sojourn in our city, we esteem as of great value calculated as it is to strengthen our faith and to promote our interest and welfare as Christians.

May your Excellency be graciously pleased to accept this our most humble address, is the prayer of your Excellency's obedient servants and subjects.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

IX.

Allahabad was favoured with His Excellency's presence on the 14th March. Dr. Pesci, the Bishop, with several of the clergy, and the principal resident Catholics of the station awaited His Excellency's arrival at the Railway Station, and escorted him to the Parochial House on the 15th. The following address was presented by the Catholics:—

To His Excellency, Monsignor A. Ajuti,

Titular Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

May it please Your Excellency,

We, the Catholics of Allahabad, have met together to offer Your Excellency a most hearty welcome. This is the second time that we have the pleasure of meeting Your Excellency, and we are deeply sensible of the honour.

On the occasion of Your Excellency's first visit, in February 1887, we had the gratification of witnessing the establishment of the Hierarchy in Northern India—an event which will always stand out prominently in the annals of this Diocese; and now, in the present visit of Your Excellency, we see a fresh proof of the Holy Father's solicitude for our welfare.

We understand that the Holy Father contemplates the formation of a General Central Seminary for the education of native youth for the priesthood. As devout and loyal adherents of the Holy See, we respectfully assure Your Excellency that the scheme has our sympathy, and our best efforts will be made to assist in the attainment of the object which the Holy Father has in view.

We know the manifold duties that press upon Your Excellency, yet we trust that in your tour through these Provinces Your Excellency has had time to notice the steady progress of the Catholic religion. The knowledge of this fact has been, and is, a source of satisfaction to us, for in our Diocese we have witnessed several conversions to the Catholic Faith. Moreover, the kindliness of our Spiritual Directors has at all times impressed us: we feel grateful for the harmonious relations that exist, and for the zeal that supplies all our spiritual wants.

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Since Your Excellency's last visit to Allahabad you will be pleased to notice the completion of the new Convent which stands alongside of the Cathedral: it is another factor of the educational institutions of the Mission. This and the newly erected schools at Naini Tal are substantial proofs of the keen interest taken by His Lordship, Doctor Pesci, in the cause of education. The boys' schools at Lucknow and Bankipore, and the Convents at the same places, have been considerably enlarged and improved. Their progress is manifest from the satisfactory reports of Government Inspectors of Schools. New schools have been established at Saugor for both Europeans and Natives; and at Jhansi. At Bettiah, the principal Native Mission, besides the Convent School and Orphanages, a small Seminary for Natives has been lately opened, and nine missionaries are labouring in that district.

We have heard that the Capuchin Provinces of the Tyrol and of Bologna have undertaken to send missionaries to this part of India: it is a pleasing reflection that there will be amongst us more labourers—earnest toilers for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

In conclusion, we beg your Excellency to convey to the Holy Father the assurance of our loyalty, devotedness, and submission to the Holy See, and we wish Your Excellency perfect health to carry on your arduous office, and abundant fruit as the result.

We remain,

Your obedient subjects in Christ,

THE CATHOLICS OF ALLAHABAD.

After this, His Excellency the Papal Delegate celebrated Mass in the Cathedral, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. On the 16th, there was a grand "At Home" in honor of His Excellency. The Band was in attendance, and many of the leading residents were present —conspicuous among the number being the Private Secretary of the Lieut.-Governor, and the Chief Justice. The College was illuminated, and looked grand and imposing. The entertainment was a success in every way, and His Excellency's affability delighted all present. The next day, the Delegate accompanied by his staff, paid a visit to H. E. the Lieut.-Governor, who returned the compliment the day after, visiting at the same time the Catholic College and the Convent, with great interest. The pupils of both Institutions entertained their august visitors with a performance,

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which was very successful, though the time for preparation was very short. Two other addresses were presented to His Excellency by the Inmates of St. Mary's Institute and the Convent Free School:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

To permit the inmates of St. Mary's Institution to express their most respectful thanks for the high favour bestowed upon them at this moment to greet in the person of your Excellency the Apostolic Envoy who thus graciously vouchsafes to give us the cherished token of the Pastoral solicitude of Him who guards Christ's Fold upon earth! Hail, therefore, to the most highly honoured Messenger, who brings glad tidings of peace and love to us, even the humble inmates of this Convent home! Grateful thanks for all the great cares, which, by the August Pontiff Leo himself are borne for India, this vast land of labours and of sufferings! Grateful and warmest thanks for all the benefits and the paternal watchfulness conveyed to us in the person of our venerated Pastor and Bishop! Thanks and love for all the heaven-born love and bounty, which is showered upon us through all the sacred channels of which our hearts and souls partake! May Heaven's richest streams of blessings descend upon the holy Shepherds of Christ's Fold, and may joy and peace meet your Excellency at every step, and particularly at this your Excellency's visit to our dear city of Allahabad! We, the humble children of St. Mary's institute, do not fail to offer our fervent prayers to the Mercy-seat of God, in support of your Excellency's holy and arduous task! May your Excellency also grant a kind remembrance to those who now rejoice in offering their humblest and deeply reverential homage to your Excellency!

THE INMATES OF ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE,

AT ALLAHABAD.

MARCH 16TH, 1891.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD,

We, the humblest lambs of our revered Bishop's flock, have the honour to approach your Excellency and convey to you in simple, but heartfelt language the joy and happiness which your Excellency's presence amongst us, has infused into our hearts.

It is indeed an honour which far exceeded our most sanguine expectations and fain would we do justice to the occasion, but simple though our greeting may be and inadequate our demonstrations; yet our Catholic hearts warm not less sincerely to our Holy Father's Representative whom we recognize in your Excellency's revered person. We beg to tender to your Excellency our grateful and most sincere thanks for the extraordinary

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honour conferred upon us to-day. Oh! how deeply penetrated are we with the loving solicitude of our good Shepherd, our Glorious and Illustrious Pope Leo XIII, whose fatherly care extends to the remotest parts of the Catholic world, and as our prayer ascends to heaven for graces and blessings on our venerated Pontiff that he may be spared long to rule and govern the Universal Church; it also implores long life and happiness on your Excellency.

Begging your Grace's paternal benediction. With sentiments of the most profound respect,

We beg to remain,

Your Excellency's obedient Children,

of

ST. MARY'S CONVENT FREE SCHOOL.

ALLAHABAD, 16*th March* 1891.

Allahabad has nothing to boast of except the Catholic Cathedral, which is a splendid structure. Its floor is ornamented with designs in mosaic and the altars are of marble. The cost is said to be 1,20,000 rupees. The Mayo College and Town Hall, are handsome buildings. The bridge across the Jumna is said to have cost 45 lakhs.

His Excellency left Allahabad, on the 20th and was accompanied as far as Benares, by the Traffic Manager, who very kindly secured for the Papal Delegate, two large first class carriages. The evening of the 20th March found His Excellency the Papal Delegate, within the "holy city"—whose sacredness is in a measure marred by the dirt and filth which are generally found accumulated round it. At 6 P.M., after the Stations of the Cross, the Good Irish Soldiers, and a few civilians assembled at the Library attached to the Church, and the Catholic Chaplain addressed a few words to His Excellency on behalf of his congregation. The welcome was simple, but hearty. The next day, the Papal Delegate and suite went round the city, and at 9 o'clock crossed the Ganges in a boat sent by the Rajah, on a visit to His Highness, who lives in the Fort, opposite the Town. The good Rajah received His Excellency very kindly. The same day at 1 P.M. the Delegate left Benares and proceeded on to Bankipore, where he arrived at 6 P.M. A grand reception awaited His Excellency at the Convent, and the Good

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Sisters "appeared to have excelled themselves" as a correspondent to the *Morning Post*, has put it, in the matter of the illuminations and decorations of their Chapel. From Bankipore, His Excellency went on to Bettiah—a native mission station, with a Catholic population of about 1,500 divided into three villages. These christians are the descendants of those who settled here from Nepaul some 150 years ago. There is also a small Convent, the history of which will be found in the accompanying address:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

The great honour conferred upon our poor native Establishment by this unique visit fills our hearts with the greatest joy and veneration. Knowing our poverty and lowliness your Grace will not be surprised at finding before you a rather wild and uncivilized looking group, but your Excellency may be assured that the hearts which beat beneath this rough exterior are truly faithful. We crave your Excellency's kind indulgence for the feeble efforts we can make to express our feelings of reverence and devotion on this unique day which we have looked forward to with mingled joy and expectation to welcome your Grace to this ancient Mission, which is interesting and edifying from its beginning, which took place in the year 1738, when it so happened, by the especial permission of God, that Rev. Father Joseph, a most distinguished and zealous Missionary—destined for Napal—set first foot in Bettiah. Invited by the Gurus of the Rani of Bettiah to go to see her, who was ill, he went, and by his dignity and the sudden cure of the Rani, he endeared himself so much to her and to the Rajah Doroop, that they would not let him go to Nepaul and presented him with a house near the Palace with all he wanted and gave full permission to preach the Christian faith, to which he applied himself with all his might as soon as he received the obedience from Rome and his Superior. God marked and rewarded his zeal by converting soon three respectable families, viz., a carpenter, a goldsmith and a blacksmith, who still form the three prominent families of the Christian Congregation, which numbers at present 1,500 souls,—and how many, many Christians of this Mission went to their repose!!

The good work was continued eagerly by as zealous Missionaries who succeeded Rev. Father Joseph, who died in the year 1761, and was buried by Rev. Father Angelo in the little temporary chapel. By Rev. Father Angelo the Church, here before us, was begun, but he could not finish it, having returned to his Province. The 3rd Missionary was the generally esteemed Rev. Father Romaldo, 1785. The 4th Rev. Father Zacharia, 1796. Rev. Father Romaldo returned from Nepual to Bettiah, loaded with rich presents from the Rajah of Nepaul, and continued his excellent work till 1815, when he died and was buried in the little chapel by Rev. Father

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Marcelino, who acquired through his good services to the English troops and to Colonel Ochterlony, and, by his prudent arbitration, the land on which the Christian village is built, from the English Company. He returned home on account of ill health, but died reaching the Cape of Good Hope, and was succeeded by the Most Rev. Father Antoni Pezzoni of Lodi afterwards first Bishop of Agra 1817, 6th Rev. Father Xavier 1823, 7th Rev. Father Diego 1827, who died the same year and Rev. Fr. Joachim was made Parish Priest, who at last found means to finish the present Church, which was begun by Rev. Father Angelo, in the year 1780, an edifice, which certainly is a lasting and eloquent monument of the noble work of our late venerable founders of the Mission of Bettiah. At the completion of the Church the remains of Rev. Father Joseph, Romaldo and Diego were transferred there, where they lie before the High Altar. The next successor was Rev. Father Leon 1833, who was succeeded 1838, by Very Rev. Father John Baptist. This saintly Priest, has obtained during his 27 years of zealous endeavours and self-sacrificing labours great success and the admiration and esteem of all that knew him, and is still now, 26 years after his death, enjoying the firm confidence of his flock, that at every sad family bereavement they promise a *Requiem* for Father John Baptist, and the parties feel confident that through his intercession they find succour in their trials. He went to his reward in the year 1865 and Very Reverend Father Raphael conducted the Mission with much zeal, many sacrifices and great prudence under most trying difficulties. He was succeeded by Rev. Father Peter Paul, and soon after by Rev. Father Lewis, 1872 to 1889, when the Mission with the whole District of Chumparun was intrusted to the care of the present six Reverend Fathers from Tyrol. We hope and pray that God may give His blessing and Grace to this heavy task and tiresome work in cultivating this thorny field, which has to be transformed and reformed into a Vineyard of the Lord.

May we venture to lay before your Excellency a brief sketch of the origin of our little Convent ? It was opened the 1st January 1875, in order to take charge of 110 poor native orphans, who, reduced to destitution by the famine, were placed by the Famine Relief Committee under the care of the Parish Priest of Bettiah, by the Right Rev. Dr. Paul Tosi, Vicar Apostolic of Patna.

In the beginning so much was to be done in order to accommodate and to provide for these poor orphans, that it was impossible to think of education. As however, the necessity was very great, in July of the same year a School was opened, which was attended both by orphans and village children, boys and girls, and a Master among the Christians was supplied by the Convent.

At first it was a most difficult task to manage the children who never having seen a book before, did not even know how to hold one, and had generally speaking no desire of learning. They had to be enticed in

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various ways and by ingenious means, but we often were surprised, with what far greater ingeniousness we were outdone by quite illiterate little children who knew so cleverly to entice from us our little presents and afterwards would not attend school. But still by degrees and with great patience and endurance, we made the children come and in a year's time we had the satisfaction to see some had learned the alphabet and to read little words, many of the bigger boys learned well to read and to write Nagri, Hindi and Urdu and some did learn English too. All children learned the catechism and prayers well.

While all was still in this primary state, the Inspector of schools, hearing of a Convent School, the first and only Native girl school in the District of Chumparun, came to see it and made the fact known to the Local Magistrate, who took especial interest and pleasure in it and expressed the wish that the school should be separated and numbered among the Government schools. Accordingly a separate school with another master was then provided by the Municipality for the boys under the Superintendence of the Parish Priest and both Masters were paid by them.

At the same time through the zeal of the Sub-Inspector many Hindu girls came to the school to learn knitting and sewing and were in a fair way of acquiring a good knowledge of work, when they were prevented from attending the Christian school by the Local Brahmins.

The Christian Girls' School flourished, was often inspected and visited by Government officials and twice the Convent School was honored by visits of L. G. and had a very good reputation, until in the year 1887, when the Municipality had some pecuniary difficulty, and the Parish Priest, thinking to do a favor to them by saying in a meeting of the Committee: "The Christian girls school is not at all necessary." Consequently the Magistrate withdrew the salary of the Master and the school was closed.

However the Master who served twelve years, was not satisfied to see himself thrown out without cause and deprived of the means of his living wished to continue, and knew to contrive the end of his wish, therefore he is paid by the Convent—but little, from our limited means, which never surpass more expenses as the most urgent one,—and the School goes on but slowly.

We think it right and just to express our humble thanks to Divine Providence who preserved us wonderfully from dangers and unforseen emergencies. The Orphanage was provided the first ten years by the Famine Relief Committee and the Convent by alms from kind benefactors and friends in Bavaria. The last six years the Orphanage is solely pro-

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vided by the generous and most esteemed Association of the Infant Jesus, for whom we pray with grateful hearts.

The number of orphans are steadily growing from 70 to 80 and 90. If some marry or die others are coming in their stead. Yearly 20 to 30 waifs, boys and girls are received, who either come by themselves or are brought by their parents and sold for a few Rupees, and some are sent by the Magistrate for whom is paid Rupee 1 per month. Many of these children are of bad health and die sooner or later after having received baptism and are taught to pray. We can with confidence maintain the hope that about 500 souls in their baptismal innocence went to heaven, where they will most certainly continually intercede for their kind benefactors, for the Mission in which they found their salvation, and for us. Twenty-seven women of different ages were rescued and died happily after receiving baptism and Extreme Unction. About 70 orphan girls married; about 200 received the holy Sacraments of Confirmation and Communion; and fifteen were chosen by Rev. Father Lewis, the Parish Priest, to join the third Order of St. Francis, and were afterwards sent to various Native Orphanages to assist the Mission with their services.

In conclusion we beg to express our warmest thanks for the great honour conferred upon our humble and poor Native Convent by the visit of your Grace. Encouraged by the condescending proof of kind interest thus evinced, we will endeavour to prove worthy of being Missionaries and children of the true Catholic Church. We beg most humbly to be remembered in your Excellency's holy prayers and implore your Grace's blessing. We feel honoured and happy to be numbered among

Your Excellency's

Most respectfully devoted Servants,

M. Rosalia, M. Salome, M. Ignatia, T. B. V. M.

Bettiah Convent,
23rd *March* 1891.

His Excellency got back to Bankipore on the 25th—and intends spending Holy Week here.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

X.

His Excellency remained at Bankipore during Holy Week, and assisted at all the solemn functions. On Easter Sunday, he celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the Church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The choir did their part very well indeed during the celebration. On Monday morning, there was a grand reception at the Convent, at which a lengthy programme was creditably got through. The addresses follow:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, MONSIGNOR ANDREA AJUTI,[1]

TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA,

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

All the inmates of our little Convent of Bankipore are here assembled, to do honour to the great day, on which we are favoured, by a visit from Your Excellency, who has deigned to include this portion of the Diocese of our Venerated Pastor, His Lordship, the Bishop of Allahabad, in Your tour, through India. We have long and ardently anticipated the arrival of this joyous occasion; and now, that Your Excellency has graciously honoured us with Your presence, we feel bound to testify the pleasure, with which Your condescension fills us. We sincerely rejoice at the opportunity afforded us, of tendering to Your Excellency, "A thrice hearty Welcome;" in the name of all the Members of this Establishment.

Yes, in truth, we are happy and fortunate, to receive not only within this Diocese and Parish, but aye, in the very midst of our Home-circle, so Revered a Personage, One, who is the Representative of Our Holy Father and who in His name and by His authority, exercises Apostolic functions, in all the Missions of the Catholic Hierarchy, established throughout this pagan land.

In what manner can we better express our gratification, than by entreating of Your Excellency, to offer to His Holiness, the Illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII., who now occupies the Chair of St. Peter, our deepest sentiments of Reverence and attachment towards His Revered Person; and our unswerving Loyalty and Devotion to the Holy See; which, we earnestly pray, may triumph vigorously over the enemies of the Church. May our prayers, the prayers of children, obtain for Your Excellency,

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all the graces requisite in the discharge of the high offices, which you are called upon to fulfil; so that your labours, being sanctified and guided by the Holy Spirit, all the works accomplished by Your Excellency and the Bishops and Priests of this Empire, and especially of this Diocese, may be blessed with success; and thereby conduce to the greater glory of God, and the Exaltation of Our Holy Church.

We entreat Your Excellency, to bestow the Papal Benediction in the name of His Holiness, on all here assembled; on our Convent, that the Blessing of the Almighty may rest upon it;—on our good Bishop;—on the zealous Pastor, who administers to the spiritual necessities of this Congregation; on the Lady Superior and the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who labour for our education;— and also on

Your Excellency's humble and obedient Children,

THE BOARDERS OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,

BANKIPORE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

To accept the sincere welcome, which I, though only a little child, give You in the name of all my Companions, big and small. I cannot speak much, as I am but a tiny orphan, who heartily welcomes You to the spot, we call "Home," and who wishes to let Your Excellency know in a few simple words, that we reverence and esteem you, in your exalted dignity, as the honoured representative of Our Holy Father. I want to tell you also, that we will pray for Your Excellency's success in every Apostolic Mission, in whatever part of the Empire its field may lie.

"Yes dear Jesus, Who wert once a child like me, bless Our Papal Delegate, bless Him every where and at all times, and send Him lots of Labourers, to work under his direction, in all the nooks and corners of this pagan land."

And now Your Excellency, as I have prayed for You, I will beg of you in return, to remember in your daily devotions, this little One and her Sister Orphans, for whom she humbly craves Your Excellency's blessing.

The Third Address was in a foreign language.

The decorations were excellent, and the singing very good. The three addresses were presented, one on behalf

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of the Boarders, and the other two on behalf of the Orphans, European and native. The Native address was in Hindustani. His Excellency and suite were afterwards taken round the establishment. At Coorjee, three miles from Bankipore, there is a large school for European lads. His Excellency visited this Institution on the evening of the 31st March, and was met by the Lord Bishop of Allahabad and Father Genesius who had arrived about the same time. The next day, His Excellency blessed a new Chapel, just completed through the zeal and energy of the Rector, Rev. Father Petronius. Many Catholics from Bankipore were present at the ceremony; at the close of which, His Lordship said High Mass. In the evening, the following address was presented by the boys, of whom there are 130 in the College:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the pupils of St. Michael's School, beg with feelings of the most profound respect to approach you, that we may bid you welcome amongst us. Your presence here in such an isolated place is an honour conferred on us, which we could hardly expect, being, as you are, the representative of the common Father of Christendom, the illustrious Leo XIII. We are deeply grateful for the condescension. What a true shepherd is our noble Pontiff! His zeal for the good of the flock committed to His care, extends to places the most remote and obscure. And how faithfully your Excellency executes His high commands! Neither climate nor distance is able to deter you from the toilsome task set before you! You are as solicitous for the least as for the greatest.

We belong to an institution which has been in existence for many years, and which has done, in its own unassuming way, its part in the fostering and education of youth. It has steadily adhered to this object, and though at times it has been beset with difficulties, yet, thanks to a kind Providence, it has surmounted all, and it is now on a par with other institutions of a kindred nature. This happy state has been brought about mainly by our beloved Bishop, Dr. F. Pesci, through the zeal and energy of the present Rector, the Rev. Father Petronius. The labours exerted here on behalf of Religion and Education may be traced in every feature of the Institution. A glance round the premises will convince your Excellency of this, and show you the growing prosperity of St. Michael's.

Not wishing to trespass further on your Excellency's precious time, we conclude by entreating you to lay at the feet of His Holiness our warmest expressions of loyalty and reverence; meanwhile we crave your

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blessing on ourselves and on our parents and guardians, and we pray the Almighty to fructify the labours of your Mission that they may produce fruit hundred-fold for the benefit of His Holy Church.

PUPILS OF ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL.

Coorjee-Bankipore, 31*st March* 1891.

On the 1st April, His Excellency and suite left Coorjee at 6 A. M., and got to Assansol at 4-30 P. M. Here the Catholic community presented the following address :—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, MONSIGNOR ANDREA AIUTI,

TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF ACRIDA, AND

Delegate Apostolic to British India.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

On such an occasion as this when the Representative of Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., breaks his journey and turns aside to spend a day among us, We, the Catholics of Assansol, would indeed be sadly wanting in that filial devotedness which should ever characterise the Children of Holy Church, did we fail to come forward, and to the best of our ability, show that we were not unmindful of the honour conferred on us.

But apart from this altogether, we have another and a higher motive in assembling here this evening. We behold in the person of your Excellency that Saintly Pontiff who lives far away beside the Tiber and we desire to convey to him, through your Excellency, our allegiance and our love.

If we do not muster here in great numbers it is not through any lack of courtesy or regard, but it is due rather to the peculiar nature of our employment, as Assansol is exclusively a Railway Station; but what is wanting in numbers we have endeavoured to make up for by the sincerity of the sentiments expressed in our address.

We have read with unfeigned pleasure the account of your Excellency's tour through the various provinces and districts you have visited, and we were delighted at the evidence you perceived every where of the progress Catholicity is making in this land. Your Excellency will be pleased to hear, also, that Assansol is not exceptional in this respect. We were already blest with zealous priests—the Jesuit Fathers, who, in season

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and out of season, were ever ready and willing to administer to our wants; with devoted Nuns—the sisters of the Loretto Convent—where our girls are brought up in an atmosphere of sanctity and truth. One thing was wanting—only one—we had no Catholic School for boys. This want, our beloved Archbishop, Monsignor Goethals, S. J., has now supplied, and St. Patrick's, opened in January last, by the Irish Christian Brothers, will, for ages, stand a monument of his piety and zeal.

Praying, that Heaven may bestow upon your Excellency an abundance of its choicest blessings, and give you health and strength to bear up against the severity of our Indian clime, and assuring you in the words of St. Paul: "That neither fire, persecution nor the sword, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" will ever be able to weaken that bond of sympathy and affection that unites us to the Chair of Peter.

We remain,

Your Excellency's most loving subjects,

THE CATHOLICS OF ASSANSOL.

1*st April* 1891.

Assansol is a purely civil station. A large building here was lately given over to the Brothers of St. Patrick, who have started an excellent school. These good Irish Brothers received the Papal Delegate, with demonstrations of great joy, and one of them read the address given below :—

To His Excellency Monsignor Andrea Aiuti,

Titular Archbishop of Acrida,

and Delegate Apostolic to British India.

May it Please Your Excellency,

We, the Brothers and Pupils of St. Patrick's Boarding School, Assansol, desirous of testifying our respect, esteem and veneration, for our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, whose name has shed such lustre on the exalted office he so worthily occupies, joyfully avail ourselves of the opportunity which your visit to our School to-day affords us, to give expression to our feelings of warm attachment, of undying devotion, and of unwavering fidelity to the Vicar of Christ.

For thirteen years he has swayed the sceptre of the Universal Church and Kings, and statesmen, and mighty potentates, have been forced to ac-

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knowledge the splendour of his genius and to give way before the overwhelming power of his influence. Never since the days of the illustrious Hildebrand did such a Pontiff fill the chair of Peter.

Hence, it is with feelings of unspeakable delight that we assemble to-day to pay our respects to his Representative, to welcome him among us with all the warmth and gushing earnestness of our hearts, to tender to him our submission and our allegiance, and to assure him that we will always endeavour to reproduce in ourselves the virtues that distinguished the Holy Patron of our school, the glorious St. Patrick of Ireland.

Yes, Your Excellency, St. Patrick, has at length taken up his residence in this land. A noble monastic pile, bearing his name, and devoted to an object ever dear to his heart—the religious education of youth, rears its head in Assansol; while within its halls, and under his patronage, the sons of St. Patrick, true to the traditions of their race and Patron, labour for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

In connection with this fact, we desire to make grateful mention of our Venerated Archbishop, Monseigneur Goethals, S. J., to whose zeal and paternal solicitude the existence of St. Patrick's School in Assansol is entirely due. Last year, His Grace introduced a community of Christian Brothers from Ireland to supplement the teaching power in his immense Archdiocese, and St. Patrick's is among the first fruits of their Mission. 'Tis true, it is still in its infancy, scarcely two months having elapsed since its doors were opened for the admission of pupils, yet, in that short time, the result, we are happy to say, has fully realised our expectations.

Praying for Your Excellency, long life and an unfailing supply of grace and health; renewing our regards for the aged Pontiff in the words of that beautiful prayer borrowed from the Liturgy of the Church:—May the Lord preserve him and prolong his life, and make him blessed upon earth, and deliver him not to the will of his enemies; and humbly begging Your Excellency's blessing,

We remain,

Your Excellency's most obedient children,

THE BROTHERS AND PUPILS OF

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL,

Assansol.

1*st April* 1891.

The Band was in attendance on the occasion. Afterwards, His Excellency visited the Convent of the Sisters

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of Loretto, where he was entertained with some good singing, and presented with the subjoined address :—

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

It is with heartfelt pleasure we assemble here to-day to offer You our devoted allegiance as children of the Catholic Church. You come amongst us as the Representative of our Most Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., so in a few simple words, we shall try to express the sentiments of our hearts.

We hope You will remember the children of Loretto Convent, Assansol, when presenting other tributes of childlike devotion to our beloved Father.

We, in return, will not fail to call down Heaven's choicest blessings on our Pontiff, and our special prayers will be offered on the 3rd centenary of our youthful Patron St. Aloysius, when we shall earnestly solicit a happy termination of all the sufferings and outrages so heroically borne by Christ's Representative in these days of godless persecution.

We have read with joy of the loyalty of all Catholic hearts, prominently shown forth where they have had the favour of the presence of Your Excellency in their midst, and we feel no small honour, when we can offer you our simple words of devotedness.

We beg the favour of your blessing, and with ten-thousand welcomes,

We remain,

THE DEVOTED PUPILS OF,

LORETTO CONVENT,

Assansol.

This Convent is doing excellent work, and is in every way a superior institution. His Excellency and suite left Assansol for Calcutta, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Grosjean, Superior of the Jesuit Fathers of the Archdiocese of Calcutta, and reached the capital of India at 4 P. M. the same day.

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PAPAL GIFTS.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has, through his Delegate here—His Excellency Mgr. Aiuti—presented three beautiful and valuable mosaics to their Highness, the Maharajahs of Mysore, Vizianagram, and Rajah Gajapati Row of Vizagapatam. Two of these representing the Roman Pantheon were offered to the Maharajah of Vizianagram, (for himself and Rajah Gajapathi Row of Vizagapatam,) by the Papal Delegate at Calcutta, when His Excellency was there lately. The presentation took place at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Park Street, in the presence of His Grace Archbishop Goethals and His Excellency's Secretaries. The Maharajah was accompanied by Mr. Underwood, his Private Secretary, and two relatives of the Maharajah of Benares. The third mosaic representing the noble architectural pile of St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the Square surrounding it, was presented to His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore at his Palace in Fern Hill, Ootacamund, on the 24th instant. His Excellency the Papal Delegate was on this occasion accompanied by Mgr. Zaleski, who wore the insigna of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, and by Mgr. Montagnini, Secretary to the Papal Delegation, and the Maharajah was attended by his Private Secretary, Major Martin. These Mosaics derive their value from the fact that they were wrought at the famous Vatican Studio, and their artistic merit will no doubt be duly appreciated by the Maharajahs who have in a special manner been honored and rewarded by His Holiness the Pope, for their liberality to the Catholic Church in their territories. Coming moreover, as they do from the Head of the Catholic Church—a Pontiff universally admired for his wisdom and magnanimity—, their value will be considerably enhanced in the eyes of their noble recipients. The Maharajah of Vizianagram has already addressed a very enthusiastic letter to the Holy Father, which will of course be conveyed by His Excellency the Papal Delegate, on his return to Rome. Perhaps it may not be amiss here to refer to a similar Mosaic presented by the Holy Father to the Queen Empress, on the occasion of her Jubilee.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE PAPAL DELEGATE ON TOUR.

(CONCLUSION.)

His Excellency and suite arrived at Calcutta on the evening of the 3rd instant, and were met by His Grace the Archbishop of Calcutta and many Jesuit Fathers. From the station, after a few kindly words had been exchanged, the party drove on to Park Street, the residence of His Grace the Archbishop. The next day, the Professors and pupils of St. Xavier's College gave His Excellency a grand reception. The Volunteers of the College in full uniform standing at the entrance presented arms as His Excellency passed, and the band played its liveliest. One of the pupils read an address, and posies of the choicest flowers were showered on His Excellency. St. Xavier's has more than 700 pupils and teaches up to the M. A. Degree. His Excellency the Delegate visited also all the other Catholic Institutions of the place during his stay there, and found them all in a flourishing condition. It was His Excellency's intention to visit Darjeeling and Vizagapatam, but having received orders to return to Rome as soon as possible, he was obliged to shorten his tour. On the 8th instant, accordingly, the Delegate and suite left Calcutta; and after a few days' voyage reached Madras on Sunday the 12th at 11 o'clock. The Very Rev. Fr. Mayer, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, and the Episcopal Governor of the Mylapore Mission, went on board to welcome His Excellency. During his short stay of a few hours in Madras, His Excellency took up his residence at the Archbishop's House, and during the course of the day, paid a visit to the Convent. In the evening, our distinguished travellers left Madras for Bangalore, where they arrived at 7 A. M., on the 13th. His Excellency was received by the Very Rev. Father Basle, Vicar General, and all the Priests of the Station, and a very large gathering of Ladies and Gentlemen. The station was nicely decorated, and the Band was in attendance, and played the whole way to St. Xavier's Church, which was as it were *en fete* for the

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occasion. On His Excellency arriving at the entrance, Mr. Olleff, the Editor of the *Bangalore Spectator*, read the following address of welcome :—

To His Excellency

Monsignor Andrea Ajuti,

Archbishop of Acrida,

Delegate Apostolic to India.

May it Please Your Excellency,

We offer to your Excellency a hearty welcome to Bangalore and the unanimous expression of our profound respect for your Excellency's person and office, and to our Holy Father the Pope, through you, as his Representative, our love, loyalty, and veneration for him who so nobly, and with such affectionate care for the souls of men, fills the chair of St. Peter.

We have to express our regret that though we meet your Excellency in the centre of the Diocese, in the seat of the Mysore Bishopric, we have not our chief Pastor with us. Your Excellency knows that God saw fit, a few months ago, to take our loved and venerated Bishop, Dr. Coadou, to Himself; and that his successor, Dr. Kleiner, has been detained, to the deep sorrow of us all, by ill-health, in France.

We have watched with deep interest your Excellency's tour through India, and noted with thankfulness the many satisfactory evidences of Catholic life that have been laid before you. We trust your Excellency has gathered hope and encouragement for the future, and that the result of Your Excellency's travels and labours may be the strengthening and propagation of the faith of our Holy Religion.

We believe that your Excellency will finish your present tour with your visit to this place. You have returned to the Southern Presidency to resume your important and arduous correspondence with Rome, to order the affairs of the Church in India according to the will and wisdom of the Holy See. We feel that in this we, the Catholics of Southern India, are especially favoured. This land of the South has been blessed in the past and in the present. We cannot forget that Southern India was the scene of the successful labours of an Apostle—St. Thomas; and of a Saint whose glories have but very recently been revived in the memories of men—St. Francis Xavier. The Catholic Church in Mysore—our own diocese—owes much, under GOD, to that earnest Missionary the Abbe Dubois; and Bangalore was chosen as the place in which to proclaim, four years ago, the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in India,—a proclamation in which your Excellency took a most prominent part.

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All these things we have ventured to recall to your Excellency's notice that we may express to you our earnest hope that your Excellency's labours in the cause of CHRIST's Holy Church may be crowned with success and rewarded with blessings on yourself and the speedy triumph of our holy religion throughout the world.

In conclusion we earnestly ask for your Excellency's blessing on us and on this diocese, and your prayers that we may rightly prize and zealously use the inestimable privileges which we possess as members of the Holy Catholic Church.

In the name of the Catholic Community of Bangalore,

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

Your Excellency's humble and most obedient Servants,

A. BASLE, Vicar-General,

P. JANSSOONE,

T. R. A. THUMBOO, Chetty,

P. CURLEY, Captain,

J. O'SHAUGHNESSY,

HUBERT W. OLLEFF,

W. R. JAMES.

BANGALORE, 13*th April* 1891.

After a suitable reply, His Excellency entered the Church, and was received with all due selemnity, according to the usual rites. This was His Excellency's last reception, but it was by no means the least. In the evening the Papal Delegate, paid a visit to the Convent of the Good Shepherd Nuns. After an address read by one of the children, the Lady Superioress took His Excellency round the establishment, which I may without exaggeration say, is one of the largest and most flourishing Institutions of the kind in India. All forms of human misery here find a remedy and a succour, children are taught, the poor are fed, the destitute and the orphan are sheltered, the Magdalenes are taught to soar heavenward, and those who wish to preserve their innocence unsullied and unstained by contact with the world are welcomed and cared for. The good nuns deserve the greatest praise for the good work they so assiduously perform in the various ramifications of this vast and deservedly popular Institution. On Tuesday, His Ex-

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cellency the Delegate accompained by Mr. Thumboo Chetty, a Catholic Judge, paid a visit to the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Tarbes, and also to the Hospital, known as St. Martha's, where the good Sisters of Charity devote themselves to the care of the sick and infirm. His Excellency also visited the family of Mr. Thumboo Chetty. In the evening, His Excellency and suite started for Ootacamund; and the next day—the 15th instant—they were met by His Lordship the Bishop of Coimbatore at the Railway Station. The same evening at 4-30 P. M., they arrived at Ootacamund, in good health. His Excellency indeed looks remarkably well, in spite of the fatigues and weariness he must have gone through, in the course of his long journey. So, at last, the revered representative of the Holy Father is once more among us, but, alas! not for long. The supreme Pontiff has recalled him to Rome, let us hope, to shower on him, honors and rewards, for having so faithfully and with such consummate ability discharged the heavy duties imposed on him in connection with the Indian Church. His Excellency's tour has indeed shown how Catholic hearts warm towards the Seat of Truth, whence His Excellency's mission is derived as from a perrennial source of blessedness; and it has moreover proved that in his own person, no less than as the Representative of the Holy See, His Excellency has secured the esteem and veneration of the Catholic Hierarchy of India.

OOTACAMUND, MAY 1891.

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Our annual Feast, in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, was celebrated on the first Sunday in May. May is a particularly bright and glorious month here, as in many another favoured region, and this year was no exception to the rule. We could therefore well attune our hearts to nature's brightness, and combine the natural with the spiritual in a perfectly harmonious blending. And, luckily for us, His Excellency the Papal Delegate postponed his departure from Ootacamund till after we had celebrated our Feast; so, as usual, his presence enhanced the solemnities of the day. In the morning, His Excellency said Mass at the local convent, and at 9 A. M., attended by his courteous Secretary

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Mgr. Montagnini he was present at the High Mass sung in the Parish Church. The bells never sent forth a merrier peal than when His Excellency was received in the Church with the usual canonical honours. And when he walked up the aisle, strains of loveliest Music—the Harmonium and the Violin in harmonious concord evoked by the skilful fingers of Messrs. Nicholas and F. D'Cruz—filled the air. The Celebrant of the Holy Sacrifice was the Rev. Father Foubert, of Wellington, and he was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Gudin (of Gudalur) and Boulanger, as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively. Rev. Father Petite was Master of Ceremonies. The Master of Ceremonies at the Throne was Mgr. Montagnini and the Assistants were Rev. Fathers Biolley and Terrat. The choir did their very best, and great credit is due to Mr. D'Cruz, for so ably handling his favourite violin, of course, Mr. Nicholas well sustained his musical reputation on the occasion: *çela va sans dire,* as the French say, and as for the other singers they all did excellently well. Mrs. Green in particular held devotion spell-bound with the rich musical cadences of her voice. His Excellency the Papal Delegate pronounced the last Benediction, and with grateful hearts the worshippers knelt to receive the Pontifical Blessing.

VALEDICTORY.

After Mass, the congregation repaired to the Presbytery, as previously arranged, to gather once more round the familiar form of His Excellency who was to leave Ootacamund on Monday the 4th instant. The Parochial Hall was thronged to suffocation. All classes of people were there to wish the Papal Delegate farewell and Europeans and natives alike pressed on to receive a parting blessing from the consecrated hands of the representative of the Holy Father. The following address was read by Mr. F. Lemerle, with visible emotion.

To His Excellency,

Monsignore Andrew Aiuti, d. d.,

Archbishop of Acrida and

Papal Delegate in the East Indies.

May it Please your Excellency,

We rejoice to find your Excellency once more among us, after your recent extensive tour in the north of India, and we thank God that he has preserved your health through all the weariness of your long journey.

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We have watched the course of this journey in connection with your Excellency's onerous mission here in India, with the greatest possible interest and, if we may presume so to speak, with supreme satisfaction—the satisfaction, that is of children who find their Father every where honored and welcomed with all conceivable joy.

Your Excellency's tour has indeed shown how Catholic hearts warm towards the seat of Truth whence your mission is derived as from a perennial source of blessedness, and it proves too that in your own person no less than as the Representative of the Holy See, you have secured the esteem and veneration of the Catholic Hierarchy of India.

But while thus rejoicing in the many tokens of devotion shown to your Excellency throughout India, a pang of grief shoots across our hearts at the thought that a few days hence your Excellency will be separated from us. The voice of Peter which you have so cheeefully obeyed when it bid you depart from your beloved Rome to these distant regions, now summons you back. Our only consolation in the midst of this parting grief is in the thought that this summons from the Holy Father may, for your Excellency, mean an ample measure of reward for duty faithfully discharged in spite of overwhelming obstacles.

It is not for us, who are but an insignificant atom in the vast edifice of the Indian Church, to estimate the value of the services you have rendered to the Catholic Church in these Eastern Regions, by the consummate ability you have brought to bear on your difficult Mission. But while all India echoes with your praises, we should be ungrateful indeed were we to allow this opportunity to pass without adding our faint pœans of praise to those already heard throughout the length and breadth of this vast Peninsula. Your continued presence amongst us has drawn us to a much closer contemplation of your many admirable qualities, and consequently to a better appreciation of them than what could possibly have been displayed elsewhere. How indeed can we forget your affability and geniality in so often assisting at our solemn celebrations, and enhancing their solemnity by your exalted presence? How can we ever forget the extreme courtesy and kindness shown towards us individually and collectively whenever we approached your august person?

But we shall not weary your Excellency with a repetition of what has been so often uttered within these walls. We wish only to impress on your Excellency's mind that our devotion to you has always been adamantine in its firmness.

And with this devotion to your Excellency is blended our unswerving loyalty to the Holy Father, whom you have represented so worthily, and whom may God spare to be the glory of his Church for many years to come.

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While wishing your Excellency a hearty God-speed on your homeward journey and expressing our ardently cherished hope that you will some day return among us the Bearer of further favours and blessings from our Holy Father, we beg to assure you that we are deeply sensible of the many favours you have showered upon us during your stay here, and shall ever gratefully enshrine within our hearts the memory of your Excellency's goodness towards us. May we in conclusion respectfully beg your Excellency will remember us in your daily devotions before the Altar of the Most High in the Eternal city, whence, as we firmly believe, blessings radiate on all mankind.

Begging your Excellency's blessing, and with sentiments of profound respect,

We remain,

Your Excellency's humble children,

THE PARISHIONERS OF OOTY.

His Excellency, in reply, thanked the Catholics of Ootacamund, in a special manner for the beautiful sentiments expressed, and assured them that though he would be soon away from them, he would always remain with them in spirit. He had, he said, a special esteem for us and the Fathers who had charge of our souls, because he was so intimately connected with us for such a length of time. It was possible he might meet us again, but if the present parting was to be final, he lovingly expressed the hope that he would meet us all one day in Heaven where parting could never be. Then we all knelt down, and His Excellency invoked the blessing of the Almighty on our heads.

THE EVENING PROCESSION.

In the evening, a grand Procession in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes started from the Parish Church, and wended its way towards the Convent. The band of the Nilgiris Volunteers was in attendance. Following the Processional Cross were the boys of St. Joseph's School and the Convent girls with their respective banners, in all the loveliness of white and gold. The girls were clad in purest white with floral crowns on their innocent young heads. They were followed by the members of the Holy League of Prayer, whose lovely banner was conspicuous among the rest. The road all along was festooned with flowers and foliage, and

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banners waved high up in the air. Our Lady's Statue was beautifully decorated, and carried on the shoulders of four members of the League. At the Convent, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Petite; after which the Procession marched back to the Parish Church, where Benediction was given a second time. The sight was lovely to behold; though as usual a heedless throng of spectators marred the beauty of the scene. Oh! if all believed, and worshipped, and loved! What a sight it would be before the angles of Heaven! Some of the spectators no doubt felt the loveliness of the spectacle, and wished they could believe in their hearts. May God grant them the grace so to believe, and become as little children before him.

FAREWELL.

His Excellency, the Papal Delegate left Ootacamund, on his return journey to Rome on Monday, the 4th May at 1 P.M. The Parish Priest, and a good number of the catholic congregation, Europeans and Natives alike, awaited His Excellency at Charing Cross, and on his alighting from his carriage, all approached to receive a parting blessing, and wish him a pleasant journey. His Excellency halted for a little while to allow his Episcopal ring to be kissed by those assembled to wish him farewell. The very poorest of the poor approached his august person, and the Archiepiscopal blessing was freely given to all. His Excellency was accompanied by his esteemed Secretary Monsignor Montagnini, who goes with him to Rome. Of this distinguished and affable Prelate it may be said, that he has won the esteem and affection of all hearts by the perfect suavity of his manners. His Excellency the Papal Delegate must have found in him an acquisition most desirable, and most beneficial. Devotedly attached to the Holy See and to all that concerned the Apostolic Delegation, the young Monsignore has proved himself a valuable help to the Papal Delegate. During his stay in Ootacamund, he endeared himself to all classes—the most fashionable as well as the poorest. His mild and genial presence was eagerly sought after by all, and he was indeed accessible to all, no matter what their rank or condition might be. He was, in a word, the Papal

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Delegate's cherished counsellor and ready helper. As for His Excellency himself all India still rings with his praises. Courtly, and dignified, gentle yet firm, His Excellency has never been known to swerve a hair's breadth from the path of duty. God grant him a long life—a life that is sure to be one of vast usefulness to the Church and the nations that own Her sway, among whom he may be placed.

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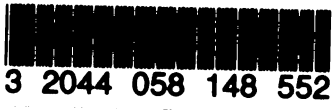
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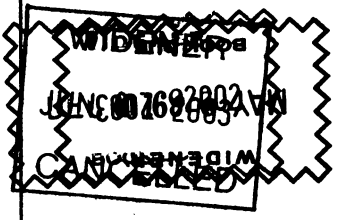

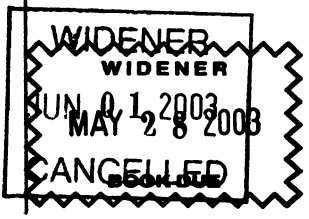

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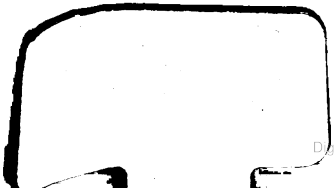

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